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WITHDRAWN

NEW PLAYS FOR EVERY DAY
THE SCHOOLS CELEBRATE

BY

MINNIE A. NIEMEIER

Assistant Principal, New York City Public Schools

ENLARGED EDITION

NOBLE AND NOBLE, *Publishers*
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FOREWORD

Children like plays. They like to act. They like to appear upon an improvised stage before admiring schoolmates and adoring parents. Besides, it gives the pupils just the sort of training they need most: cooperative effort, self-control, self-confidence and drill in oral English.

The dramatizations in this book were written not only to give children an opportunity to develop the play spirit, but also to celebrate the various important "Days" and "Festivals" from month to month and arouse something of the spirit that influenced the American people to set aside these holidays for special observance. Schools, Churches, Clubs, and Civic Organizations are constantly looking for new material for Assembly Programs and Public Performances to honor these National heroes and holidays. The author hopes that her humble efforts will help to fill this need.

Many of these plays might be used for silent reading, followed by spontaneous dramatization on the part of the pupils.

Each dramatization has been especially adapted to the limitations of School performances and the age and interest of children in the Elementary Schools. No elaborate stage settings are necessary; no unusual stage directions are given; no special lighting effects

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are required. On the contrary, the directions and suggestions have been reduced to a minimum in order that the imagination and creative ability of the children may be stimulated. The author has tried to use as many children as possible in each production, so that as large a number as possible may have the advantages of taking part in these dramatizations.

M. A. N.

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THE JOYS OF THE NEW YEAR

A New Play in One Act for New Year's Day

January 1st

THE JOYS OF THE NEW YEAR

A New Play in One Act for New Year's Day

This is a one-act play requiring about twenty-six children, boys and girls, or either.

Time.—*New Year's Day.*
Place.—*The Hall of Time.*
Properties.—*A table, so placed as to permit the signers of the New Year's resolutions to face the audience.*

New Year's Day arrives and spreads her scroll in full view of mortals who place thereon their resolutions. Perseverance and Doubt, expressing widely different opinions, attend the ceremony. Gay little Everyday drops in unexpectedly and succeeds in giving everybody a stolen glimpse of the joys that each month of the year is preparing. The result is a gay little entertainment for all concerned.

(A little child, looking right and left, advances hesitatingly to the middle of the stage. A large girl of more assured bearing, walks closely behind her, holding the little one's left hand backward and upward over her left shoulder in her own left hand. They are both dressed in white with touches of silver tinsel.)

Large Girl (*addressing the audience*).—Good people all, with bell and horn, song and loud acclaims, this little

child, New Year's Day of the good Year 19—, was led to her high place in the Halls of Time. Know me for January, a busy month (*turning to listen*), I hear my days a-calling me. This child I leave with you till the earth spins round to greet the midnight stars.

New Year's Day (*looking confidingly into January's face*).—Then shall I return to the happy days that are to be!

January (*soothingly*).—Return? Nay, my child. *You* can never turn back. Mind the scroll. (*She hands the child a roll of very wide white paper.*) And guard the key to the end of time. (*She presses a large key into the child's hand and closes her fingers on it as she warns her.*) Mayhap the Year's ventures will rest in the scroll or turn with the key. The coming days I must prepare. Adieu.

New Year's Day.—Adieu, till we meet again in the land of Yesterdays. (*She waves farewell, skips merrily over to a table and spreads out her scroll. She talks and smiles as she works.*) Here I spread the scroll of the New Year in full view of mortals, young and old, that all may see and all may write thereon. (*Reads as she traces with her finger.*) "Resolved"—a fair word! (*She hears a sly, derisive laugh from the left, and turning sharply, discovers "Doubt," a gray figure, convulsed with laughter as he points a finger of scorn at the scroll.*)

New Year's Day (*indignantly*).—What means this interruption of my work, Master Doubt?

Doubt (*bending backward and forward and still pointing the finger*).—New Year's resolutions to be made and —broken! Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

(*This is interrupted by the voice of "Perseverance," an erect, determined character, dressed in yellow and lavender.*)

PERSEVERANCE (*speaking softly but firmly, as he advances to a position on the other side of "New Year's Day"*).—Let me write on the scroll, dear child, a word to hearten all who sign here. (*He writes.*)

DOUBT (*reading scornfully, as he watches the writer*).—"Notice: If you break this resolution, try again." That may be bad advice, very, very bad!

NEW YEAR'S DAY (*with a puzzled air*).—Bad? Why?

DOUBT.—It may encourage mortals to break their resolutions.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—Don't you know (*pointing to Perseverance*) this is Master Perseverance? He always gives the same advice.

DOUBT.—Yes, I know, I know. What's the use? What's the use? Make resolutions and break them. Try again and break them. Nothing done! Nothing sure! (*He walks up and down as he talks, shaking his head in doubt.*)

PERSEVERANCE (*firmly, laying his hand on the scroll*).—My new name is "Pick Yourself Up and Try Again." Mortals like it.

DOUBT (*throwing his hands up*).—Worse and worse! Nothing good will come of it. Try again! Poor! Poor! (*He continues to walk.*)

PERSEVERANCE (*to New Year's Day*).—Let us stand aside and do you, New Year's Day, send out the yearly call as is the custom.

(*New Year's Day takes position directly back of the middle of the stage. Perseverance takes position at her right, and Doubt, shaking his head and muttering, at her left.*)

NEW YEAR'S DAY (*putting her hands to her mouth, one before the other, trumpet-style, and calling*).—Ho, Mor-

tals, young and old, all ages and occupations! Come! The first day of the New Year bids you come to write on the scroll of the year your resolutions, whatever they may be, to make this year better than any you have lived before. (*This call must be given slowly, distinctly and impressively.*)

PERSEVERANCE (*joyfully*).—They come!

(*Enter line of boys and girls, old men, women, one very little girl, an old woman. Each repeats the resolution while apparently writing it. This must all be done quickly.*)

BOY.—I will play fair.

GIRL.—I will remember the rules of grammar every time I speak.

GIRL.—No more slang!

FIRST GIRL (*shaking hands with the second girl*).—I am glad to hear it!

OLD MAN (*very much bent*).—I will repeat only the good I hear about people.

WOMAN.—I will think kind thoughts about my neighbors.

LITTLE GIRL.—Milk three times a day!

LITTLE BOY.—I must tell the truth.

OLD LADY (*holding the little boy by the hand*).—No more grumbling!

BOY.—I am a worker, not a shirker.

BOY.—No more dime novels. Books of travel for me! (*As he follows the others off*) If I start westward to-day, by next New Year's Day, I'll be in Japan. Fine! Fine!

(*A little girl, the size of "New Year's Day" dances in, daintily holding the sides of her dress out in each*

hand. She halts in front of "New Year's Day," smiles and courtesies.)

EVERYDAY.—I wish you success and joy of this, your day.

NEW YEAR'S DAY (*returning the courtesy*).—The same to you, dear Cousin.

EVERYDAY (*whirling off with a merry laugh as she throws one arm upward and takes a few fancy steps*).—Cousin, indeed! How like one of Shakespeare's royal princesses you talk! Cousin, indeed! I am Everyday, a little nobody.

PERSEVERANCE (*taking her hand*).—A nobody! Dear child, it is the everyday of life that counts.

DOUBT.—I don't know about that. I think—

EVERYDAY (*pinching him*).—Wake up! Who cares what you think, Master Doubt! You never accomplish anything.

NEW YEAR'S DAY (*going to Everyday, and taking her hand*).—It is a joy to hear your clear, crisp tones, Everyday. You speak from experience, I know.

EVERYDAY.—Experience? Oh, yes, I have had the experience that you special days can never have. (*With a knowing look.*) People are *themselves* with me but—I like them. (*Earnestly*) Folks are better than they think they are.

DOUBT (*with much hesitation*).—Well—I—think—a—a—most folks—that is—a—all folks—are—much worse than—a—they—think they are.

PERSEVERANCE (*indignantly, pointing to Doubt*).—New Year's Day, why do you allow that time-waster to use your minutes?

EVERYDAY.—Oh, let him alone! He always tries to be important on New Year's Day.

PERSEVERANCE (*with determination*).—Here, Everyday, (*holding out his hand*) join hands with me. (*They shake hands.*) That's right! You and I, Perseverance and Everyday, will run this fellow, Doubt, off the Earth.

(*They take a step toward him and he walks with a long, gliding step to the nearest door where he lingers, half in, half out.*)

NEW YEAR'S DAY (*joyfully clasping her hands over her heart*).—Then shall mortals no longer doubt themselves. They will be strong to keep the resolutions on my scroll.

EVERYDAY (*jubilantly*).—What a joyous year would this be—twelve months of hard work and joy—a happy, happy new year. Ah! (*Stooping to pick up the key which New Year's Day dropped in her excitement*) What is this? (*Reads*) Key to the Gateway of Joy. (*Dancing back and forth in ecstasy across the stage*) The year's joy! Twelve months of joy! (*She dances toward the door with the key held high above her head.*)

NEW YEAR'S DAY (*in alarm*).—The key! The key! I must guard the key!

PERSEVERANCE (*in quiet tones*).—It is well. This is to be, that Everyday release the joys of the year.

(*Doubt sneaks back only to be run off by Perseverance.*)

EVERYDAY (*turning the key and opening the door*).—Come forth! Come forth! Make glad the hearts of mortals with the joys stored by the year. Each in your appointed place come as if the year had rolled in its beaten path around the sun. Come! I claim the privilege of Everyday to behold the joys of the year. Then will I a promise give to this New Year's Day, so fair and sweet. Come, let us see you at your work of prep-

aration. Then shall we know, while the year is young, what to expect from you.

(*The joys of the year, assigned to the different months, are told off by each month as it enters.*)

(*Enter—January Joy, a medium-sized girl, dressed in white, with tufts of cotton batting, resembling snow, sewed here and there on her costume. She wears a tightly fitted cap of the same. Balls of the batting are piled high on her left arm. As she skips in, she throws the balls right and left, laughing merrily.*)

JANUARY JOY.—Here's January's Joy! I bring a right jolly time—snowballs and sleigh-rides, long winter evenings for bowling, for the opera and the theater, for a quiet nook with a likeable book. Who'll do more than that for you? (*Going to New Year's Day*) Why look so sad, little one?

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—Sad, nay! 'Tis my business to be happy.

(*Enter—February Joy, dressed in white with red and blue shoulder streamers. Her little blue pointed cap is dotted with white stars.*)

(*She walks in quickly, talking as she advances.*)

FEBRUARY JOY.—Who doesn't like a holiday? I bring you two, beloved days wherever the American Flag waves. 'Tis true, though, all States don't celebrate them. (*Turning sharply to Everyday*) What are they?

EVERYDAY (*breathlessly*).—Lincoln's Birthday and Washington's Birthday.

NEW YEAR'S DAY (*looking toward the next month*).—Oh, isn't she pretty!

MARCH JOY. (*Dressed in bright green, dances in. As she speaks, she continues to take the steps of the Irish lilt.*)—I wanted to look like a marsh marigold. March is the time to pick them from the brookside.

PERSEVERANCE.—Why didn't you keep at it? Just put on a yellow cap of five petals. Never stop halfway with good intentions.

EVERYDAY (*admiringly*).—Your dress is beautiful! And do you know, dear March Joy, people all over America hold the most delightful parties on your seventeenth day?

MARCH (*gayly*).—And why not! (*Dancing the Irish lilt again, then stopping*) Sure, myself I borrowed the dress from the Emerald Isle where the grass is greener than the trees, where the salmon in the Shannon is well worth your hook and bait! (*Drawing a streamer of red, white and blue ribbon from her pocket and waving it above her head*) There's a bit of color saved for the fourth day of that March when in Washington, the President takes his oath. (*Running to meet April, catching her by both hands and whirling her forward*) Ha, April, don't you weep, don't you weep! We're only the joyous parts of the months! You're a bold, brave lassie, April dear! You fired the shot heard around the world! A wonderful shot, my dear! (*She releases April who stands off and looks at her, then laughs and points to March's shoe.*)

APRIL JOY (*dressed in a green skirt with slashed tunic of gray*).—Did you step into the muddy brook for marsh marigolds, yourself, dear March Joy?

MARCH JOY (*looking down at her slippers with much concern*).—Alas! Have I spoiled my slippers ? I do love them, truly love them!

APRIL (*merrily*).—April—

EVERYDAY (*hastily*).—Say it not! I like not the word.

APRIL.—Have then your way, Everyday; but small boys delight in my first day and love the word. There is much else for me to talk about. (*Quickly*) How about the Battle of Lexington. (*All clap.*) Good! The Sons of Liberty always have a dance on the nineteenth. I can fill every heart in America with deep abiding joy on my thirtieth day—Ah! Yes! It was a great day in 1789.

PERSEVERANCE (*smiling*).—I remember, years ago, folks in America always reminded their boys, on April thirtieth, to study hard, to keep on trying, for every boy, born in America, had a chance to be President of the United States of America.

EVERYDAY.—Well, boys still have that opportunity.

NEW YEAR'S DAY (*gleefully*).—So do the girls nowadays.

ALL.—Three cheers for the girls!

APRIL.—Every English heart swells with pride and joy on April twenty-third, Shakespeare's Birthday, you remember.

EVERYDAY.—Why, that's a joyful day in the schools of America, too. Ah! Whom have we here?

(*Enter May Joy, dressed in green with a wreath of daisies on her head and a bunch of buttercups in her belt. She dances in, followed by a group of smaller children who are dressed in white and who carry a Maypole.*)

MAY JOY.—Daisies and buttercups, blue skies and soft winds, a carpet of green and maidens fair! 'Tis the month of May! Come, a dance on the green!

(*Two girls hold the Maypole firmly grounded while the others dance around it as they sing "Johnny so long at the fair." May beats time for them. At the end of the dance, they skip off, still singing the song.*)

(*June, holding high a spray of roses at which she is looking, glides in and speaks softly to the group on the stage.*)

JUNE JOY.—My roses are ever fair and fragrant. They are the joy of my days.

EVERYDAY (*gaily*).—Cherries, cherries, red and white, ripen in the time of roses.

PERSEVERANCE.—Climb, climb to the top for the biggest, reddest cherries!

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—Do you know when 'tis cherrytime in Japan and when roses bloom in China?

EVERYDAY.—Look it up in your geography.

(*Enter July Joy dressed in White. She carries a large American Flag.*)

Ho! Make room, make room for the Stars and Stripes!

ALL (*saluting*).—The Stars and Stripes forever!

JULY JOY.—The Glorious Fourth is here, the fourth day of July! Stop shooting your fire crackers, guns, and cannons that maim and kill the children of the land! The Flag to the front! Illumine the heavens with its colors floating high. Bear it in your hearts and lift up your voices in its praise! I, July, claim the greatest American holiday of the year, a day of joy! Joy in Independence Day!

PERSEVERANCE (*stepping beside July Joy and holding up*

his right hand above his head).—Here's to a safe and sane Fourth of July!

ALL.—A safe and sane Fourth!

(*August, dressed in sport costume, skips in, tossing a tennis ball up and down with her tennis racket. She skips in and out among the others, playing with her ball and racket, while she keeps up her lively, running talk.*)

AUGUST JOY.—Ha, July, you're nearby. I thought so. I can smell your new mown hay across my freshly cut meadows.

PERSEVERANCE.—Keep it up, keep it up, August! Don't let your ball drop.

AUGUST JOY.—I can't, sir. I leave that for vacation folks to do. I have rowing, sailing, and motor boats, to see to. My August seas are bearing countless thousands to Europe, Alaska, Panama, even to Egypt and Jerusalem. I am a maker of outdoor joys.

(*Enter September Joy, dressed in green with touches of brown and red. She slips in and takes August by the arm.*)

SEPTEMBER JOY.—A business I share with you, Friend August. September hikes in the cool russet woods; the gathering of apples, pears and grapes keep folks joyously outdoors. Remember, too, that the silken tassels of the ripened corn wave in the September breeze. 'Tis time then for husking bees with the good old barn dances all over the countryside. Labor far and wide throughout the land rejoices in a holiday.

(*Enter October, dressed in brown, scarlet, yellow and green, dances merrily in to the middle of the stage. She courtesies right and left and talks in crisp, light tones.*)

October Joy.—Here am I, October Joy, with my bright blue skies, my painted leaves, my crisp cool air, and my wayside asters and goldenrod. The races are on! The hunt is off and over the hills! Bait your hooks for the cod in the sea. Time boys, time for football and baseball! My air is good! Come out! Come out under the open sky and live! (*Clapping.*)

January Joy.—Good for you, October, you've a bit of us all in you!

October Joy.—And a holiday, besides—October Twelfth.

All.—Columbus Day!

Everyday (*running to October Joy*).—Don't forget, Oh, don't forget to prepare for the joys of Hallowe'en!

October Joy (*excitedly—seizing Everyday's hand and jumping up and down with her*).—With its Black Cats!

Everyday.—Its Witches' Caps!

October Joy.—Bobbing for apples!

Everyday.—Jack-O-Lanterns made out of pumpkins!

(*Enter November Joy, dressed in Pilgrim costume. She walks quietly in and courtesies sedately to the assembly on the stage.*)

All (*joyfully*).—Welcome, welcome to November!

Perseverance.—I hope, dear lady, the turkeys are fattened and the pumpkin pies provided for.

November Joy.—How like a mortal you are! Novem-

ber to you is but another name for Thanksgiving Day. Mark you now, I have other joys to think of. (*She counts them off on her fingers*) The joy of electioneering, plenty of good hunting and fishing, walks—wonderful walks, nutting—that's fine sport. (*She stops counting and speaks more gently*) Home becomes a blessed spot, at eventide, of shaded lamps and quiet joys, shut from a world growing cold and gray.

(*December Joy, dressed in gray and white, comes in, stamping, as if knocking off the snow, and speaks in strong, business-like tones.*)

December Joy.—I'm to wake everybody up with a couple of good, thick snowstorms! Snow in December makes everybody happy and sets the blood a-tingling. I'll give them some snappy, cold weather, too, for sleds, skates, snowmen, and snowballs! Ha, those are the things with Christmas in the air and holidays ahead! Talk about joy! Why December finishes the joymaking of the year! Come, join hands, January! Good! The year is a circle of joy!

(*Perseverance, Everyday, and New Year's Day form an inner circle. They all dance merrily around in two circles singing the chorus of "Jingle Bells." At the end of the chorus, December comes to a sudden stop, raises his right hand for attention and calls.*)

December Joy.—Halt! I have discovered something! Perseverance has remained steadfast with us. It is a good sign—a very good sign! Everyday, you picked up the key to the joys of the year. Look now, the length of the year that is to be.

EVERYDAY (*shading her eyes with her hand and looking into the distance*).

DECEMBER JOY.—What do you see?

EVERYDAY.—Every man, woman, and child whose name is on the scroll of New Year's Day will do well.

NEW YEAR'S DAY (*anxiously*).—In what way?

EVERYDAY.—I can see them trying, trying to keep their resolutions. They fail at times; but they try and become stronger. Some keep their resolutions all the time.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—Ah! My day is a happy New Year's Day!

DECEMBER JOY.—Aye, a happy New Year's year! These mortals shall have joy, yea, joy through the years of their endeavor.

ALL.—Come, to work, all of us, to prepare the joys we boast of. (*They join hands once more, and dance off, singing:*

"Jingle bells, jingle bells,
We are off again!
We wish you all the best of health
And a Happy New Year, too!"

Perseverance, Everyday, and New Year's Day glide off in the opposite direction, singing and waving to the opposite group, until both groups disappear.

Doubt disappears entirely as he sees Perseverance coming his way with the others.

Curtain

CHOOSING A STATUE FOR LINCOLN PARK

A New Play in One Act for Lincoln's Birthday

February 12th

CHOOSING A STATUE FOR LINCOLN PARK

A New Play in One Act for Lincoln's Birthday

This is a one-act play requiring eleven boys and seven girls. All parts, however, with a little change in the wording, may be taken by boys.

Time.—*Lincoln's Birthday.*

Place.—*Sculptor's Studio.*

Properties.—*Two screens, a box for a pedestal, eight chairs, moist clay, a board, urns, vases, plaster heads.*

On Lincoln's Birthday, a delegation from the Town's Improvement Association, accompanied by a number of schoolboys, calls on a sculptor to order a statue of Abraham Lincoln for the new Lincoln Park.

One after the other, the boys pose as statues, each recalling an episode in the life of Lincoln. Finally the simplest pose, the statue of "Lincoln the Man," is accepted.

The play ends with a tableau, arranged around the accepted statue; the boys in this tableau recite an excerpt from Lowell's "Commemoration Ode."

(*A sculptor's studio. Two screens arranged to shut off two corners of the stage. Urns, vases, plaster heads, etc.—anything to suggest the character of the room.*

The sculptor, wearing a large white apron or smock, is working beside a raised board where he is modeling a figure, not as yet quite distinct.

A boy enters from behind one of the screens. He is carrying a box, painted or covered to represent a pedestal.)

Boy.—My mother sent this box for the statues to stand on, Mr. Dorrington.

Sculptor (*pausing in his work, one hand filled with moist clay*).—Ah, the pedestal, very good.

Boy.—Where shall I put it, sir?

Sculptor.—In the middle of the room. (*Sharply*) Are you one of the statues? (*He drops the clay, takes off his apron, and throws it over his unfinished work.*)

Boy.—No, sir. I'm John Allen. Mother said I was to fetch the boys in one at a time.

Sculptor (*as he arranges four chairs to the right of the pedestal and four to the left, half facing the audience, he speaks in quick, nervous tones*).—One at a time? Very good. I don't want that wild crowd let loose in here. (*He looks anxiously around.*)

John (*shifting his weight from one foot to the other and speaking diffidently*).—I think they'll be quite tame, sir. Their mothers and aunts are the delegates.

Sculptor (*going toward the door*).—Here is the delegation now.

(*As he ushers the ladies in, Mrs. Allen beckons to John, stations him at the door, and joins the group around the pedestal in time to take part in the general discussion.*)

Miss Livingston (*as she shakes hands with the sculp-*

tor).—What a delightful atmosphere of work your studio has, Mr. Dorrington.

SCULPTOR.—I trust, Miss Livingston, to-day's work will add to it. (*Greeting the next lady.*) Your letter about the proposed statue of Abraham Lincoln was most interesting, Mrs. Allen.

MISS BRADLEY.—We have each brought three suggestions for the statue, Mr. Dorrington.

SCULPTOR.—Ah! Fine! Miss Bradley. I am keen to see and hear about them.

MISS PENN.—It is so difficult to decide.

SCULPTOR.—That is to be expected, Miss Penn. Lincoln was a many-sided character, a man of wonderfully varied experience.

MRS. ALLEN.—Just what I said! (*Striking an oratorical attitude.*) Why, Lincoln was——

MISS LIVINGSTON (*politely but firmly interrupting her*). —Yes, yes, yes, my dear Mrs. Allen, sit down and we'll get to work. (*Mrs. Allen sits down and arranges a handful of papers.*)

MISS MORRIS.—Have you seen, Mr. Dorrington, where the town has set off the park acreage at the foot of Main Street?

SCULPTOR.—No, but I know the spot. The very place for a park. The Lincoln Statue would look well on the little knoll north of the lake.

MISS PENN.—We all agreed on that instantly!

MISS KING.—And why not? They selected that location for the park because that knoll was a good place for the statue.

MISS LIVINGSTON (*sighing*).—Lincoln would have had his statue made and up by this time. Had he been the least bit like this committee, where would the Union be!

Mrs. Allen.—As I told you in my letter, Mr. Dorrington, our town improvement association listened to all our ideas. They could not agree any more than we could. Mr. Morris suggested that, as you had consented to make the statue, you were the one to decide.

Sculptor.—Mr. Morris does me great honor.

Miss Davis.—We thought it best to place our ideas in chronological order.

Miss Bradley.—That is the order in which the boys will pose.

Sculptor.—They will want to run back to school. Let us begin. (*He motions to John who stands at the door.*)

Miss Penn.—Oh, they have a holiday! Have you forgotten this is Lincoln's Birthday?

Sculptor (*bowing*).—I am to be pardoned, ladies. In my home state, February twelfth is not a holiday.

Miss Livingston.—Your state needs some Lincoln statues.

(*John admits the boys, one at a time. The first boy, carrying a long pole, mounts the pedestal and takes the pose of a flat-boat hand, bending slightly forward, and looking well to his work as he keeps his pole pressed backward into the water.*)

Mrs. Allen (*with a gesture toward the statue*).—There you see Lincoln the flat-boat hand. It is true that it is a unique figure on a pedestal; but to me it is the embodiment of all that Lincoln was to be. His strength is to the pole; his eye is on the water. (*Boy goes out.*)

Sculptor.—It is, as you say, unique.

Miss Morris (*going to the second boy, who stands, one foot on a log, tilted on another log. The other foot is planted firmly backward and a long-handled ax is up-*

raised to strike the head of the tilted log. She adjusts the ax, bending his arm a little backward and remains near him as she speaks.)—The rail-splitter did the duty close at hand and did it well. He was the backwoods youth who was to cleave his way by his own efforts to a high place in the land. The goal he could not see; but he worked and he won. (*Boy goes out.*)

Mrs. Allen (*decidedly*).—Abraham Lincoln hadn't a lazy bone in his body.

Miss Davis (*standing up to inspect the next boy as he poses. This boy stands in rest position, with his left hand a little outstretched, exposing to view several coins. His right forefinger touches the middle coin as if counting off the pieces. He looks intently at the coins.*)—This is Honest Abe, the clerk, the Lincoln the children like to talk about, a homely everyday figure, not idealized, not hard to understand, a lesson I should like you to carve into stone, Mr. Dorrington.

Miss Livingston.—Yes, Miss Davis, that characteristic of honesty governed all his life.

Miss Bradley (*standing up and saluting the next boy as he takes position in running attitude, his gun pointed before him, his eyes straight forward, keen and eager*).—I salute you, Captain Lincoln! Friends, that is the way Lincoln led his volunteers against the Black Hawk Indians.

Sculptor.—I am glad I am not the Indian just ahead!

Miss Penn.—So am I! (*General laugh.*)

Miss Davis (*as the next boy takes his place. This boy is in outdoor clothes; his right hand is outstretched as if closing a door after him. In his left hand, he carries a small brown package, done up in old-fashioned cornucopia style.*)—This looks like an impossible statue, I

know; but it carries a lesson to every storekeeper in the land.

MRS. ALLEN.—In the whole world, I should say. I've sailed about a bit.

MISS LIVINGSTON (*starting up and going to the statue*).—Why, it is very well posed, Miss Davis! (*Pointing to his hand*) There is the little package of tea and he is closing the store door after him. (*Turning to the others*) Don't you remember? This is Lincoln, the storekeeper. He had given a woman half the quantity of tea she paid for. The next morning he saw the four-ounce weight on the scale instead of the eight-ounce.

MISS MORRIS (*leaning forward*).—And he closed the store to take the rest of the tea to her. I don't see anything impossible about the statue.

MRS. ALLEN (*to John*).—Tell the boy who takes the part of the postmaster not to come in. Lincoln was a first-rate postmaster, though.

MISS MORRIS.—And hold back Lincoln, the surveyor, too.

MISS BRADLEY.—I think we can omit some of the others, Mr. Dorrington. Here's "Studying before the Log Fire."

MISS PENN.—And Lincoln, the lawyer.

MISS MORRIS.—My next one is Lincoln as member of the State Legislature.

MISS PENN.—Abraham Lincoln, the congressman.

SCULPTOR.—They are all good, but no one of them can stand alone for Lincoln.

MISS LIVINGSTON (*to John*).—Send in Joe Miller. (*This boy stands perfectly still and straight on the pedestal, his left hand holding an open roll of paper, his right held out in gesture.*) This is President Abraham Lincoln, delivering his first inaugural address. On the pedestal

should be placed a tablet bearing these words: "I hold that the union of these states is perpetual."

MRS. ALLEN.—The Civil War settled that question. Why post it now before a northern town?

MISS BRADLEY.—I like the idea of a tablet.

MRS. ALLEN.—I don't. We want our statue so good that it won't need a tablet.

MISS DAVIS. (*A tall boy seats himself on a chair which John places on the pedestal. He draws a small thin-faced boy to his knee and looks earnestly down into the small boy's face as he places one hand on the little fellow's head. The small boy places one hand in the bigger boy's free hand.*)—Lincoln and little Tad, a statue to delight the heart of every father and every small boy in the town. Our Lincoln was a man of few joys and little Tad was one of them.

MRS. ALLEN.—*Was,* yes, *was!* Little Tad died and Abraham Lincoln's heart bled. Take down your statue, Miss Davis. It is too sad.

MISS BRADLEY (*watching the next group—a tall boy who stands with one hand on a little colored boy's head. The colored boy stands gazing in wonder at his own outstretched arms, free from the broken shackles at his feet.*) —Lincoln, the Emancipator.

MISS MORRIS.—It is an expressive group, Miss Bradley, but we have quite a number of Southern families in this town.

MISS BRADLEY.—Well, what of it, my dear?

MRS. ALLEN.—Lincoln would know just what you mean, Miss Morris. He would never want to stand on that pedestal before those Southern folks with those broken fetters at that colored child's feet. Why recall all that bitterness?

Miss Penn.—He said himself, "Let us bind up the Nation's wounds."

Miss Livingston (*arranging a long cape coat over the shoulders of a tall, dark-haired boy who stands very straight, looking steadily into the distance. One hand holds the cape slightly back in front, the other hangs easily at his side.*)—This is all I can think of.

All (*in Chorus*).—Abraham Lincoln!

Sculptor (*viewing the statue with satisfaction*).—Yes, this is Abraham Lincoln, the *Man.*

Miss Morris (*walking around the statue*).—I feel it is the way he would prefer to stand before the whole American nation.

Mrs. Allen.—Yes, siding with neither North nor South, neither East nor West! I like your statue, Miss Livingston.

Sculptor.—To me, Abraham Lincoln stands there a man of the people. That is what he was. This is the way he wanted us to remember him. I vote for this statue.

Voices.—And I.
And I.
The best we've had.
I give it my vote.
And I.

Sculptor.—Those school boys seem to be a fine, mannerly set of youngsters. Fetch them in, John, I want to hear what they have to say about the statue.

Miss Penn.—You can always trust the boys and girls to give you their first impressions.

(*Enter boys who group themselves about the statue, and gaze up at it. The grown folks group themselves right and left on the outskirts of the boys' group, thus forming a tableau with the statue in the middle.*)

SCULPTOR.—Well, boys, what is your first thought when you look at this statue? Say whatever comes into your minds.

BOYS. (*Together recite the following excerpt from Lowell's Commemoration Ode.*)—

"Standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise nor blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American!"

ALL (*heartily*).—Abraham Lincoln, the first American!

Curtain

THE UNOPENED VALENTINE

A New Play in Four Short Acts for Valentine's Day

February 14th

THE UNOPENED VALENTINE

A New Play in Four Short Acts for Valentine's Day

Here is a play in four short acts requiring eight boys and eight girls.

Time.—*St. Valentine's Day.*

Place.—*Street, a sitting-room, a cobbler's shop.*

Properties.—*A small center table covered with a white paper cloth bordered with large red paper hearts. A few chairs, vases, ferns, flowers and anything to make the sitting-room homelike.*

A row of old shoes arranged on a long bench. A picture frame fastened behind the bench to look like a window. A stool for the cobbler. A few tools on another small bench to the right of the cobbler. A few books, pen, ink, and paper neatly arranged on a table near the window. A chair.

Act I

Happy-go-lucky Edward Arnold thinks he dislikes his quiet schoolmate. He tantalizes the quiet one in public and boasts that St. Valentine's Day will be a good time to pay him back for imaginary unfair dealings. The air is full of mystery with a Valentine Party ahead.

Act II

The party is on! Edward Arnold is impressed into service as a messenger for St. Valentine.

Act III

When an invitation is accepted and a valentine returned, enemies become friends.

Act IV

St. Valentine's pie is opened and all hearts are found to be kind and true.

Act I

Time.—*St. Valentine's Day.*
Place.—*The street.*

(*Enter two boys, in heated argument, on their way to school. One, Dick, walks along quietly, carrying his briefcase at his side; the other, Ed, swings his briefcase high and backward, then, lets its weight bring it down heavily with a sudden lurch on its handles, much to the discomforture of his companion.*)

Ed (*with emphasis on the downward lurch*).—I don't *care!* What do *I* care!

Dick (*springing aside as the bag sways between them*).—Look out, Ed! You'll hurt somebody.

Ed (*laughing gleefully, turning rapidly on his heel and swinging the bag in a wide circle at arm's length*).—Want to! Want to hurt some scared cat!

DICK (*good humoredly*).—Aw, come on! You'll be late again.

(*A merry looking girl, books on arm, walks quickly their way but halts to avoid the bag. An old man, head and shoulders bent forward, walks slowly across the back of the stage.*)

ED (*spying the old man and bringing the bag to a sudden rest*).—Long Nose! Old Miser! Long Nose! Old——

POLLY (*indignantly*).—Edward Arnold! That old man is William Burton's father!

ED (*sneeringly as, chin up and eyes directly forward, he struts toward the front of the stage*).—Prig Burton, never late, never absent, never speaks to anybody.

(*Three other boys hurry toward Ed. Two girls join Polly. They take sides as the group moves along.*)

JOE.—Never comes out after school— Studies night and day.

HAL.—Never fights—a real sissy!

DICK (*turning back*).—Fair play, fellows; Burton's not here.

ED (*pointing eagerly toward a boy in the distance*).—There he is! Prig——

DICK (*sharply*).—Quit it, I say! What's against him?

ED (*sulkily*).—Everything. He reported me.

BELLE.—And why not? You were late again.

POLLY (*warningly*).—If you're late to-night at my Valentine Party, you'll pay a forfeit.

DICK (*moving on*).—We'll all be late for school.

(*The three girls, talking earnestly, hurry away followed by Dick and Joe. Ed and Hal are left together.*)

Ed (*balancing his briefcase on his left hip and preparing to follow*).—Do you think Prig Burton will be at the party?

Hal (*scornfully*).—No. Who'd invite him?

Ed (*thoughtfully*).—Hey, this is Valentine's Day!

Hal (*looking keenly at Ed*).—Well?

Ed (*decidedly*).—I'll make that Prig and his old cobbler father feel small, yes sir, small.

Hal (*suddeny taking long strides after the others*).—Hurry up!

Ed (*following*).—Wait, can't you? I've a fine scheme! (*He catches up to Hal, slaps him on the shoulder, and brings him to a short halt*). To-day was made for those two, Valentine's Day! I'll settle them!

(*They go out, laughing and talking.*)

Act II

Time.—*Valentine night.*

Place.—*Polly's sitting-room.*

Properties.—*The center table with the heart-bordered cloth and anything else to make the room look homelike.*

(*Groups of boys and girls stand about the room, talking and laughing. Polly, greeting two new arrivals, stands near the door. When there is no curtain, Polly may enter first with the two first arrivals and stand to receive her guests who enter without delay.*

Dick, standing in a group well toward the front of the stage, looks at his watch and shows it to his companions.)

DICK.—Eight o'clock, ladies and gentlemen, and Ed is not here.

POLLY.—I have made up my mind that he shall pay a forfeit for being late.

DICK (*eagerly*).—And redeem it!

POLLY.—Certainly.

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD.—What's the forfeit to be?

ANOTHER VOICE.—Oh, anything.

ANOTHER VOICE.—Make him do something hard to get it back.

POLLY.—That's the point to be settled. Where's the Master of Ceremonies?

DICK (*stepping from the crowd*).—Here! I have a scheme for that. (*Stepping beside Polly*) Will Burton (*Voice.—Prig Burton. Dick continues quietly but repeats the name*) William Burton doesn't belong to our crowd. He doesn't belong to any crowd. He's stiff and silent (*Voice: And very bright. Dick nods and continues*) What I want to say is, he's never made any friends.

BELLE (*anxiously*).—If you don't hurry up Edward Arnold will be here.

DICK.—Ed's making life miserable for Burton. Let's put a stop to it.

VOICES.—

How?

Easily said.

Tell us how.

DICK.—The hostess will demand a forfeit. He must redeem it. This way (*all crowd around him as he whispers his secret*).

VOICE FROM THE CROWD.—He'll surely refuse!

JOE (*leaving the crowd*).—Never! Ed is no quitter.

POLLY (*finger on lip*).—He's coming! (*As she shakes*

hands with him.) It has been decreed that you pay a forfeit, sir, for being late.

ED (*not a bit disturbed*).—I had business of importance.

POLLY.—You must pay a forfeit, sir.

ED (*grinning*).—Why, I've been working for this whole company.

POLLY (*sternly, in a deep voice*).—You forfeit your necktie.

ED.—Huh, wait till you hear! (*All lean eagerly forward to listen.*) I drew a Valentine for Miser Burton and one for Prig (*signs of excitement, approval, and disapproval.*) Old Burton's has a long hooked nose, no hair, and a nice verse under it. He'll know what we think of him!

VOICE (*interrupting*).—We!

ED (*with great unconcern*).—Of course. I signed it, "The Prig's Friends." (*Disapproval.*) The Prig's Valentine was great! I drew a clothespin with a big head and wrote his name under it.

DICK.—Where are they?

ED (*cheerfully*).—I put them both into one envelope, opened their door, and handed it to the Prig himself.

VOICES.—

How dreadful!
Good boy!
No, no!
Oh, my!
That was too bad!

POLLY (*quietly*).—You forfeit your tie for being late.

(*Without a word, Ed takes off his tie and hands it to her.*)

POLLY.—What shall the owner do to redeem it?

DICK.—He shall, accompanied by two members of this

company, carry an invitation to this Valentine Party to William Burton.

HAL.—Oh, he can't after what he's done!

DICK.—Moreover, he shall go *into* the Burton home alone. His guards shall remain outside.

POLLY (*leading off*).—Come everybody, we'll write the invitation in the library. (*All follow excitedly.*)

JOE (*holding Ed back*).—Don't go!

ED (*staring straight ahead*).—I made the nose touch the chin—but I'll go. Let's get their invitation. Come on.

Curtain.

ACT III

Time.—*Valentine night.*
Place.—*The cobbler's shop.*
Properties.—*As given on page 31.*

(*William Burton is studying at the table, his father is mending a shoe, his mother is sewing.*

There is a knock at the door. William starts for the door but his father gets there first and ushers in Edward Arnold who hands William an envelope.)

ED (*politely*).—Good evening, Mrs. Burton.

MOTHER (*going over and shaking hands with him as William places a chair for him*).—Good evening. I am so glad to see a friend come to visit my son. (*She sits down and takes up her sewing. Ed sits down.*)

FATHER (*looking over his glasses at William*).—What have you there? (*The mother looks up much interested.*)

WILLIAM.—An invitation for to-night, father, to Polly Martin's Valentine Party.

FATHER (*to Ed*).—Excuse me but is there any—any——

ED (*quickly*).—I understand what you mean, sir. No there is no trick in it. It's late because it's a surprise invitation to—to—to us all.

FATHER.—Oh, I see. Well, you'll excuse me. You must go, Will. Get ready.

(*William takes an envelope out of his pocket and hands it to Ed.*)

WILLIAM.—This belongs to you, Ed. I haven't opened it.

ED (*eagerly reaching for the envelope*).—Good boy! (*Will goes out.*)

FATHER.—I thought maybe that was a sort of silly valentine you brought. One time, before I lived here, I thought I had all good neighbors but one of them sent me a valentine. I never spoke to anybody around there afterwards. Who sent it? Who can tell?

MOTHER.—Now, father, why must you always think of that mean valentine? It is a good thing that it is against the law for people to mail such valentines.

ED (*feeling the pocket containing the envelope*).—The stores don't sell them anymore.

FATHER.—Well, I want my boy to go more with the other boys, but he's quiet.

MOTHER.—He learned that from you, father.

(*William, hat in hand, returns. His mother looks proudly at him and touches his tie as if to arrange it. Ed shakes hands with his mother then goes over and holds out his hand to his father who lays down his tool, rises slowly, wipes his hands on his apron and shakes hands.*)

FATHER (*as he smiles into Ed's solemn face*).—So we are good friends now. (*He lays his hand on William's shoulder.*) William, run along and forget your books. Have a good time.

WILLIAM.—Yes, father. Don't work too hard.

(*Both boys go out.*)

FATHER (*to mother*).—What do you think, wife, while you cooked the supper, I saw that Ed Arnold give William an envelope. I thought it might be a valentine, one like I got that time. Then, you saw, just now, William gave it back and he said he hadn't opened it. I wonder if it was a valentine. I hope he never gets a valentine like the one I got.

MOTHER (*in a soothing tone*).—No, no, from now on, we forget all about your old valentine and make friends with our neighbors.

FATHER.—All right! It will be better that way.

ACT IV

Time.—*Later, Valentine night.*

Place.—*Same as Act II.*

Properties.—*The small table and the Valentine pie. A few chairs. Ferns, flowers, vases.*

The eight girls in this act are dressed in white. Each wears a white head band with a red heart high against her forehead. The eight boys wear dark suits with a red heart pinned to the left lapel of their coats.

The Valentine pie is made out of a large round pasteboard box—a hat box, cut down will do—covered with white crêpe paper which is arranged on

the top and around the sides to look like icing. The top of the cake, which is the cover of the box, rests on a prop of wood in the center of the box, thus leaving an opening entirely around the box, between the cover and the box. Sixteen red hearts are in the box, each attached to a white ribbon which has a second red heart fastened to the other end of it. These ribbons pass through the opening of the box and hang down at some length around the cake. A large red heart is fastened upright in the center of the top of the cake.

(Enter a girl, carrying the cake held high so that the ribbons and the dangling hearts make a pretty picture. She is followed by eight couples of boys and girls, all smiling and looking expectantly toward the cake. The girl places the cake on the center table and the couples pass right and left around the table in a wide circle with spaces between to allow the audience a view of the table. The space directly in front of the table is a little wider than the others. Soft music should be played until all are in place.)

Leader (*stepping backward to her place in the circle and smiling right and left*).—This pie is strictly up-to-date: it is pleasant to the taste; for valentines that cut the heart and leave a smart are entirely *out*-of-date. Fear not to draw the string you touch. (*At the word "Touch" each boy and girl takes hold of a ribbon. The leader continues.*) You'll get just what you pull. (*"Pull" is the signal for jerking out the hearts. This must be a merry scene. The girls throw the ribbons over their heads and around their necks so as to allow the two hearts to hang down in front. The boys hold the ribbon high*

by the center and blow the hearts. This is to last but an instant. All give prompt attention to the leader.)

LEADER (*interrupting the merriment*).—Read now the legend, written in gold on every heart.

ALL (*reciting as if reading from the heart*).—On Valentine's Day, we iron away the frowns and the scowls from our faces.

LEADER.—Turn the heart upon the other side and read.

ALL (*turning the hearts over*).—We smile at our neighbors, mail lacy favors, send happy thoughts on the wing.

LEADER (*lifting the upright heart from the top of the pie and holding it high*).—This Valentine heart is given away, packed brimful of thoughts, kind and friendly. Who takes it, is one of our number. (*She holds it out on the palm of her hand. William Burton, who marched in with the others, steps forward and takes the heart which the leader then pins to his lapel.*)

LEADER (*as she fastens the heart*).—Who wears this sign of St. Valentine on the fourteenth day of the second month of the year, shall be claimed for a friend by the girls and the boys who hold St. Valentine dear.

(*As William Burton turns and faces the others, he sees each right hand outstretched, palm up, toward him, a red heart lies in each palm. Instantly following the custom, he stretches out his right hand, palm up, with a red heart in the center. The red hearts, at the ribbon ends are used for this ceremony.*)

ALL (*heartily*).—Greetings to our new member!

LEADER (*as Burton disappears in the crowd*).—The games, the games are on!

DICK (*springing up beside her*).—Master of Games am I! Start your treasure hunt in the hall.

(*Laughing and chatting, they all hurry toward the doorway. Ed and Hal linger.*)

HAL (*eagerly in lowered tones*).—What happened?

ED (*jerkily, hands in pockets*).—Oh, well, it was this way—you see— well a—you see Hal (*earnestly*) those Burtons are really—that is—they have *good hearts.*

HAL (*puzzled, then brightly*).—Let's join the others!

(*Hal slaps his right hand on Ed's left shoulder. Ed, hands still in pockets, grins happily and they both hurry out.*)

Curtain.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AT THE HELM OF STATE

A New Play in One Act for Washington's Birthday

February 22nd

GEORGE WASHINGTON AT THE HELM OF STATE

A New Play in One Act for Washington's Birthday

This is a one-act play requiring six boys and one girl.

Time.—*During Washington's first term as president.*

Place.—*Washington's home.*

Properties.—*A table and five chairs.*

During this meeting of Washington's Cabinet, the financial condition of the young Republic is discussed; other troubles are mentioned but laid aside for future consideration. As soon as Hamilton's plan for the establishment of national credit is outlined, the differences of opinions between Federalists and Republicans are apparent. Washington's calm dignity, his ceremonious manner, and his adherence to his own opinion, when once formed, are here portrayed. The appearance of Martha Washington on the stage is designed to show another phase of his character.

(*Room with table and five chairs. George Washington is seated behind the table, opening and reading his mail. The door is opened ceremoniously by a colored servant in colonial costume. He announces each gentleman in distinct tones. Washington rises,*

rests his left hand on the table, places his right hand behind him, and bows to each. As each man enters and bows, he proceeds to his own chair at the table but remains standing.)

SERVANT.—Secretary of State, Mr. Thomas Jefferson.

JEFFERSON (*bowing*).—Good morning, President Washington.

SERVANT.—Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Alexander Hamilton.

HAMILTON (*bowing*).—I give you good morning, your Excellency.

SERVANT.—Secretary of War, Mr. John Knox.

KNOX (*bowing*).—I hope I find your Excellency well.

SERVANT.—United States Attorney General, Mr. Edmund Randolph.

RANDOLPH (*bowing*).—Good morning, President Washington.

WASHINGTON.—Let us be seated, gentlemen. (*They all sit down at once.*) Drawing a pile of closely-written papers before him, Washington continues in slow and dignified tones: Gentlemen, let us put all other questions aside to-day, no matter how important you know them to be. The financial condition of this country is alarming. We faced that fact, in what was, as we thought, its worst aspect yesterday. Here is a copy of a letter from a body of English merchants to the British government, complaining that debts cannot be collected in America. The country as a whole, the separate states, and even, as you see, the individual merchants have no credit abroad—and little at home. No country can endure under such conditions. The question of our financial policy we have discussed but to what profit? None.

JEFFERSON.—Mr. President, let us concern ourselves only with the obligations of the Union. Let the states pay their own debts.

WASHINGTON.—I believe, Secretary Jefferson, as Secretary Hamilton does, that a strongly centralized federal government should be responsible for the payment of the debts of the Confederation and of the separate states.

RANDOLPH.—Secretary Hamilton computes the debt of the Confederation, Mr. President, to be over eighty million dollars.

WASHINGTON.—It was not too great a sum to *pay* for Liberty.

KNOX.—Neither is it too great a sum to *re*pay, were it ten times the total!

JEFFERSON.—Let us pay, dollar for dollar. Let no man say we owe for Liberty! No, but beware of the manner of the payment.

WASHINGTON.—I would, Secretary Jefferson, and gentlemen all, that there were less *state* patriotism and more *national* patriotism. Then would it be less difficult to arrange for the payment of just debts and to establish before the world the independence we have so lately won.

KNOX.—It will take another war, your Excellency, to *establish* our independence.

WASHINGTON.—One more reason why our debts must be paid.

HAMILTON (*rising and laying a large sheet of paper on the table*).—President Washington and gentlemen of the Cabinet, I have completed the plan for the financial policy which I outlined to you at yesterday's meeting .

WASHINGTON (*rising and inspecting the paper. The others rise with him*).—Will you give us the main points, Secretary Hamilton? (*He turns the paper so that all*

members may see. Hamilton takes position at Washington's side.)

HAMILTON (*pointing to parts of the paper*).—Here is the indebtedness of the Confederation, here of the separate states. These columns represent foreign indebtedness, these domestic.

Let the United States assume in full all debts of the Confederation, both foreign and domestic.

JEFFERSON (*heartily*).—Good, Mr. Hamilton, good!

WASHINGTON.—That means that even the individual Americans who lent us money to carry on the Revolution will be paid in full?

HAMILTON.—It does, your Excellency.

WASHINGTON.—I am most anxious that this may be. It will weld their hearts to the Union.

HAMILTON (*still pointing to the paper*).—As you see, gentlemen, the plan provides for the payment of the separate state debts by the Federal Government.

WASHINGTON (*with satisfaction*).—Then will all debts be paid!

RANDOLPH.—But where, Mr. President, is this vast sum of money coming from? We have scarcely four million war-beggared inhabitants.

HAMILTON (*laying his hand on the paper*).—A national bank and a national mint must be established. A tariff must be levied. (*Showing another section of the paper.*) This tariff on foreign vessels and on manufactured imports would provide a revenue and protect our infant industries. For instance: A French incoming vessel of six hundred tons at a tax of three shillings a ton, and its cargo of wine at a duty of a shilling and two a ton, would add greatly to our revenues.

JEFFERSON (*with decision*).—The country will never accept this plan, Mr. President.

WASHINGTON (*quietly*).—If we had better roads and quicker methods of travel, the sections of the country might not feel so far separated from us and from one another.

KNOX.—A few bridges might improve matters.

HAMILTON.—Last Spring I ferried across eight rivers, going from Boston to Philadelphia and my return trip to New York was worse—mud and floods.

WASHINGTON.—Yes, no wonder the states have little interest in our central government.

KNOX.—Half the states don't care who pays the debts or when they get paid.

HAMILTON (*bending over the paper*).—This tariff on home distilled spirits will be another means of revenue.

WASHINGTON.—We need the revenue but there is another side to that matter. The cities need the grain that is being turned into liquor. (*He makes a note on his paper as he speaks.*) Continue, Secretary Hamilton.

HAMILTON.—By this plan, we could build up our national credit. Without that we are nothing in the eyes of the world.

WASHINGTON.—I am for the plan, gentlemen. The Indians in the Northwestern Territory have risen, Spain will not allow us to navigate the Mississippi, the British refuse to leave our western outposts, the pirates of Algiers are getting bolder, half our people side with France in these European troubles, half with England; but, the financial question once settled, our credit established, the Federal Government, then risen to respect, can deal with the other matters with a strong hand.

JEFFERSON (*beginning to walk up and down the room*).—I most heartily agree with you, President Washington, our credit must be established first; but the states will never allow the central government to collect taxes at their ports.

HAMILTON.—The power is implied in Article I of the Constitution.

KNOX.—I stand with Mr. Hamilton in this construction of the clause he refers to: "Congress shall have power to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers."

RANDOLPH.—That, Secretary Knox, is making the clause so elastic that it will snap. Such a loose construction can make the Federal Government all powerful.

WASHINGTON (*firmly*).—I have every confidence in the good judgment of the people of America and their Congress in maintaining the free principles of the Republic. They will never drift toward a monarchy. This day and this hour, gentlemen, call for decisive action in a matter that concerns the very existence of the country.

I am convinced that Secretary Hamilton's plan will solve our greatest problem and that it is, I repeat, expedient that we act quickly: therefore, Secretary Hamilton, we shall lay this plan before Congress as you have presented it to us, only let it be complete, to the smallest details. (*Bowing to the Cabinet.*) Gentlemen, for your many days' close attention to this matter, for your great patience, and your advice, I thank you.

(*They all bow low in return and turn to go. Jefferson hesitates, then turning toward Washington, speaks.*)

JEFFERSON (*respectfully*).—My advice, Mr. President Washington, is not always in accordance with your own

view; but, believe me, it is given to aid you and to help our country prosper—such are my motives.

WASHINGTON (*leaving his place at the table and taking Jefferson's hand, a pleased expression lighting up the natural sternness of his countenance*).—Of your motives I have no doubt. Our country's liberty is safe, Secretary Jefferson, in the hands of men such as you. (*He accompanies him to the door.*)

JEFFERSON.—Nevertheless, it was well for this country that George Washington was the first to lay his hand on the helm of state.

(*He follows the others out. Washington returns to his desk. The door opens and Martha Washington enters, speaking as she advances. Washington rises at the sound of her voice and turns toward her, smiling.*)

MARTHA WASHINGTON.—How now, Mr. President George Washington! Should affairs of state make you forget the midday meal?

WASHINGTON (*going toward the door with her*).—I scarcely noticed the hour. A great question, almost settled, makes me feel young again.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.—Young! Nay, respect your years! How old were you on your last birthday? Come, own up, Mr. President!

WASHINGTON.—So young, Mrs. President, that a committee is organizing to celebrate my next birthday with great festivities.

MARTHA WASHINGTON (*turning toward him as he opens the door*).—Ah! So will the great and glorious United States of America, centuries hence, celebrate the Birthday of George Washington!

(*She precedes him out as he bows low and follows her.*)

Curtain

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE LAND OF THE WEST

A New Play in One Act for St. Patrick's Day

March 17th

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE LAND OF THE WEST

A New Play in One Act for St. Patrick's Day

This is a one-act play requiring about ten boys and ten girls. The actors may be all girls or all boys.

Time.—*March 17.*
Place.—*America.*
Properties.—*No stage properties are needed.*

All costumes in this play can be made out of crêpe paper, the simpler the better. In fact the play can be staged effectively without fancy costumes.

The Spirit of Ireland, fearing for the comfort and contentment of her people in America, decides to visit them on St. Patrick's Day. As she alights from her airplane in the Land of the West, she finds herself face to face with America who greets her most kindly.

America, realizing Ireland's anxiety, places her where she can see her people who are not aware of her presence.

The sunny-hearted Irish people greet one another with hearty hand shakes and expressions of pleasant memories. They sing and dance together in true Irish spirit.

Well satisfied that her people are safe and contented, the Spirit of Ireland bids adieu to America, re-enters her airplane, and vanishes.

(Soft music is heard—an Irish air is preferable. There enters from the right, stepping lightly on tiptoe, a slim medium-sized girl, dressed in white, with a green head band to which is fastened a large shamrock. Her broad green sash is fastened on the right shoulder and tied over the left hip. She carries a green rod, tipped with a single shamrock.

From the left, there comes to meet her, a girl of equal size, dressed in white, with a red, white, and blue sash and a blue cap dotted with stars. Her rod is tipped with a small eagle. (This can be easily made out of gilt or yellow paper.)

The Spirit of Ireland, looking eagerly about her in all directions, sees America on tiptoe, looking directly at her.

AMERICA (*seeing Ireland and hastening toward her with outstretched hand*).—Welcome, dear sunny-faced Ireland! I heard your step, light as a feather, as you sprang from your cloudy plane.

(*They clasp hands and smile tenderly at each other.*)

IRELAND (*heartily*).—A fine view I had of this bonny western land! (*She throws wide her arms.*) 'Tis great and grand! The mountains and the green forests! The rivers rushing to the seas! The oceans pounding on its shores! My heart was nigh to bursting with the wonder of it! (*As she says bursting, she clasps both hands over her heart.*)

AMERICA (*stretching out her wand and sweeping it in*

a semicircle right and left).—Far east and west throughout the land, high up the mountains, and down along the valleys, thy sons and daughters, Ireland, have made their happy homes and dwelt in peace with me.

IRELAND (*softly, with a smile*).—Think you, my sister, that they never long for the smell of the peat in the chimney and the feel of the soft green turf of Ireland beneath their feet?

AMERICA (*leading Ireland to the front of the stage and pointing toward the left*).—From yonder mountain shall you view your people and look into their hearts. My duty holds me for the hour.

They touch wands, turn and walk, one to the extreme right hand side of the stage, the other to the extreme left. They face the on-coming actors.

Singing is heard in the distance [*Tune: The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls*] *enter, from right and left, boys and girls who cross the stage, smile happily, and, keeping time with the music, shake hands with one another, as they sing the first stanza.*

The words of the song should be clearly enunciated.

Some, as they shake hands, work their way toward the front of the stage, some to the right, some to the left.

They sing the second stanza while standing in groups.

IRISH GREETING SONG

TUNE: *"The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls"*

I

"We *met* before in Lim'rick town
And *we* in Dublin's street.
Upon your *face* there was no frown,
Your *smile* it was a treat,

In *Cork,* I ate your mother's cakes,
Then crossed the ocean's foam.
Afar you *left* Killarney's Lakes
And far from Ireland roam."

(*Singers turn quickly from one another so as to shake hands with a different person every time they sing an underscored word. This keeps the group active. There need be no crowding.*

They stand in groups while they sing the second stanza. There is no hand shaking with this stanza.)

II

"The peat upon the hearth is bright,
Old homes are all alight,
And hearts across the mighty sea,
Reach out to you and me,
For this is good St. Patrick's Day,
The Day the Irish love.
Here's Ireland's flag, it's bright and gay
With a starry flag above."

(*With the last word of the song the whole company skips and dances merrily into their places for the Irish Lilt which is danced to the tune of the Wearing of the Green.*)

The music keeps on after the dance. The dancers, forming in couples and clasping hand to hand held high, dance out, singing the chorus of the Wearing of the Green.

America, advancing, signals to the Spirit of Ireland who meets her halfway across the stage. Ireland is excited.

IRELAND (*excitedly*).—In some way, dear heart, you've won my sweet sons and daughters; but—(*joyfully*) they're all mine!

AMERICA (*smiling*).—Dear Spirit of the Emerald Isle you sound just like yourself.

IRELAND.—It's myself I am; but, you're grand, America! I'll be leaving the children. They're safe with you.

AMERICA (*taking the Spirit of Ireland by the hand and gracefully leading her off*).—And I with them. A safe journey to you and a happy landing while it is still St. Patrick's Day.

Curtain.

THE MESSAGE OF EASTER

A New Play in One Act for Easter

THE MESSAGE OF EASTER

A New Play in One Act for Easter

This is a one-act play requiring about forty-one children, boys and girls or either.

Time.—*Easter morning.*

Place.—*Outdoors.*

Properties.—*There need be no outdoor scenery as the play itself is symbolic of scenery and the costumes may consist of the ordinary school clothing with a few head-bands and flowers; or, scenery and costumes may be as elaborate as the occasion may require.*

The silver stars fade from the purple clouds of night. These dark clouds part and the violet clouds of early dawn appear, followed, in turn, by the soft gray clouds of morning, led by the joyous Spirit of Easter, who heralds the dawn.

As she pauses, the sun, driving the dancing sunbeams, appears. The Spirit of Easter hails the sunrise and proclaims the meaning of Eastertide to the world.

Out from among the sunbeams rush Easter's little helpers bearing their gifts of flowers which they present to the audience with words of promise.

The sunbeams pass, the flowers fade; but the beautiful message of Easter lives on in the hearts of the people.

(*Soft music is heard. From each side of the stage enter five girls, dressed in purple crêpe paper. Each wears a broad purple head-band and carries, in her right hand, a silver star, held shoulder high. They stand abreast across the back of the stage but leave spaces for the next set to pass between them.*)

The second set of four from each side glide in through these spaces and stand in front of the purple row, before the spaces—not before the girls. This leaves the purple row still in view. These girls, a little shorter than the purple row, are dressed in violet but they carry no stars. As each comes to a halt, the girl behind her lowers her star out of sight.

From behind the stage a burst of joyous song is heard

TUNE: *"Welcome, Sweet Springtime"*—Rubenstein.

"Hail to thy coming, Oh, glad Easter Morn;
High on the mountains breaketh thy dawn.
Winter is over and gone with the night;
Hail to they golden light."

While this is being sung, the Spirit of Easter, dressed in white and crowned with a wreath of white flowers, her wand, an Easter lily, held shoulder high, enters through the central space between the girls. She is followed by six girls, shorter than the violet row, dressed in gray crêpe paper. They, too, glide in two and two and range themselves three on each side in front of the violet row.

The Spirit of Easter advances to the center of the stage, flings wide her arms, half circling upward and addresses the audience. The music, which has become very soft, stops.

SPIRIT OF EASTER.—Nature from off the frozen earth has cast the icy chains of winter; from out his cave, creeps the long slumbering beast; life beats again in every root and stem and tiny leaf-bud; each sunrise brings Earth's children to a fairer day; and still creation waits.

(*She steps suddenly aside and flings up her wand pointing it high above the space through which she walked. At the same time, the rows of girls behind her take a step away from this space, thus leaving it much wider.*)

SPIRIT OF EASTER (*exultantly*).—Behold upon the mountain tops the coming of the Easter dawn!

(*A tall girl, dressed in yellow crêpe paper and wearing a yellow head-band with a fanlike flare of this paper spreading upward to look like the rays of the sun, advances through the central space between the girls. By means of yellow streamers she drives before her three little girls dressed in the same tint of paper. They dance in, one a little ahead of the other two, arms curved over head. At the same time six little girls, dressed to match the other sunbeams, dance in through the spaces between the larger girls, three on each side of the central space, and stand, arms curved upward in graceful attitude, before the girls in gray.*

The sun advances until the first of the three sun-

beams who precede her stands almost at the edge of the platform. The Spirit of Easter continues as the sun advances.)

SPIRIT OF EASTER.—The glory grows! The sunbeams bathe the land. There is naught too small for the golden light to find and naught to great for it to clothe.

Come forth, come forth, my helpers, and bid Earth's people rejoice in the sunlight of this Easter dawning!

(*Out through the spaces, run little girls in white who hold out garlands of daffodils to the audience. They drop on one knee and continue to hold the flowers extended.*)

FIRST CHILD.—The winter is over and gone; the sunshine will give you new life.

SIXTH CHILD.—If you would be happy, come out among the sunny-hearted flowers.

SECOND CHILD.—Look up into the blue of heaven; you will learn how to smile.

FIFTH CHILD.—Smile as you look up, turn a smiling face toward the world, and millions of smiles will answer you.

THIRD CHILD.—Listen to the birds on high and you will work with their songs in your heart.

FOURTH CHILD.—The flowers of the field, the birds of the air, the blue of heaven, the pure, life-giving air! these, these are the gifts of Eastertide! It is a time to look up and rejoice!

SPIRIT OF EASTER (*facing the audience*).—Aye, now in the dawning while the day is young, lift up, lift up your souls above the sunbeams and the sun to the God of Love and Light that he may fill your lives with the joy of Easter Day.

Hark! you can hear the nations singing!

(*There is a song of hosanna from behind the scenes. A stanza of any hymn of joy or hosanna will do here. The Spirit of Easter stands in listening attitude. The purple, the violet, and the gray clouds glide out backward followed in like manner by the sun and the sunbeams. The singing dies away. The Spirit of Easter glides to the center of the stage and the helpers glide to her from right and left.*)

Spirit of Easter (*facing the audience with her lily wand at shoulder*).—My Eastertide has banded the earth in a circle of joy. Europe and awakening Africa, the islands of the sea, far-off Asia, and America from pole to pole and sea to sea—all in festival and song have rejoiced with me. The sunbeams pass, the flowers fade, but, in your hearts I leave my joy, the joy of life renewed at Eastertide!

(*As she speaks, the helpers slowly lower their garlands and bow their heads; but the Spirit of Easter, standing tall and straight, looks upward, smiling, her lily still held shoulder high.*)

Curtain.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT IS PREACHING TO-DAY

A New Play in One Act for Spring Days

JACK-IN-THE PULPIT IS PREACHING TO-DAY

A New Play in One Act for Spring Days

This is a one-act play requiring eleven boys or girls or both.

Time.—*Spring.*
Place.—*The woods.*
Properties.—*Some window-boxes and potted plants arranged to give the appearance of outdoors.*

Perhaps after acting in this little play or seeing it, the boys and girls will try to visit these little flowers in their woodland home.

Little fluffy caps and hats, made out of crêpe papers are the only extra touches of costume necessary. The color typifies the flower.

(*Enter Hepatica and Dandelion.*)

DANDELION.—The sun is so warm to-day, dear little Hepatica, I should think you would throw off your furs.

HEPATICA.—You see, Dandelion, you live out in the wind and the rain. You don't feel the cold. I live among the warm brown leaves. This trip in the wind is a risk for me.

DANDELION (*looking over her shoulder and skipping back*).—Here's Marsh Marigold Why, child, your dress is very damp.

MARSH MARIGOLD (*shaking hands*).—No wonder! The brook has overflowed and our house is almost under water.

HEPATICA.—Poor child! I never could stand that!

CLOVER (*running merrily up behind them*).—What's up!

DANDELION.—How did you get here so soon?

CLOVER (*throwing up her two hands*).—Who ever heard of a clover being late?

DOG-TOOTH VIOLET (*hurrying in and talking as she advances*).—Late for what?

CLOVER (*running back to her and taking her by the hand*).—I don't know, you dear Dog-tooth Violet! I've asked but nobody answers. (*Impulsively.*) I love your spotted green leaves and your yellow headdress.

VIOLET (*leading a yellow and a white violet, enters softly and stands looking at the others*).—Good morning (*she and her two companions courtesy.*)

DOG-TOOTH VIOLET (*running to these arrivals and leading them into the group*).—Here is Cousin Violet and her two little sisters, Yellow Violet and White Violet.

VIOLET (*softly*).—We have been invited to something.

CLOVER (*merrily*).—A new way to ask a question! Violet has been invited to *something.*

HEPATICA (*as if snuggling down into her furs*).—The Violet family was always well mannered.

BLOODROOT (*walking boldly in and looking around on all sides*).—All I have to say is, my folks have always been polite but we've all had sense enough to know how to ask a question. (*Turning sharply toward Dandelion.*) Dandelion, why did you send me this invitation? (*She shakes a green leaf at Dandelion.*)

DANDELION (*smiling and looking around in all directions*).—I hope he gets here on time. Why, look who's coming! (*She hurries, with outstretched hand to meet Anemone and Spring Beauty.*)

ANEMONE (*sweetly as she pats her hat*).—I thought my head would blow off in this wind.

SPRING BEAUTY (*bowing right and left*).—Anemone is so frail, poor child, I hated to ask her to come.

BLOODROOT (*to Spring Beauty*).—I must say, Spring Beauty, you deserve praise for the way you keep yourself. You are a real beauty!

SPRING BEAUTY (*covering her face*).—You are very kind; but, truly, I am much embarrassed.

CLOVER.—I suppose I shall return to my honey making without knowing why I received this invitation. (*She waves a big green leaf.*)

DANDELION.—Clover, you are very impatient!

HEPATICA (*in a shaking voice*).—I think Dandelion is giving us a surprise party with the surprise left out.

(*General laugh and merriment.*)

DANDELION (*patting Hepatica's shoulder*).—Does our dear little fur-robed Hepatica want some nice brown leaves wrapped around her?

WILD GERANIUM (*greatly excited as she hurries in*).—Of all the absent-minded people of the woods, I think Jack-in-the-Pulpit is the worst!

BLOODROOT.—You make the blood in my roots run cold—another mystery!

WILD GERANIUM (*astonished*).—Mystery? Have I not spoken plainly?

CLOVER (*shortly*).—No!

(*All slowly shake their heads.*)

ANEMONE (*gently*).—This ground is very damp, the wind is chilly, the sun is not so very warm—I think I'll go home.

CLOVER.—Oh, wait a year or two more Anemone, you may find out why we Spring flowers have been invited here.

DANDELION (*joyously*).—Here he is!

(*Enter Jack-in-the-Pulpit feeling his pockets and bowing right and left.*

DANDELION (*shaking hands with him*).—We are all so glad that you have consented to speak to us to-day, Jack-in-the-Pulpit. Sisters and brothers, dear Jack-in-the-Pulpit preaches to-day.

WILD GERANIUM (*going over to him*).—Have you found your sermon. (*He shakes his head and keeps on searching. She continues.*) I tried to tell these people that you had gone back for your sermon——

CLOVER (*interrupting her*).—But nobody would listen to you, Geranium. You are a little wild in your speech.

WILD GERANIUM.—I know I'm a *wild* Geranium but folks might be polite and listen to me.

(*Meanwhile Dandelion has been talking to Jack-in-the-Pulpit who now stands on a green-covered box and addresses the flowers. Now and then he feels his pockets.*)

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.—My sermon was on "Duty" a very big little word. Your duty is to look pretty and bright. What more can I say? Well, perhaps, a little more: make your spot in the woods and fields a pleasant

place for folks to look at (*brightening up*). Why, I remember, we must gladden all the world with the message of Spring: Wake up! Wake up! It is time to work and be happy!

This is *my* message: be sure to beckon to the children and call, *keep* calling: "Come out into the woods and play with us! We want to get acquainted! We'll paint your cheeks and brighten your eyes. Come!"

WILD GERANIUM (*interrupting*).—I hope they don't! They'll pull us up by the roots!

CLOVER.—They'll eat my head off to get my honey.

(*Jack-in-the-Pulpit jumps down.*)

DANDELION (*carelessly*).—Well, when I go to sleep, they'll blow my head off.

(*General laugh.*)

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT (*hurrying out*).—I hope you enjoyed my sermon. I've another to preach in the meadow, Good-by.

FLOWERS.—
A good sermon!
Come again!
Good-by.

HEPATICA.—We shall all catch our death of cold!

WILD GERANIUM.—Come, everybody, we'll take Hepatica home and wrap her up.

(*They all surround her and go out nodding and smiling, Marsh Marigold tiptoes back, jumps on the little green bench and looks eagerly about her.*)

MARSH MARIGOLD.—My, it feels fine to be a preacher! Children, children, far and near, come to the brookside and play with me! You'll know me! I'm gold-crowned, and wear a dress of green. Just say, "Hello, Marsh Marigold," and I'll nod back.

(*She courtesies, jumps down, and dances out.*)

Curtain.

ARBOR DAY OR BIRD DAY IN THE WOODS

A New Play in Three Acts for either Arbor Day or Bird Day

ARBOR DAY OR BIRD DAY IN THE WOODS

A New Play in Three Acts for either Arbor Day or Bird Day

This is a play in three acts requiring about twenty-six boys or girls or both.

Time.—*March or April.*

Place.—*The woods.*

Properties.—*Branches and twigs of trees.*

Act I

Ten or twelve dryads, while searching in the woods for signs of March or April, flee from Winter and his aids, into the nearest trees. Winter and his aids depart after a short, final bluster.

Act II

The dryads call March or April Sunshine, who with the help of March or April Rain, summons all woodland life to awaken and beautify the earth.

Act III

A band of happy children, led by their teacher, visit these Spring-decked woods, pick the flowers, spare the roots and the trees, watch and discuss the birds, listen

to a bird record, then sing their 'Robin Redbreast Song" and go home.

It is to be hoped that this little play, which takes the boys and the girls out into the make-believe woods among the birds and the flowers, will turn their thoughts to the great out-of-doors and fill them with the desire to spend their holidays in the parks and in the fields and the woods.

Act I

(*Enter with stealthy motion from the sides and back of the stage, ten or twelve children who take the part of dryads. They are dressed, some in gray, some in brown. the material hangs to the floor straight and scant to give the effect of tree trunks. A hood of the same material is attached to the back of the costume and almost covers the face.*

These dryads glide here and there about the stage, calling to one another as they search for signs of Spring and pass comments on the weather.)

Dryad (*calling*).—o͞o, o͞o, o͞o, o͞o! (*Use scale of C major for this call which is 1, 3, 5 and 8 of the scale. The second and fourth tones are held.*)

Dryad (*from across the stage*).—o͞o o͞o, o͞o, o͞o! (*Same scale, 3, 5, 3, 8*).

Dryads (*all*).—o͞o, o͞o! (*Same scale, 5, 8 with 8 well held.*)

Dryad (*trying to bend toward the earth*).—There is a stirring under the dead leaves.

Dryad (*listening*).—Aye! I hear the murmur of running water.

Dryad (*gaily*).—Time for laughing water! March is going. April's on the road.

DRYAD (*doubtfully*).—There is a chill, a sharp, bitter chill abroad to-day.

DRYAD.—'Tis March. Winter may still be near.

DRYAD (*warningly*).—Have a care! Name him not! His very breath means death to us.

(*A large, stout child and six very small children, dressed in white, almost covered with white cotton batting, with caps and mittens of the same, begin a great blowing on the other side of the stage door. The dryads, alarmed, spring aside into two groups.*)

DRYAD (*in panic-stricken tones*).—Winter! The roar of Winter!

DRYAD.—We are caught!

(*The blustering grows louder, then softer.*)

DRYAD.—Nay! Away to the nearest trees!

DRYAD.—Hah! A tree! A tree!

DRYAD.—Each to a tree!

(*They spring to scattered places, leaving a path between the groups. They fling up their arms to represent branches and, as Winter, puffing, blowing, blustering, enters the path, the dryads toss their arms all to the right, then all to the left, then backwards and forwards as if in a blizzard till Winter and his aids disappear.*)

WINTER (*in a deep voice as he advances and his aids run in and out among the trees*).—Heard I not the dryads?

AID.—Nay, Winter.

WINTER (*savagely, shaking his fist at the trees*).—Ha! I know their tricks! Every tree houses a dryad! (*More*

blowing.) There shall they stay—prisoners—till April Sunshine sets them free.

(*While he is speaking, he stamps his way around one group of dryads. His aids in like manner make their way around the other group. With much blowing and puffing, they all vanish through the stage doors.*)

Dryads (*dropping arms but still remaining immovable, send a united laugh of derision after him*).—Ah, hä͡! Ah, hä͡! Ah, hä͡! Ha, ha, hä͡. (*Scale of G major for this call which is 1, 4, 1, 6, 4, 8–8, 8, 8. Tones 4, 6, 8 are held. The last 8 is held till it dies away.*)

Curtain

Act II

Dryads (*standing as at close of Act I but with arms swaying very slightly as if in a light breeze*).—April! the days are very long to us, the nights are very cold! The flowers struggle at our feet to seek the light and warmth. April! April! We are calling you!

(*April Sunshine, dressed in yellow with a sunburst of yellow on her head, and a yellow wand in her hands, advances between the two groups of trees. She halts half way, looks about her, and addresses the trees.*)

April Sunshine (*raising her wand*).—April Sunshine answers to your call.

Dryads (*joyously*).—We shall be free!

April Sunshine.—Free as all my woodland children! The flowers, the birds, the trees—all work joyously together, to make God's earth beautiful. In such work is true freedom found.

DRYAD.—What then is our part?

APRIL SUNSHINE. Each dryad shall guard and tend a tree in the woodland, house the birds, and shelter the blossoms.

DRYADS (*joyously*).—The trees, the trees, the trees, we love! the beautiful, beautiful trees!

APRIL SUNSHINE (*pointing her wand slowly in all directions*).—The time has come, my children! I call you forth to greet the sun, to sip the dew, to drink the rain, to grow and flourish and gladden all the land.

Ho! Hepatica and spring beauties, cowslips and anemones, violets yellow and white and blue! Awake, awake, I say! Come, Jack-in-the-pulpit, 'tis preaching time again. (*Raising her wand toward the trees.*) Ho! Pussy-willow with furry tails! Ho! Maple red, dogwood pink and white, oak of dainty green! Ho! Awake, awake! April Sunshine calls, awake! (*She starts in alarm, covers her eyes with her hands and calls.*) A cloud bedims my sight! (*April Rain, dressed in pale gray, runs swiftly toward April Sunshine. She waves her arms and moves her fingers quickly to imitate rain drops.*)

APRIL RAIN.—There is ever a tear in April's sunshine! But the glory of it all, dear sister, is that we can work together and leave a bow of promise in the sky!

APRIL SUNSHINE (*thoughtfully*).—Such is the life of mortals—sunshine and rain but always with God's promise over all.

APRIL RAIN (*backing across the front of the stage to a side door*).—I must away to fill the clouds for the night showers.

APRIL SUNSHINE (*backing off at the same time in the opposite direction*).—Day's shadows grow long. I, too, must go, to return at dawn.

BOTH (*stopping at equal distance from the center, turning slightly toward the trees, and holding both arms upward and outward*).—We bid you every bud and leaf and blossom, every bird and butterfly, make beautiful this woodland, make it a garden fair, to lift the hearts of mortals to the dear God above.

Curtain

ACT III

(*The dryads have thrown back their hoods. Their heads are covered with green skull caps. They hold up leafy branches with both hands. Instead of natural leaves, paper leaves may be fastened to the branches to give the appearance of trees in leaf in April or March. Paper flowers are clustered under the trees and along the sides of the central path.*

Here and there a bird is fastened to a twig. These birds may be drawn, colored, and cut out during a drawing lesson or cut from crêpe paper or from bird panels issued by manufacturers. Care must be taken that they are placed far enough apart on the trees to make the result effective.

Voices are heard. Children with their teacher appear among the trees and along the path. They call to one another, stop to pick the flowers, and point to the birds as they see them.)

CHILD (*clapping her hands with delight and looking right and left.*)—Oh, Miss Hunt, it looks like Fairyland!

MISS HUNT.—It is April's Fairyland.

CHILD.—Look! Look! Jack-in-the-pulpit has a great big root!

CHILD (*regretfully*).—You pulled up the root.

MISS HUNT.—Too bad! Run! Remind the others of the law of the woodland: "We may pick blossoms and leaves, but we must leave the root."

CHILD (*excitedly, pointing up and counting*).—One, two, three, four, five big black birds!

CHILD (*jumping up and down with delight*).—They're crows, crows!

CHILD.—How I wish they'd caw! (*Two children run from among the trees.*)

FIRST CHILD.—Miss Hunt! Miss Hunt! We heard a bob white in there!

SECOND CHILD (*breathlessly*).—But we couldn't see him.

MISS HUNT.—No, he's too smart for you.

CHILD (*holding up her box of flowers*).—Look, Miss Hunt, I have anemones, violets, and dear little spring beauties!

MISS HUNT.—What a beautiful bunch! Take your mother a few hepatica.

CHILD (*clasping her hands and looking upward and around at trees and sky*).—Oh! I'd like to stay here till dark and listen to the whip-poor-will!

CHILD (*in a deep voice as if awed by the thought*).—And the owls!

CHILD (*coming forward with a bunch of wild geraniums in his hand*).—I'm sure that bird flying away off there is a phoebe bird. She almost said phoebe.

CHILD (*longingly*) I wish my name were Phoebe and I could fly right up to her.

CHILD.—We'd hold on to you just like this.

(*She grabs her. They all laugh, then take listening attitudes. They hear a gentle tapping sound.*)

MISS HUNT.—Look up the side of that tree trunk.

CHILD (*in a hushed voice*).—It's a woodpecker, a woodpecker!

(*All crowd around her but go no nearer to the tree. Some stand on tiptoe to watch him.*)

CHILD (*pointing with a stick toward another tree*).—There's a starling up there. See his yellow feet.

CHILD.—He looks like a robin without a red breast.

CHILD.—I love starlings. They are such friendly little fellows.

CHILD (*running in under a tree and pointing up*).—Quick, O quick! Here's a blue jay!

CHILD (*running after him*).—There he goes! Look at his blue wings.

CHILD (*joining them*).—I can see white bars across them.

CHILD.—He's beautiful!

CHILD.—I don't like his cry.

MISS HUNT (*pointing up*).—Do you see the swinging bag on that limb?

CHILDREN.—Yes! O, yes. I see. Up there.

CHILD.—I know, Miss Hunt, it's an oriole's nest.

CHILD (*sorrowfully*).—Miss Hunt, we haven't heard the cuckoo bird.

CHILD.—Nor the lark.

MISS HUNT (*opening a small portable victrola which she has laid to one side*).—But we are going to hear them. Everybody sit down and be very still.

(*They sit down in a semi-circle around the little black box, flowers at sides or in laps, to listen to the bird*

record. Facial expressions must show joy and wonder. Long drawn breaths and exclamations of delight must follow the end of the music.)

CHILDREN.—Oh! Ah! I'm sorry it's over! Just like real birds!

LITTLE GIRL.—It sounds as if the birds were in the box. (*General laugh.*)

CHILD.—The lark was wonderful!

CHILD.—O, we've had a wonderful time!

MISS HUNT.—Yes, we have but now it is time for home and supper.

(*While the talk continues, two of the older children close the box. The others, looking about them, get up, rearrange their flowers and cluster around the teacher.*)

CHILD.—I'd like to stay to give all the birds their suppers.

CHILD.—And tuck them, snug and warm, in bed.

CHILD (*thoughtfully*).—I wonder if they are ever cold and hungry?

MISS HUNT.—God takes care of them.

OLDER CHILD.—Yes, Bryant says:

"There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along the pathless coast."

CHILD (*tiptoeing toward a tree*).—A robin, a robin!

MISS HUNT.—He has come to say, "Good night" to us.

CHILD.—And to tell us to cheer-up, cheer-up! O, I love him!

(*They burst spontaneously into song.*)

ROBIN REDBREAST

TUNE: *"There's Music in the Air"*

You'll find the bird we love
In the grassy meadow-green;
And in the trees above
Robin Redbreast may be seen,
Pouring out his cheery note
Calling us to cast our vote *
For the Robin as our choice
Of birds that children love.

CHORUS:

Robin Redbreast, we love you
And your nest of birdlings too!
Here's to Robin Redbreast dear
From the children far and near.

* The school children of New York City vote for their favorite bird once every three years. At the first election, Robin Redbreast was the winner.

Curtain

MAY DAY IN OUR VILLAGE

A New Play in Three Acts for May Day

MAY DAY IN OUR VILLAGE

A New Play in Three Acts for May Day

This is a three-act play requiring about ten boys and ten girls.

Time.—*April 30 and May 1.*
Place.—*Outdoors.*
Properties.—*Plants, flowers, two or three benches, a pole covered with gray or brown paper to make it look like the trunk of a young tree, a fancy basket, an ax, a screen to be used for a door. Where flowers and plants are not abundant at this season of the year, the boys and the girls can make them out of crêpe paper.*

May Day is celebrated in the open fields by both young and old. It is a time for precious memories, joyous preparations, and gay festivities.

Act I

The village girls, returning from the fields with flowers for the crown of the Maypole, meet Mrs. Montfort, an old English lady, who tells them about May baskets and asks who is to be Queen of the May. Bessy, who has an

oversupply of flowers, makes quite a mystery about what she intends to do with them.

Act II

In the early morning, the village boys and men, carrying a slender tree trunk for the Maypole and greens for decoration meet Bessy hurrying along on her own secret errand. Mrs. Montfort is overjoyed but much mystified.

Act III

The Maypole is carried in, followed by the happy villagers, many wondering who is to be Queen of the May. The Queen is happily chosen and the boys and the girls, at her command, dance and sing around the Maypole.

Act I

Time.—*April 30.*
Place.—*Outdoors.*
Properties.—*Plants for outdoor scenery.*

(*This scenery may be dispensed with.*)

(*Enter hurriedly ten or more girls, carrying bunches of small pink flowers mixed with small leafy sprays. Bessy, a medium-sized, jolly-looking girl has a handful and an apronful of these flowers.*)

Sarah (*a large girl*).—Do you think these are enough for the Maypole?

Linda (*another large girl*).—Oh, yes, only the crown is to be made of flowers.

HILDA.—That's so, the streamers will be made of vines.

LINDA.—I hope the boys will bring in enough.

MARY.—Won't those boys have fun!

SARAH.—Only to think of it, going to the woods before the sun is up!

LINDA (*nodding her head*).—That's the real old-time custom. My father is going with them.

MARY.—So is mine. He is going to chop down a pine tree for the pole.

SARAH (*dancing off a few steps, and twirling on one toe*).—Oh, girls, we'll surprise the stiff old Maypole with some fancy steps.

(*Bessy, who has been showing her apronful of flowers to two smaller girls, here turns and dances merrily across the stage. Away goes her apronful of flowers. A gentle old lady with a dark silk bag in her left hand and a cane in her right, steps to the front just in time to see the flowers fall.*)

OLD LADY (*as all scramble about to pick up the flowers*).—"Oh, my!"

BESSY.—Perhaps they want to stay and play in the woods. (*Holding up a spray and shaking it.*) You naughty flowers! You don't want to go with me into town.

OLD LADY.—Are you going to sell them?

BESSY (*astonished*).—*Sell* them, Mrs. Montfort? (*Holding up her apronful.*) I wouldn't sell them for a million dollars!

SARAH.—Whew!

LINDA (*politely, as she gestures with her bunch of flowers toward the rest.*)—They are all for the May Day Celebration.

MRS. MONTFORT (*smiling*).—Why, yes, I forgot. (*thoughtfully.*) May Day, May Day. (*She turns to pass on. Linda steps toward her.*)

LINDA.—You remember May Day in England, don't you, Mrs. Montfort?

MRS. MONTFORT (*greatly pleased*).—Many and many a time I went out and gathered the flowers for May baskets. I made the baskets myself out of marsh grass.

BESSY (*puzzled*).—May baskets?

MRS. MONTFORT (*spreading her hands about eight inches apart*).—Yes, I made the baskets about that big with a handle to each and filled them with flowers. (*Lowering her voice to a mysterious whisper.*) After dark, well after dark, a crowd of us stole along from house to house and hung a basket on every door.

SARAH (*eagerly*).—Did the people know who left them?

MRS. MONTFORT (*laughing delightedly*).—A great time they had guessing!

BESSY.—Sometimes they hung one on your door, didn't they?

MRS. MONTFORT (*thoughtfully*).—Yes—yes—but that was long years ago. (*Turning suddenly and waving her cane toward the group.*) Who's to be Queen of the May? (*Pointing her cane toward Bessy.*) You?

BESSY (*startled*).—I? Oh, no, nobody knows.

MRS. MONTFORT (*as she turns to go*).—It's fine to be Queen of the May.

LINDA (*looking after her*).—Perhaps she was Queen of the May in England.

BESSY (*in a sing-song tone as she dances first on one foot, then on the other*).—I know what I will do, yes I do. My flowers are worth a million dollars and I wouldn't sell them; but I know what I will do.

HILDA (*to Bessy as they begin to go out*).—Look out!

SARAH (*sternly to Bessy*).—You'll drop them again!

BESSY.—Oh, no, I won't! I know what I will do!

MARY (*to Bessy*).—Do? You'll give them to the committee.

BESSY.—Not all! Oh, lady, no!

(*She drops her handful. As the girls pass out, she stoops alone to pick them up, then dances off singing.*)

BESSY.—We know what we are up to, yes we do!

Curtain.

ACT II

Time.—*The early morning of May!*
Place.—*Outdoors.*
Properties.—*Branches, twigs, vines, an ax, the long pole.*

(*Looking anxiously on all sides, Bessy, in her left hand, carrying a basket well filled with the pink flowers and, in her right, a lantern or a flash light, steals in from the left on tiptoe. At the same time a merry group of six or more medium-sized boys, laden with the greens of the May, enter from the right. They are led by two tall boys, one carrying an ax, the other the pole. Voices and laughter can be heard before they enter.*)

VOICES.—
How about breakfast?
Oh!
Ah!
I'm ready!

(*Emily crowds closely to the back wall among the greens but forgets to turn off her light.*)

MAN WITH AX (*looking over his shoulder toward the crowd*).—Work's a good appetizer, hey?

BOY (*darting forward toward Bessy's light*).—What's this? What's this?

(*All cries suddenly cease. The crowd halts and Bessy steps forward.*)

BESSY (*warningly, pointing toward the screen at the side of the stage*).—You'll wake up old Mrs. Montfort.

MAN WITH POLE (*pushing toward her*).—That's so. Besides, this work is supposed to be done secretly.

NEARBY BOY.—That's the custom.

MAN WITH AX.—Look here, Bessy, what are you up to?

BESSY (*putting finger to lip*).—Hush! this is for Mrs. Montfort's door knob.

BOY.—She'll think she's back in England.

BESSY (*turning to go*).—I hope she does.

MAN WITH AX (*with a smile*).—She's satisfied with America.

BESSY (*nodding*).—But she has memories and here's her May basket.

MAN WITH POLE (*good naturedly*).—Good for you! There, we'll stand by while you go hang it on.

(*They follow her quietly to the side of the stage where she hangs the basket on the screen which is almost against the left-hand side of the stage and tiptoes back.*

Meanwhile, two boys in the crowd, heads together, whisper and gesture with great delight. As the

crowd, led by Bessy, turns toward the right-hand door, one of these boys speaks in a low tone.)

Boy.—I say, fellows, Bessy is the first girl we've met.

(*Excitement.*)

Boys.—
Good, good!
Fine!
Couldn't be better!

Man with Pole (*with decision*).—Then that's settled.

Bessy (*mystified*).—What's settled?

Boy (*joyfully*).—You'll see!

Boy.—On to breakfast!

Man with Ax (*with gesture*).—Quiet, *quiet!*

(*Old Mrs. Montfort in nightcap and shawl comes out from behind the screen and, hand over eyes, peers after the crowd. She sees the May basket.*)

Old Mrs. Montfort (*clasping her hands in ecstacy*).—A bit of England at my doorway! (*Smiling.*) A fair sight! Another *happy* meeting between Old England and (*holding up the basket*) Young America.

Curtain.

Act III

Time.—*Afternoon of May 1.*
Place.—*Outdoors.*

(*Enter a boy, carrying the Maypole which is gay with flowers and streamers. He is followed by a merry crowd of old and young singing a May song. The older folk, including old Mrs. Montfort, seat them-*

selves on the benches, the younger children group themselves around, but not in front of, the Maypole. When all are in place, the singing ceases and a boy steps forward.)

Boy (*holding high a wreath of green leaves and pink blossoms*).—We hail as the Queen of the May, the first maid met by the bearers of the May greens! Hail, hail to the Queen of the May!

(*Two girls in white, bedecked with leaves and flowers, each take the unsuspecting Bessy by the hand and lead her before the Maypole.*)

Boy (*placing the wreath on her head*).—Queen of the May, to lead our song and dance, we crown you.

(*He steps suddenly back and swings his right hand high as he calls. All join in heartily. Old Mrs. Montfort joyfully waves her cane as she cheers.*)

Boy.—Hail, all hail to the Queen of the May!

(*As the cheers die away, the piano strikes up: "Oh dear what can the matter be?" The Queen takes a streamer of the Maypole and starts the dance. Some of the older folk keep time with hand on knee, others, viewing the dance, whisper and nod.*

The dancers separate and the boy who crowned the queen hands her a scroll.)

Boy.—A petition to the Queen of the May.

Queen (*unrolling and reading*).—I am hereby petitioned to order that the games of May Day be held in yonder open field close by where the feast is spread. To the games, my people, then to the feast!

(*She steps forward and leads the merrymakers who follow, laughing and talking. A few take a dancing step or two.*)

BOY (*to companion*).—Our wrestling game comes first.

NEARBY BOY (*crowding forward*).—No our running is first.

FIRST BOY.—Look for your place on the queen's scroll.

TALL BOY (*with a gesture of the hand*).—Our good Queen Bess will call the games off in order. Hurry along!

(*The crowd moves off. A tall girl approaches Mrs. Montfort who is passing the pole.*)

TALL GIRL.—You are not homesick, are you, grandmother?

MRS. MONTFORT (*straightening up*).—Homesick? Not a bit of it! Here I've lived for fifty years, a good life in a good land. It's my *home*.

TALL GIRL (*shaking her finger at the old lady*).—Own up, grandmother! There's just a little bit of England tucked away in your heart.

MRS. MONTFORT (*softly and thoughtfully*).—True words, my dear. That's why this old heart loves the May Day.

Curtain.

THE HOMEMAKER AND HER AIDS

A New Play in Two Acts for Mothers' Day

THE HOMEMAKER AND HER AIDS

A New Play in Two Acts for Mothers' Day

This is a two-act play requiring three boys and four girls.

Time.—*Mothers' Day and the Friday before it.*

Place.—*The living-room in a home of to-day.*

Properties.—*Chairs, a table, and any available articles that will lend an air of comfort to the surroundings.*

In thousands of our little homes throughout the land, mother's burden of work through the daily round of duties becomes greater instead of less and the words of love and appreciation which would do much to lighten many a weary hour are never spoken.

Perhaps this little play will arouse, in our boys and girls, a desire to render willing and helpful service to mother, not only on Mothers' Day but throughout the year.

Act I

The children of the family lay plans to observe Mothers' Day. Their father joins them. Aunt Jennie arrives in time to make the day all that could be desired and gracefully disappears, leaving the mother the centre of attention.

Act II

After dinner on Mothers' Day, the members of the family, by deed and speech, show their love for mother

and express their determination to remain the aids of their homemaker throughout the year.

Act I

(*Home scene. Father is reading beside a table. Enter, very quietly, two girls and two boys. The father drops his paper and smiles as the little girl* (*Amy*), *runs to him.*)

Jessie (*older girl*).—We have a secret, daddy, and we want to talk it over. You never mind how much we talk, do you?

Dick (*older boy*).—Huh! I guess not! If all the fire engines, and elevator trains, and brass bands went down this street together, you could read right on, couldn't you, dad?

Father (*doubtfully*).—I don't know what I might do with all that clatter around; but I *do* know your tongues never bother me. (*To Amy.*) How about it, sweetheart?

Amy.—That's because mother makes us speak softly.

Father.—Good for you!

(*He releases her to the others who seat themselves at the other end of the room and discuss their secret.*)

Jessie (*clasping her hands*).—The entertainment in school to-day made me love Mothers' Day.

Dick.—Yes, but that was all talk. We want to *do* something for mother.

Jessie.—We better hurry up about it. The day after to-morrow will be Mothers' Day.

Amy.—Does Mothers' Day always come on Sunday?

Jessie.—Yes, the second Sunday in May.

DICK.—Now get back to the subject. What are we going to *do?*

HARRY.—Do? Why, on Sunday, we all go to church.

AMY.—We can each wear a white carnation.

DICK.—At a dollar apiece! Here, get down to business. How much money have you?

JESSIE.—I have sixty-nine cents.

HARRY (*pulling his hand out of his pocket to count his pennies*).—Four cents and fifty-one cents in my bank.

AMY (*holding out some coins*).—Nine cents. The rest is in the school bank.

DICK.—Oh, we're not counting what we have in the school bank. (*With importance.*) Here, I have a dollar forty-five cents. I earned it myself.

JESSIE (*thoughtfully*).—That makes two dollars twenty-seven cents.

AMY (*with enthusiasm*).—Give a big Mothers' Day dinner and invite a lot of people—a party!

HARRY (*with a yell of glee*).—And ice cream!

DICK.—A dinner? That would be fine?

JESSIE.—Just the thing!

HARRY (*clapping his hands*).—Hurrah! Hurrah!

FATHER (*laying down his paper and joining the group as if happy to be among them*).—Son, it was worse than the engines. I heard you.

(*They cluster around him and half force him into a chair.*)

JESSIE.—Daddy dear, help us out!

DICK.—Oh, but I say, it's *our* job.

FATHER.—What job? (*Looking around with mock anxiety.*) I heard a little. I really couldn't help it.

AMY.—We're going to give mother a *big* (*spreading out her arms*) dinner for Mothers' Day.

FATHER.—Who is to cook the big dinner?

DICK (*reluctantly*).—W-e-ll -a-a- mother.

JESSIE (*brightly*).—I could help.

FATHER.—We all know mother would cook the dinner for everybody else to enjoy. We'd have a tired mother at the end of Mothers' Day.

DICK.—Come to think of it, we haven't enough money for a big dinner.

HARRY (*with surprise*).—You order all the stuff over the phone!

FATHER (*merrily*).—Right you are! The dinner for Mothers' Day comes over the 'phone!

(*Enter Aunt Jennie in street costume. The father rises to shake hands. Dick places a chair for her. The girls take her wraps, all as the talk continues.*)

AUNT JENNIE (*with animation*).—"Mothers' Day!" "White carnataions!" "A dollar apiece!" "I'd rather wear a red geranium!"—I've been hearing these things all day long!

FATHER.—These children want to surprise mother on Mothers' Day by having her cook a big dinner.

CHILDREN (*coaxingly, as he laughs*).—Now daddy, daddy!

AUNT JENNIE.—Your father is right. That's the way to look at it—piling work on mother. (*She suddenly sits bolt upright, all life and animation.*) I'll tell you what to do! You all go to church with your mother (*to the father*); you too, John—and *I'll* cook the dinner.

(*The children jump up and down and clap their hands. Amy seizes Harry by both hands and they swing each*

other around in a circle. The father leans over and shakes hands with Aunt Jennie again.)

FATHER.—Good for you, Aunt Jennie!

DICK (*becoming suddenly solemn*).—I say, Aunt Jennie, that's great; but what do *we* do? Mother's our mother!

AUNT JENNIE.—*Do?* What will you *do?* You'll get up early *without being called, all* of you! You'll *all* be ready to start for church *on time!*

JESSIE.—I could stay home to help you, Aunt Jennie.

AUNT JENNIE.—Bless your heart, no. You are all part of Mothers' Day. But, Jessie, you and Dick can serve the dinner. I have been invited to your Aunt Margaret's to dinner.

DICK (*regretfully*).—But, Aunt Jennie— —

AUNT JENNIE (*firmly*).—Sunday is to be Mothers' Day in this house and your mother is to be Queen of the Day. After dinner you are to show your loyalty to her.

FATHER (*with decision*).—I know what I am going to do.

JESSIE (*gleefully*).—So do I!

HARRY.—Must I make up something too?

FATHER.—Yes, it must be something nice, son, right from your heart, something to make mother want to put her arms around you.

HARRY (*standing very straight and tall*).—I know, dad! Yes, I know.

AMY.—It's never hard to please mother.

FATHER.—I wonder why we don't try oftener.

AUNT JENNIE.—Because she spends all her time pleasing the rest of you. (*Brightly.*) Never mind, Mothers' Day will be a good time to begin to please *her.*

JESSIE.—And keep on.

DICK.—Hah! I know what I'll do.

FATHER.—Good man! (*Softly.*) But all quiet! She might hear us.

AUNT JENNIE (*with astonishment*).—Why, John——

FATHER.—It's a secret.

AUNT JENNIE.—She must be deaf then!

FATHER.—No (*looking toward the door*), the door's shut.

AUNT JENNIE.—Come, make Mothers' Day two days long by telling her.

FATHER (*standing among the children who look eagerly up to him*).—How about it?

ALL.—Good, good.

FATHER.—Come, altogether—you too, Aunt Jennie! We'll surround her!

AMY.—We'll tell her about her Mothers' Day Dinner.

AUNT JENNIE (*warningly*).—Remember, after dinner on Sunday, you all make your contribution to her happiness the very best part of the day.

CHORUS.—Yes, yes! The very best. Oh, yes!

DICK (*starting the singing as they pass out. They all join in immediately.*)

TUNE: *"London Bridge is Falling Down"*

"Sunday will be Mothers' Day,
Mothers' Day,
Mothers' Day,
Sunday will be your own day,
My fair lady!

Curtain

Act II

(*Home scene. Sitting-room. Sunday, after dinner. Enter, father, mother, and children, smiling and talking. The father draws a rocker forward for the mother.*)

Mother (*sitting down in the rocker*).—That was about the nicest dinner I ever ate.

Father.—We have eaten too many perfect dinners to say that, mother; but Aunt Jennie is a first-rate cook.

Jessie.—I think the clearing away was the jolliest part!

Mother.—Yes, and none of you got in any one's way.

Father (*looking around seriously at the others*).—That's a good point in our favor.

Dick.—Yes, I think we'll all get that job. Jessie it's time to begin.

Jessie.—Mother, we each and all must say or do something to make you happy this afternoon.

Mother (*rocking contentedly*).—Dear me! I'm happy *now.*

Dick.—That's because you're not all tired out. From now on Jessie and I want you to let us help you around the house. What we don't know we can learn. After dinner, at night, while we clear away things, you can enjoy the papers or a little talk, with father.

Mother.—But Dick, that's all woman's work.

Dick.—Ned Lesley has no sisters and he helps his mother. Why shouldn't a fellow help? Jessie has lessons as well as I. We'll both help.

Amy.—I can help too.

Jessie.—It's so, mother. We children can all clear the table.

Dick.—Wash and wipe the dishes and tidy the kitchen

(*with mock pride*). We are experts. We'll never get in one another's way.

FATHER (*seriously*).—That's right, mother.

JESSIE.—We have all day Saturday to mop up the kitchen floor, clean the windows, polish the stove and dust the furniture.

DICK.—I know how to use the vacuum cleaner.

MOTHER.—And what shall I do?

FATHER.—A thousand and one things. You're doing two thousand now.

JESSIE.—We want you to have time to play.

HARRY.—After play every day, I am to hang up my hat and coat (*hurriedly*) and I'm to pack my books and pencils away (*still more hurriedly*) and I'm not to throw papers and cushions on the floor—and—a—and—at nine o'clock, I'm to go to bed—at once—at once without grumbling.

FATHER.—Bravo! That's what you are to *do*. Where's your speech?

HARRY (*going close to his mother and laying his hands on her knees as he looks earnestly up into her face*).—I wanted to tell you a story out of my reader about a boy who loved a star and watched for it and he wouldn't go to sleep until he had seen it. I—I can't remember it all; but mumsie, then I was to tell you that I'd rather have you look down at me at night and tuck me in. Oh, mumsie, you're a lot better than a star!

MOTHER (*leaning over and putting her arm around him*).—Some rainy day we'll read that beautiful star story together. Mother loves the part you added to it.

AMY.—Mother, I got an *A* last week for my darning.

MOTHER.—I remember. It was a neat piece of work—no knots.

AMY.—I will be very careful, mother, if you will let me help you darn our stockings and sew on buttons.

MOTHER.—I *surely* will, Amy.

DICK (*To Amy*).—Here, you're not through. There's something else.

AMY.—Mother, the nicest part of the day is when I come home to you after school. When you're out, the house seems strange and lonesome, I feel queer all over. (*Brightening up.*) 'When you get back, Oh, mother! I'm always so glad you live with us.

MOTHER (*laughing merrily*).—Why, come to think of it, dear, that is the very best part of life for us: we six live together.

FATHER.—Being one of the six, mother, I called Dick to my aid last night to do a piece of work for you—work you wanted to do but felt you couldn't do.

FATHER.—Dick and I offer you this piece of work to add to your joy on Mothers' Day. You begin, Dick.

DICK.—I bought a dollar forty cents' worth of sweet peas for us all to wear to church this morning. Dad had intended to buy us each a white carnation and you, mother, a whole dozen; but he added some cigar money to the carnation money—Now, dad, it's your story.

FATHER.—Well, mother, we bought all the groceries we could think of, some bread, a cake, a very good piece of beef, and a white geranium. We took it all to Mrs. Simpson and her five children and delivered it with your compliments for Mothers' Day.

MOTHER.—Oh, you dear, good man!

FATHER (*with satisfaction*).—That means we did well, Dick.

DICK.—Mother, I've still my part to say. Somewhere, I heard the beautiful story of a young English soldier

who felt that he might be killed in battle the next day, or very soon. He did a wonderful thing! He wrote a letter to his father, thanking him for all he had done for him and saying he was glad he was his father's son. How he praised his father for being a good father and making him a good man! Mother, I feel that way toward you and my father. (*He stands up and takes a hand of each*) I am glad that I am your son.

MOTHER (*laying her free hand over Dick's hand and looking up into his face*).—Dick, you are growing more like your father every day. You are getting the knack of saying and doing the most beautiful things. Do you know you've made this Parents' Day?

FATHER.—No, no, mother! This is Mothers' Day! (*Looking at the children.*) From this day on, mother is our homemaker and we are her aids.

JESSIE.—Yes, Yes! That's what we all mean, mother.

MOTHER (*As they all rise*).—This is the most beautiful day in my life; but my dear ones, mother's joy is in service. I want to do more and more for you.

FATHER.—We won't let you. No indeed!

ALL.—Every day shall be Mothers' Day.

All sing

TUNE: *"Love's Old Sweet Song"*

"Mother, we've gathered round you here to-day,
Pledging our love in all we do and say.
Deep in each heart there dwells the happy thought,
That you shall live the very life you ought:
You shall have time to think, and rest, and play,
Finding each day our own dear Mothers' Day.

CHORUS

Just a day for mother, yes a whole year long,
She's a ray of sunlight, she's a leader strong.
When our days are troubled, she's just sweet or gay,
Here's our love to mother on Mothers' Day, on Mother's
own day.

Curtain

THE VETERAN'S STORY

A New Play in One Act for Memorial Day

May 30th

THE VETERAN'S STORY

A New Play in One Act for Memorial Day

This is a one-act play for about twelve boys and ten girls. All parts may be taken by either boys or girls.

Time.—*Memorial Day.*

Place.—*A country cemetery.*

Properties.—*Ferns, vines, twigs arranged around the stage to look like out-door scenery. A roll of cardboard covered with dark brown paper to resemble a tree trunk.*

All action in the play must be like the old veteran, perfectly natural and hopeful, nothing mournful. Everything is done in memory, not with sorrow.

The veteran, with his white rose bush and his sickle to cut the grass, approaches the resting place of his veteran friend. Led by a color bearer and a bugler, a company of school children, bearing flowers and flags, hold Memorial Day exercises, distribute their flags and flowers, and gather around the veteran who tells them a short Civil War story about himself and his friend. Then comes an apparent stranger who brings news that a flag and a flag pole have been ordered for the friend's resting place. After singing a stanza of "Tenting To-Night," the children depart and the curtain goes down with only the contented old veteran in view.

(*Enter a very old veteran in faded blue uniform. He walks with a limp, slowly and haltingly. In his right hand he carries a sickle, in his left a flower pot with a white rose bush in it.*

He stops, looks around him, then down before him.)

VETERAN (*softly, as he places the flower pot and the sickle on the ground*).—Well, Tom, I've made the trip again. We'll be alone a bit before the crowd comes and I'll cut the grass and plant the roses here. Kind of like to do it, always, myself, Tom. Just you and I together again.

(*As he stands up and fans himself with his hat, a gardener with his rake in one hand approaches.*)

GARDENER (*cheerfully*).—Good-morning, Captain Livingston. Fine weather the folks have for Memorial Day.

VETERAN.—A bit warm, a bit warm, but fine.

(*He sits down on the ground with his back against a tree trunk.*)

GARDENER.—That's right. Better rest a while, Captain. Hill's a hard climb.

(*The gardener passes on. The veteran draws the rose bush toward himself and picks off a dead leaf. A stranger stops the gardener, talks an instant and hurries off. The gardener returns to the veteran.*)

GARDENER (*pointing with his rake toward the stranger*).—Stranger over there said he'd been looking for you.

VETERAN (*sitting upright*).—Where is he?

GARDENER.—Gone back to turn his car off the hill. Great news for you! Great news!

(*He hurries off. The veteran looks eagerly after him, leans back, closes his eyes, and the hat drops from his hand.*

A boy, bearing a large American flag marches in, side by side with a bugler to the centre of the stage. The boy grounds the flag and the bugler sounds the United States Army Bugle Call. In response to the call, a company of boys, wearing red badges and carrying pots of flowers, enter from the right and halt facing half-left toward the flag. A company of girls, wearing red sashes from right shoulders to left hips and carrying baskets of flowers, enter at the same time from the left and face the flag half-right. These children march two, three, or four abreast as space permits. Several of the boys and the girls carry bunches of unfurled American flags.

At the first note of the bugle call, the veteran opens his eyes, looks about in dazed astonishment, and watches, unobserved, the entrance of the children. When, however, the command, "Salute," rings out, he springs to his feet as quickly as his age permits and obeys.)

LEADER OF THE BOYS (*in a sharp commanding tone*).—Right hand, salute!

(*All salute quickly and together. Without pause, they sing the fourth stanza of the "Star-Spangled Banner."*)

LEADER OF THE GIRLS (*stepping forward*).—That flag and all it stands for—our homes, our schools, our national power, our country, our liberty—these men about us died to save. Dearer to them than life itself was this Starry Flag of Liberty!

BOY FROM THE RANKS.—Here to the spot where our soldiers sleep, we come to rally round the flag they loved. Because they fought, millions beneath that flag dwell in security to-day, rejoicing along Life's way. These men, then, are not dead! They live forever in the minds of men!

GIRL FROM THE RANKS.—Fair as a garden spot, we'll make God's Acre where sleep the brave.

BOY LEADER (*in commanding voice*).—Break ranks!

(*The children, released from ranks, surround the veteran. Some salute him, some shake hands with him. All this must be done respectfully but quickly as they scatter in all directions. The color bearer is about to stand the flag against a tree when the veteran calls to him.*)

VETERAN.—Nay, nay, lad. Fetch the flag here. I was a color bearer on the road to Gettysburg and I'll be color bearer to-day.

(*As the boy hands him the flag, the veteran straightens and salutes it as does the boy who steps briskly back, looking upward at it as it leaves his hands. Some of the other children stand as interested spectators.*)

AN OLDER BOY (*laying a hand on the log as if to roll it forward.*)—We'll roll this out for you, Captain.

VETERAN (*straightening his shoulders*).—I'm eighty-two years old and I've never yet sat down with my hands to the colors.

BOY.—We'd like to hear the story of your war days, Captain.

VETERAN.—I'm on duty, comrade. When I'm relieved, we'll rest awhile and talk.

(*At first, the veteran stands proudly beneath the flag. Gradually, however, as age gets the better of him, he rests first on one foot, then on the other; now and then, his head droops a little but, always, he recalls himself with a start to attention to duty.*

Meanwhile the children can be seen in all directions, some kneeling or bending here and there as if to place flags or plant flowers; others pause and, holding up bunches of flowers and looking lovingly at them, speak softly to them, then stoop to place their gifts.)

Boy.—Poppies for him who died on Flanders Field to save a world for freedom.

Girl—Forget-me-nots for the Gray.

Boy.—Pansies for the Blue.

Girl.—Roses for the man who died that Cuba might be free.

All (*standing up and scattering the blossoms*).—Lilies, daffodils, and violets for all.

Girl (*very gently*).—Mother's own sweet home geranium for each.

(*They reach out, take them from her and help scatter them.*)

(*The boy bugler, taking his place beneath the flag sounds a call; the boys and the girls gather beneath the flag; the veteran straightens up once more; the boy color bearer steps forward, salutes the flag, and takes it from the veteran who salutes it as he steps back.*)

Veteran (*as he slowly seats himself on the log*).—Ah, this reminds me of the day when Tom Nevins caught the colors from my hands.

Boy.—Oh! Captain, tell us about it!

GIRL.—Please, Captain Livingston!

OTHERS.—Tell us! Tell us!

VETERAN (*as the children drop to sitting and kneeling positions around him, the color bearer remains on duty where he can hear and still be an addition to the group picture*).—To be sure, to be sure.

Well it all happened at Gettysburg on the third day of the battle. There'd been a day's fighting when we got there in the moonlight—most peaceful looking scene on the face of the earth. The enemy was hidden over there in the woods; we were on the hills and ridges. In the valley between, the grain was a-nodding and the cattle were asleep in the fields.

BOY (*excitedly*).—Didn't the armies fight at night?

VETERAN.—Not that night but the next day the cannon roared again. My flag kept a-waving from our breastworks where I'd planted it.

COLOR BEARER.—Did you stand guard under it?

VETERAN (*with emphasis*).—No siree! I helped a gunner but I had an eye for my flag. You see I called it *my* flag instead of *our* flag because I had carried it clean through the state of Pennsylvania and up Cemetery Ridge.

I tell you, on the third day the air was alive with shells for two hours and that flag, *my* flag was cut away by a cannon ball.

CHILDREN (*gasps*).—Oh! Oh, my!

VETERAN.—Yes, sir, cut clean away! I was just handing the gunner a ball but when I saw my flag a-going (*he jumps up and darts forward with both arms outstretched*) *I* went.

BOY (*excitedly, springing up*).—Did you get it?

VETERAN (*with satisfaction*).—I *did*. The enemy came charging up the ridge and a musket ball carried away my

hat, but I cleared the stone wall and picked up the flag—good as ever only the pole was a bit splintered.

GIRL (*in a shivery tone*).—Didn't it cut your hands?

VETERAN.—Shucks! That was nothing. Never noticed it. No time to. Then came the order to charge—(*all excitement, he brings his right fist down into his left palm and leans forward as if on the run*) and we went! Yes, sir, we went! (*Holds out his arms as if carrying a flag.*) My flag a-flying and Tom Nevins beside me with fixed bayonet, a-doing his part! I went down with a ball in this leg (*points to his left leg*) but Nevins caught the flag before it touched the ground. I yelled (*putting his hand beside his mouth*): "Keep her a-fling! Keep her a-flying!" And Nevins kept her a-flying till that day's work was done. (*He takes off his hat, wipes his forehead, and looks toward the white rose bush.*) Yes, Tom was color bearer till the end of the day.

BOY.—Was he killed in the war, sir?

VETERAN.—No, no, he fought it out and lived for many years afterward.

GIRL.—Oh, I'm glad!

(*A gentleman, who has been standing in the background, comes forward, smiles at the children, and takes the veteran's hand.*)

GENTLEMAN.—I heard your story, Captain, just as I had heard it, many a time before, from my own father.

VETERAN (*excitedly, shaking hands*).—You're Major Jordan's son—the picture of him!

GENTLEMAN.—Yes, and I'm glad I've found you here to-day, (*The children, by this time are all standing up*) and these boys and girls. I didn't want to interrupt their very interesting exercises.

VETERAN.—It was a right pretty ceremony.

GENTLEMAN.—Yes, yes! They show a fine spirit. My father always said there ought to be a flag up here. (*He motions toward the rose bush.*)

VETERAN (*thoughtfully*).—So there ought, so there ought.

GENTLEMAN (*decidedly*).—There *must* be. That's what brought me here. I've given the order for a flag and a pole.

(*Children crowd nearer and show signs of excitement.*)

VETERAN (*flinging out his arms and speaking excitedly*).—Folks 'll see it from the whole countryside!

GENTLEMAN.—That's so. The town authorities have accepted the gift and promised to keep it in repair.

BOY.—That means a flag will always be here.

GENTLEMAN (*shaking hands again with the veteran and nodding to the children*).—Now, I must go. I wanted to tell you about the flag myself, Captain.

VETERAN.—Glad you did! Glad you did. (*With a wave of the hand, the gentleman hurries off.*)

VETERAN (*to the children*).—It'll seem like the old camp ground, to have a flag a-fluttering here.

(*Without pause, the boy leader starts "Tenting To-Night." They all join in, singing the first stanza and the chorus. The veteran takes off his hat and joins in the singing of the chorus.*

As the last note dies away, the leader salutes the veteran, and all follow suit. He returns it. The bugle sounds; and, the flag bearer leading, the children march off.

The veteran turns toward the spot marked by the rose bush.)

VETERAN.—Ha, Tom, you'll soon be color bearer again, color bearer, man! Folks 'll never forget you—no, nor *any* of the rest of the boys.

Curtain

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG

A New Play in Two Acts for Flag Day

June 14th

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG

A New Play in Two Acts for Flag Day

This is a play in two acts requiring eighteen girls and three boys. All parts, however, may be taken by boys.

Time.—*June, 1776 and June, 19—.*

Place.—*The home of Betsy Ross and a living room of to-day.*

Properties.—*Several chairs, a table, a work basket, pieces of red silk and white silk, a flag.*

The necessity for a national flag to inspire all to enlist and remain in a united service that must eventually lead to victory was great enough and grave enough to send Washington to the home of Betsy Ross for the apparently simple purpose of ordering a sample flag. The picture of this meeting is always a fascinating one for both children and older folk.

As in the days of Washington, so to-day, events call each and every one of us to raise our national flag before our people, calling for individual and united service to keep them ever a happy and prosperous nation.

Act I—June, 1776

Betsy Ross prepares to receive the committee appointed by Congress to design a national flag.

The committee arrives, submits the design, and Betsy undertakes the work.

Act II—The Present Time

A committee of school girls of to-day, having made a flag for Flag Day, rehearse their parts for the occasion. The rehearsal shows the growth of our country, the ideals of our people, and the power of the Flag to inspire us to high achievement.

Act I

Time.—*June, 1776.*

Place.—*The home of Betsy Ross.*

Properties.—*Several chairs. A table on which are pieces of red silk and white silk, a work basket, and a pair of scissors.*

(*Betsy Ross, leaning slightly over the table, is measuring and cutting strips of silk. She stops, listens, and then drops everything to greet her two callers, two younger women in Quaker costume.*)

Martha (*with great excitement*).—Heard you the news, Betsy?

Prudence (*taking off her bonnet and dropping into a chair*).—We ran, Betsy, in most unseemly fashion!

(*Pants and fans herself with her bonnet.*)

Betsy (*sitting down beside the table*).—The fashion of thy coming matters not. Come, the news!

Prudence.—It will take thy breath away!

Martha.—But put money into thy pocket.

Betsy (*smiling*).—Hast brought me, friend Martha, a chair to upholster or a flag to make?

Prudence (*with enthusiasm*).—So near the mark thy guess hath struck!

BETSY.—Thou art ever a great tease, my Prudence.

MARTHA (*rising, laying a hand on Betsy's shoulder, and speaking earnestly to her*).—Aye, we have teased thee enow, good friend. Our hearts are full to overflowing for the honor to be done thee. We met——

PRUDENCE (*jumping up and interrupting joyfully*).—Thou art too slow about it! Betsy dear, we have but just met Mr. George Ross who entreated us to come to thee in haste.

MARTHA (*with dignity*).—I prithee let me tell the tale with less length. Congress has appointed a committee of three, General George Washington, Mr. Robert Morris, and Mr. George Ross to design and have made a sample flag for our patriot army——

BETSY (*interrupting*).—Would that my dear John had lived to be the first to bear it!

PRUDENCE.—Even thus spoke thy husband's uncle.

MARTHA.—Yea, truly, Betsy, and furthermore Mr. George Ross made speech with us that Mrs. Betsy Ross should have the honor of making this sample flag.

BETSY.—George was ever a good friend to my John and now he brings this honor to our shop—my John's shop.

(*Prudence becomes quiet, lost in deep thought as Martha continues.*)

MARTHA.—Let me but straighten thy cap, Betsy. The commitee will be here anon.

BETSY (*springing up, hurriedly smoothing down her kerchief and re-arranging the chairs*).—What a child thou art to keep thy news till now! The committee is coming to-day?

MARTHA (*as if suddenly remembering*).—Even so, and

thou shalt not stir forth. The committee will surely come.

BETSY.—A fine committee—three good men and true.

MARTHA.—Stanch friends to thee, Betsy—even General George Washington, himself (*to Prudence*). How now, dreaming again?

PRUDENCE.—Dreams? Nay, such thoughts have come to me as I have never had before.

BETSY (*pausing as she throws a flag over a chair back to put an arm around Prudence*).—If they be thoughts, dear heart, that take the sunshine from thy smile, leave them for older heads.

PRUDENCE (*with grave thoughtfulness*).—Thou wilt make the flag, Betsy, with all thy exquisite skill in needlework and brave men will bear it through battle to victory at last. This little room, behind thy dead husband's shop at 239 Arch Street, will be a hallowed spot—the birthplace of a nation's flag.

BETSY.—For this in thee, I love thee! Thou art my dear dreamer.

MARTHA (*looking at Prudence*).—A strange mixture—a tease and a dreamer. (*Touching Prudence on the arm*) Come! The committee must not find us here.

PRUDENCE (*laying her hand in Betsy's hand*).—Ah! I would that I could be thy flag, my Betsy—it will, forever, be thy flag. Then could I live on and on and wave through all the centuries to come above an independent people—a people ever growing, ever advancing, ever holding higher and higher thy silken flag that is to be—our country's flag.

(*Betsy Ross silently places the hand of Prudence in that of Martha and the two young women pass silently out.*

Betsy gazes after them a moment, then, throwing a flag across her lap, she sits down and begins to sew.)

(*Enter General George Washington in uniform, George Ross and Robert Morris in the civilian clothes of the period. Betsy makes her stately courtesy and the three gentlemen bow. Betsy takes her seat beside the table and the three gentlemen seat themselves opposite.*)

WASHINGTON (*as he sits down*).—I see your days, like ours, Mrs. Ross, are made up of busy hours. Let us be brief. Mr. Ross, I understand, has informed you of the action of Congress in regard to a flag.

(*As he speaks, he looks first at Betsy and then at Mr. Ross who nods his head slightly in assent.*)

BETSY.—Yes, your Excellency, and I'll say one flag we should have if we are to fight as one people.

MORRIS.—"One flag and one people," Mrs. Ross, that's the idea.

WASHINGTON (*taking a paper from his pocket, stepping to the table, and spreading it out before Betsy*).—This is the design which we have agreed on. The seven dark lines are the red stripes in the flag. The others are the white.

BETSY.—That makes thirteen for the thirteen states.

MORRIS.—Yes, yes! A red stripe you see at the top and a red stripe at the bottom.

ROSS.—The blue field extends, you'll find, to the bottom of the fourth red stripe from the top.

WASHINGTON.—The thirteen white stars are to be arranged in a circle on the blue field.

BETSY.—The stars of Heaven, your Excellency, appear five-pointed to us.

WASHINGTON.—We thought of that, Mrs. Ross, but we deemed the six-pointed star easier to make—and you will have many to make.

BETSY (*taking a square of paper, deftly folding it, and after a single clip of the scissors, holding up a five-pointed star*).—'Tis easily done, gentlemen, and, to my mind, the star is true to Heaven.

WASHINGTON.—Five points! What say you, gentlemen?

MORRIS.—I am agreed.

ROSS.—A fair star, I'll say.

WASHINGTON.—Five points. It is agreed. (*Bending over the paper again.*) The blue field should be one-third the length of the flag. (*Holding up the paper.*) It is a very rough design. Can you follow it and make us a sample flag, Mrs. Ross?

BETSY (*with diffidence*).—I do not know, but I will try, your Excellency.

WASHINGTON (*bowing low*).—We thank you, madam, for your courtesy and the great service which you will further do us—a service that this war-ridden people will never forget.

(*Betsy courtesies but is too overcome to speak. The others bow and accompany George Washington out.*)

BETSY (*becoming all life and action, takes up the design, pushes back her chair, and exclaims*): Now for the best silk in Philadelphia and the best work I ever put into a flag! There! I'm talking to myself again; but 'tis the habit of a lone woman. (*Smoothing out her dress and continuing brightly.*) Come, Betsy, away with you to make a flag that shall gladden the eyes of our men—a brave flag, a bright flag!

Exit

Curtain

Act II

Time.—*The present.*
Place.—*A sitting room.*
Properties.—*Table, chairs, etc.*
(*Two girls are finishing an American flag.*)

Mary (*snipping off her thread and smoothing out her corner of the flag*).—There, this is done, Bessie.

Bessie (*sewing carefully*).—One more point and the stars will all be on. (*Turning toward the door.*) Here come the girls.

(*Enter a group of girls laughing and talking.*)

Mary.—The flag's finished, girls! Look at it.

(*Both girls spring up, each holding a corner of the flag. The others crowd around it with exclamations of delight.*)

Diana.—It's a beauty!

Flora.—Embroidered stars!

Bertha.—What fine stitches!

Jenny.—You've both done your parts well!

Bessie.—Are you girls ready with your parts?

Mary.—Remember to-morrow will be Flag Day.

Bertha.—I wonder what Betsy Ross would think of our flag.

Diana.—Dear Betsy! How anxious she must have been, a century and a half ago, about her sample flag.

Mary.—If she could only see how her thirteen stars have increased to forty-eight!

Daisy.—And our country, our country! If she could see our country as it is to-day!

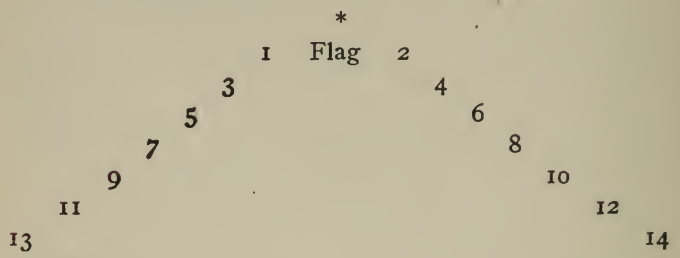
BESSIE.—Well, what will you say for our country and our flag to-morrow when we celebrate Flag Day?

JENNY.—We couldn't find exactly what we wanted at the library so we each wrote our own part.

DIANA.—I copied the resolution of Congress from our history book.

JENNY.—Before you read it, let us stand around the flag in a semi-circle (*arranges them*) this way. Mary, the flag will be on the pole and you will hold it. Bessie will give the introduction. Then Diana will give the resolution and we'll all follow. (*Steps back to view the picture.*) Bessie, just for now, hold up your corner of the flag. Begin!

(*The girls speak back and forth across the semi-circle. Each girl steps toward the flag as she speaks and uses appropriate gestures.*)



BESSIE (NUMBER 1).—A woman sat in her plain home behind the little shop in the brick-paved Quaker town. You've seen her picture many times—a woman fair to look upon, dignified and sweet of face, dressed in quiet gray with touches of old lace. How simple is the picture! Yet she shall live in poem and story through all the countless ages rolling toward us; for across her lap is

flung a gorgeous banner of red and white and blue. Beside her stands George Washington looking at a five-pointed star which Betsy holds toward him. Ha! Yes! I see you remember now: 'twas Betsy Ross who made Old Glory as far back as June, 1776. A year afterwards, on June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress adopted her flag as our national banner.

DIANA (NUMBER 2).—This is the resolution which flung to the world our glorious Stars and Stripes: Resolved: That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field representing a new constellation.

ALL (*stepping toward the flag and flinging up the nearer arm and hand to it*).—Three cheers for the Flag of Betsy Ross! Three cheers for Old Glory!

NUMBER 3.—Dear Flag, of all earth's flags most dear to us, through long and happy hours, we searched for tributes of praise and glory to bring to thee; but, as we turned the pages which are the years of thy life, all the air was filled with poems and stories, songs and prayers for thee, Oh, Banner of the West! Above the mighty chorus rose one singer's voice bearing a message to the boys and the girls of our land: "Oh, Young America, your country bids you *live* for her."

NUMBER 4.—Oh, Flag of our dear land, accept from each of us, a life of service, full and free, for we would *live* for thee, thou guardian of our liberty.

NUMBER 5.—A pledge of service, full and free, means work—hard, steady, joyous work for you, and you, and me; for we must make the very best citizens this world has ever seen.

NUMBER 6.—That flag waves above our schoolhouse

to-day because matchless heroes died for her and patient toilers lived for her. We are the workers of to-day and to-morrow. Know you aught of the duties of them that serve the flag?

NUMBER 7.—The call to service is to the physically fit; therefore let us build up healthy bodies, let us work to form good habits of eating, sleeping, working, and playing; let us live in the open air where the birds sing and the flag waves: then shall we be strong to serve.

NUMBER 8.—"A healthy mind in a healthy body" was the slogan of ancient Greece. We must train, educate our minds, fill them with the treasures of thought, gleaned from the thinkers of the past, make them keen as we sharpen them on the problems of to-day, keep them alert —ever on the watch to think clearly and reason correctly: for, mark you, the oxen are strong in body but they are driven; we—*we* must lead—we are the people who bear the flag ever *onward* as we serve along Life's march.

NUMBER 9.—In this service full and free beneath our flag, I pray you have a *care* for *thrift* to meet the privations and unforeseen needs of life; give due regard to safety of life and property; to *cleanliness* of person, home, street, and city; and practice sweet courtesy to all, both friend and foe, for such is the custom beneath the Stars and Stripes.

NUMBER 10.—These gifts we bring, dear Flag, but what *avails* strong *bodies* and clear *intellects* if the *spirit* be *lacking?* It was a spirit of high *purpose,* a spirit aflame with love for liberty that sent heroes to grim battlefields and called great *minds* to frame our Constitution.

NUMBER 11.—Oh, Flag of a nation blest beyond all others! from orange grove to northern pine and from ocean to ocean, thy people work and sing; and, as they

salute thee at the rising and the setting of the sun, their hearts leap up in gratitude to God above for the bounty of his love, poured out to them in this wonderful Land of the West!

NUMBER 12.—And little children in far-off lands, yes, and nations too, greet thee with glad eyes and stretch out their hands to us across the seas; for we have brothers and sisters many, the wide world over, bound together by the great Red Cross. Service to *thee,* Oh, Flag of Flags, means service every hour, every day to our country, and to God's country which is the world—the whole world.

NUMBER 13.—A handful of silk! Is it this that we love? Is it this that we serve? Ah! no! Our flag is our flag! What more can I say! Each thread of its silk bears a part of our story—the past and the present. The stars are our future.

NUMBER 14.—The flag is our country—one hundred million souls and more—our country—mountains, plains, rivers, valleys and cities—our country—all that her people have done, all that they are doing, and all that they will do.

ALL (*stepping toward the flag and raising both hands toward it*).—We are pledged to the Banner of the Free! We serve our country, the Land of Liberty! With body, mind, and spirit, we serve, America, America the Beautiful!

(*All sing "America the Beautiful." The audience should join in the singing. At the end of the song the players stand with hands at salute.*)

Curtain

THE ADOPTION OF THE DECLARATION

A New Play in Three Acts for Independence Day

July 4th

THE ADOPTION OF THE DECLARATION

A New Play in Three Acts for Independence Day

A play in three acts requiring about twenty boys and five girls. The boys in Act I may be used to swell the crowd of men and women in Act III.

Time.—*July 3 and 4, 1776.*

Place.—*Philadelphia. — A coffee house, Independence Hall, street outside of Independence Hall.*

Properties.—*Stated at the opening of each act.*

NOTE.—Any number of boys within fifty-six may be used for this play. It is, however, not necessary to use the full number. A small number for the second act and a little crowd for the third act can carry the story across to the children far more clearly than a larger number of actors on a crowded stage.

This play can be effectively given in any assembly room without costuming. For special occasions, however, it is advisable to use the style of costumes in vogue in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776.

ACT I

A discussion at the London Coffee House, Philadelphia, July 3, 1776.

A group of tories and patriots discuss the great question of the day: "Will Congress adopt the Declaration?"

Act II

The Continental Congress adopts the Declaration of Independence.

Act III

Liberty Bell proclaims freedom throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.

The anxious crowd around the old State house in Philadelphia where the Continental Congress is deliberating becomes restless, then excited, as a crowd of young patriots force their way toward the centre and discover tories scattered here and there. Suddenly the boy, stationed at the State House doorway, calls to his grandfather in the tower: "Ring, ring for Liberty!" Liberty Bell peals forth her tidings. Staid citizens, in groups of twos and threes, leave the crowd, young patriots, wild with joy, shout for independence while tories cheer their king.

Act I

A discussion at the London Coffee House, Philadelphia, July 3, 1776.

Properties.—*Tables, chairs, and, if possible, some old-time pictures copied from history books by the drawing class.*

Three men, arguing and gesticulating, enter, draw chairs into position and sit down. The discussion begins.

First Speaker.—Those are strong words, Mr. Lansing, tell us again.

(*The fourth speaker enters and stands listening, his hand resting on the back of a chair.*)

SECOND SPEAKER.—Richard Henry Lee of Virginia offered this resolution in Congress: "These United Colonies are and of a right ought to be free and independent states and their connection with Great Britain dissolved." He proposed also that a plan of confederation be submitted to the several colonies and that foreign alliances be formed.

THIRD SPEAKER.—Did any man support him?

SECOND SPEAKER.—John Adams of Massachusetts seconded the resolution.

FIRST SPEAKER.—This is a political venture of the worst type!

(*Two more tories enter, shake hands with the first speaker and sit down.*)

FOURTH SPEAKER.—Read our privateering laws and our commercial laws. Has not Congress opened the ports of America to all countries not subject to Great Britain and permitted Americans to fit out armed vessels to prey on British commerce? As to a Declaration of Independence, what signifies a word? We are independent now!

PATRIOTS.—Hear! Hear! Hear!

(*Two patriots enter, nod here and there, draw up chairs, and sit down.*)

FIRST SPEAKER.—This continent is in a state of anarchy!

FOURTH SPEAKER.—Not so! We are learning over here that the people are the basis of all legitimate political authority. We'll sing "God save the people!"

FIFTH SPEAKER (*springing to his feet*).—Treason! Treason!

SIXTH SPEAKER (*jumping up and facing the tory*).—No, not treason. God save the people!

PATRIOTS TOGETHER.—The people! The people!

FIFTH SPEAKER.—Such talk will lead us to the scaffold and the gibbet.

FOURTH SPEAKER.—Nay! Nay! There is something very unnatural and odious in a government a thousand miles off. Think of a continent being perpetually governed by an island—(*earnestly*) and without representation in that island's parliament.

FIFTH SPEAKER.—But, united to our mother country, we can bid the world defiance.

FOURTH SPEAKER.—What have we to do with setting the world at defiance? Our plan is for commerce and friendship with the world.

FIRST SPEAKER.—That sounds like Tom Paine.

SECOND SPEAKER.—And so it is, friend; and Tom Paine can teach you how little the "Divine Right of Kings" is worth.

SEVENTH SPEAKER.—The king has already absolved us from allegiance to him for he has made unprovoked war on us.

FIFTH SPEAKER.—Have a care, sir, the axe is sharp and many a good man's head has fallen for saying less than that!

SIXTH SPEAKER (*jumps up, walks up and down, and laughs in derision at the speaker*).—Axes! Gibbets! Ha, ha! England may stretch our necks on every scaffold in the land; she may turn every rock into a gibbet and every tree into a gallows: but, man, we'll fight her while there's a mother's son among us. We don't want representation now, we want independence.

PATRIOTS (*with enthusiasm*).—Independence! Independence!

NINTH SPEAKER (*who has been standing in the background listening*).—Can we sever the tie? Britain is mighty and what can we thirteen colonies of farmers do with little money, no allies, no saltpeter even, and all the Indians open to British gold and British rum?

FOURTH SPEAKER.—The cause will raise up armies and the cause will create navies. I know the people of these colonies.

TENTH SPEAKER.—What said the post-riders from New York?

SECOND SPEAKER.—Her delegates were told to vote against the Declaration. Too many tories there. Her merchants won't take the risks.

SIXTH SPEAKER.—But we are sure of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Virginia, New Jersey, Maryland, and North Carolina.

THIRD SPEAKER.—What says Delaware?

TENTH SPEAKER.—And what of South Carolina and our own state?

SIXTH SPEAKER.—Delaware is doubtful and South Carolina and Pennsylvania are opposed to the Declaration.

SECOND SPEAKER.—Only one of Pennsylvania's delegates is opposed.

ELEVENTH SPEAKER (*addressing Second Speaker*).—Sir, is it true that Thomas Jefferson is one of the committee selected to draft the Declaration?

SECOND SPEAKER.—It is even so, Mr. Wynne.

ELEVENTH SPEAKER.—He's but a boy—too young for such a task—a long, lanky, grinning Cassius.

SECOND SPEAKER.—He is but one of five. America is a young land and she needs young men. If you want

that which is all old and all moss grown, you must go to the other side of the Atlantic.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (*entering just in time to hear the last speaker, leans over and touches him on the arm and addresses him*).—I must bid thee stop, friend Lansing, and not send one of our best swordsmen to the enemy, except behind the point of his sword. We have need of thy counsel, friend Lansing, and for this reason have I sought thee out. I see it is a goodly company thou art in.

SIXTH SPEAKER (*springing to his feet and advancing to Benjamin Franklin*).—Aye, we are with you! Let Congress adopt the Declaration of Independence and we'll spill enough British blood to turn the broad Atlantic red.

FOURTH SPEAKER (*taking his place near the Sixth speaker*).—So let it be! In God we'll trust and fight for liberty; and into the blood of our brothers that fall in the struggle we'll dip a flag which shall be our country's flag and for this flag we'll fight on until it stands before the world as the emblem of a free people.

PATRIOTS (*springing to their feet and waving their arms*).—The people! The people! God save the people!

TORIES (*springing up and facing the patriots*).—God save the King! The King! The King!

A tory steps forward and addresses the patriots: Gentlemen, we bid you, "Good-night."

The tory group talking and gesticulating, pass out.

FOURTH SPEAKER (*pointing after the departing tories*).—That's the way we drove the redcoats out of Boston and we'll drive them out of America to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," their own tune, the tune they played so bravely when they started for Concord.

SIXTH SPEAKER.—Ha! But they ran back to the tune of our farmers' musket balls!

The tories halt in the doorway, turn, face the patriots, and shout: "We are loyal subjects of his Majesty! God save the King!"

Two patriots who have brought their violins, strike up "Yankee Doodle" and march after the tories. The younger members of the group of patriots follow them, clapping and singing:

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

While this is going on, the older members of the group, apparently still arguing, pass off in the opposite direction.

Curtain

ACT II

Congress in session. John Hancock in the chair behind a long table. The clerk beside him at a smaller table. The members grouped in a semi-circle in front.

JOHN HANCOCK (*rises and addresses the meeting*).—The preliminary business having been disposed of, and the order of the day being known to you, what is your further pleasure?

MR. WYTHE.—Mr. President.

JOHN HANCOCK.—Mr. Wythe of Virginia.

MR. WYTHE.—I move, Mr. President, that Congress resolve itself into a committee of the whole to reconsider

the draft of the Declaration of Independence lately submitted to it by Mr. Thomas Jefferson.

DELEGATE FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.—I second the motion.

JOHN HANCOCK.—It has been moved and seconded that this body resolve itself into a committee of the whole to reconsider the provisions of the Declaration submitted by Mr. Jefferson. Those in favor manifest it by voting, "Yea."

MEMBERS.—Yea!

JOHN HANCOCK.—The yeas have it.

MR. STOCKTON.—Mr. President.

JOHN HANCOCK.—Mr. Stockton of New Jersey.

MR. STOCKTON.—My colleagues and myself, delegates from New Jersey, have just arrived and we are not acquainted with the arguments either for or against the adoption of this Declaration; therefore, we ask a recapitulation of the points already considered.

JOHN ADAMS.—Mr. President.

JOHN HANCOCK.—Mr. Adams of Massachusetts.

JOHN ADAMS (*advancing to the front of the room*).—Mr. President and gentlemen in Congress assembled: This is the first time in my life that I have ever wished for the talents and eloquence of the ancient orators of Greece and Rome, for I am sure that none of them ever had before him a question of more importance to his country and to the world.

The delegate from New Jersey tells you that he and his associates are not acquainted with the arguments in favor of independence considered before they took their places in this assembly. Mr. President, there is no need for us to repeat them. The cries that go up to Heaven from a people that have endured, without redress, countless insults, the cries from a people whose very prayers

for simple justice have been deemed the utterances of rebels and traitors, the sacrifice of the martyrs of Boston Common, of Lexington, and of Bunker Hill, are our arguments for independence.

Shall we continue to dance like puppets to the will of those in high places across the sea or shall we be men, independent of the money-grabbing, stiff-necked aristocrats? America calls on you and me, her representatives, to declare her people independent.

The arguments for independence, gentlemen, have been ringing unceasingly in the ears of those who would listen to them. They are convincing to every thoughtful man in the land. Now is the time to decide. To delay is to face ruin. We must declare our independence now!

DICKINSON OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Mr. President.

JOHN HANCOCK.—Mr. Dickinson of Pennsylvania.

MR. DICKINSON.—Gentlemen, I believe the people of Pennsylvania whom I have the honor to represent in this assembly are as patriotic as the speaker who would incite you to deeds of violence and bloodshed. I love liberty but I love my country more. Such a declaration as the members from the Bay Colony would force on the people of this continent would not strengthen our cause in the least degree, but would without doubt, call forth the worst passions of our opponents to whose cruelty our defenseless wives and children would be exposed while we hung rotting from the gibbet.

MR. WHIPPLE.—Mr. President.

JOHN HANCOCK.—Mr. Whipple of New Hampshire.

MR. WHIPPLE.—Gentlemen, we'll board the good ship Independence and we'll make a port, we'll make a port!

MR. PENN.—Mr. President.

JOHN HANCOCK.—Mr. Penn of North Carolina.

MR. PENN.—If success depended on the size of our army, I should tremble for the outcome and feel much as our friend from Pennsylvania does. What are we pitted against the armies of the king? We are a people; God is our leader and Right is on our side: therefore are we a mighty host. Like my ancestor, even great William Penn, himself, I am a man of peace and I have had much trouble to reconcile my conscience to fight for my country and her liberties but I feel that the sword was never drawn in a cause of greater worth. The settling of this question is not the affair of a king and a people but of a continent which is one-eighth the habitable globe; it is not the concern of to-day, of this century, but of the whole future to the end of time (*slowly and impressively*), and we are here to settle it. We must risk all to save all! We must adopt the Declaration of Independence.

MR. PACA.—Mr. President.

JOHN HANCOCK.—Mr. Paca of Maryland.

MR. PACA.—Gentlemen. I have just received by messenger from Annapolis news that the state of Maryland has voted unanimously for independence. (*Cheers: Good for Maryland! three cheers for Maryland!*)

MR. LEWIS.—Mr. President.

JOHN HANCOCK.—Mr. Lewis of New York.

MR. LEWIS.—Far be it from me, Gentlemen, to say aught that might check your enthusiasm. But, do you fully comprehend the gravity of the result of the proposed Declaration? Have you thought what it means for a weak confederation of colonies to rise in rebellion against mighty England? Have you duly counted the cost?

I am but a plain merchant but trade has brought me into constant contact with foreigners who regard our case from a dispassionate point of view. They predict

not only defeat for our armies but death for every leader. Even now England looks upon these colonies as nests of vipers. Ere you renounce allegiance to such a power, pause, I pray you, long enough to seek among the nations of the world some ally that will reach a friendly hand to us.

SAMUEL ADAMS.—Mr. President.

JOHN HANCOCK.—Mr. Adams.

SAMUEL ADAMS.—Gentlemen in Congress assembled, it is too late to talk about counting the cost. Let England count the cost of her folly: she has lost a continent through tyranny. America is already independent. Why then delay our declaration? Sign your names to this document which declares your independence to the whole world and then, not as thirteen separate states, but as a great confederation our people will rise up to face our common enemy.

MR. STOCKTON.—Mr. President.

JOHN HANCOCK.—Mr. Stockton of New Jersey.

MR. STOCKTON.—The delegates from New Jersey are convinced of the truth of the arguments in favor of the Declaration.

(*Cries:* "Good, Good! Independence forever! Good for New Jersey!")

JOHN ADAMS.—Mr. President.

JOHN HANCOCK.—Mr. Adams of Massachusetts.

JOHN ADAMS.—Mr. President, I move that we consider this debate closed and that we vote on this subject by signing this document.

SEVERAL.—Second the motion.

JOHN HANCOCK.—It has been moved and seconded that we consider the debate closed and that we vote on the

subject by affixing our names to the Declaration of Independence. Those in favor please manifest it by saying "Aye."

ALL.—Aye!

JOHN HANCOCK.—Those opposing the motion?

(*Silence*)

JOHN HANCOCK.—It is a vote. We must be unanimous. We must hang together.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—Yes, we must all hang together, or else we shall all hang separately.

JOHN HANCOCK (*dipping his pen into the ink as all step forward around the table to watch*).—I will sign my name so big that the King of England will be able to see it without his glasses.

JOHN ADAMS.—I will stand by this Declaration though I am well aware of the blood and the treasure that it will cost us to maintain it and to protect and defend these states.

(*Clerk signs his name*)

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (*as clerk writes*).—Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of light and glory. Prosperity will triumph even though we live to rue the bloody work, which I trust in God we shall not.

JOHN ADAMS (*taking Franklin's hand and placing his own left hand on Franklin's shoulder*).—Nay, friend, there'll be naught to rue. We'll serve a new flag, a new government. We are Americans!

Curtain

Act III

Liberty Bell proclaims freedom throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants.

Outside the Old State House, Philadelphia, July 4, 1776. Crowd of people, tories and patriots, arguing and gesticulating.

Properties.—*Scenery to represent the entrance of the State House may be used but this is not necessary as the crowd may be supposed to hide the steps and doors.*

A good toned bell, or a copper kettle and metal bar instead, must be used for Liberty Bell behind the scenes. Care must be taken that the sound is not harsh.

First Patriot.—Will they do it?

Second Patriot.—Dare they do it?

Excited Tory.—King George and merry England! I'm for King George and merry England!

Patriots.—Down with the tories!

Second Tory.—They'll rue this day's work!

Third Tory.—We are loyal subjects to King George!

Third Patriot.—Oh! God grant they won't refuse!

Fourth Patriot.—What's the news?

Fifth Patriot.—What of Adams?

Sixth Patriot.—What of Sherman?

Fourth Patriot.—What's the news?

Seventh Patriot.—Let me nearer! (*pushes nearer the closed doors.*)

Fourth Tory (*struggling in the crowd*). I am stifling!

Seventh Patriot.—Stifle then! When a nation's life is in danger, we've no time to think of men!

EIGHTH PATRIOT (*on the edge of the crowd as he points to the tower of the old State House and addresses the patriot next to him*).—Dost thou know the words on yonder bell, friend?

NINTH PATRIOT.—Nay, nay friend.

EIGHTH PATRIOT.—"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

TENTH PATRIOT (*joining the two Quaker patriots*).—They will never do it! They will never sign!

(*Enter excited group of young patriots pushing their way through the crowd.*)

FIRST YOUNG PATRIOT.—Liberty!

SECOND YOUNG PATRIOT.—Independence!

THIRD YOUNG PATRIOT.—Freedom forever!

FOURTH YOUNG PATRIOT.—Down with the tories! Down with the tories!

(*The door of the old State House opens and the little boy stationed there takes off his hat, swings it wildly in the air and shouts upward to the tower.*)

LITTLE BOY.—Ring, grandpa, ring! Ring for Liberty!

(*The bell rings. The crowd becomes more excited.*)

SECOND YOUNG PATRIOT.—Three cheers for the army!

FIFTH YOUNG PATRIOT.—Three cheers for Washington!

FIRST YOUNG PATRIOT.—Three cheers for the United States!

TORY (*springing on the steps*).—You are all traitors and rebels! Long live the King! Long live the King!

TORIES (*gathering around him*).—The King! The King! The colonies for the King!

PATRIOT.—We are no longer colonies. We are the United States.

QUAKER PATRIOT.—Aye, aye, friend, we are the United States of America!

PATRIOT (*jumping upon a barrel*).—Aye, Aye! We've a country to fight for and a country to die for! God bless our land and grant that we may hand it down as a freeborn heritage unto our children's children through the countless generations to come.

(*The young patriots surge around him as he speaks and then wildly throwing aloft their arms shout.*)

PATRIOTS.—Our country! Our country! God bless our country!

(*The crowd begins to scatter.*)

PATRIOT.—The people! The people!

PATRIOT.—Liberty.

PATRIOT.—Freedom forever!

TORY.—King George forever!

PATRIOT.—Independence forever!

TORY.—Rebels! Traitors!

PATRIOT.—We are independent.

PATRIOT.—Down with the tories! (*The tories rush out.*)

PATRIOTS (*in groups as they pass out*).—Independence! Liberty! Freedom! Independence forever!

(*The bell continues ringing until the curtain is drawn.*)

Curtain

THE MEANING OF LABOR DAY

A New Play in Two Acts for Labor Day

THE MEANING OF LABOR DAY

A New Play in Two Acts for Labor Day

Here is a two-act play requiring fourteen boys and six girls. All parts may be taken by boys.

Time.—*The afternoon of Saturday before Labor Day.*
Place.—*A field.*
Properties.—*Plants, twigs, and branches arranged to give the appearance of a field. A box covered with gray paper or muslin to look like a rock.*

In Act I, Lester Lee, who goes fishing instead of attending the rehearsal in preparation for Labor Day, is caught in the act by a group of classmates. He scorns Labor, Labor Day, and all who would do honor to Labor. Predicting retribution, the group leaves him. He goes off whistling.
In Act II, A group of high school boys, disguised as laborers and led by a girl dressed as a witch, teach Lester Lee the meaning of Labor Day.
At last, he is not only willing, but anxious, to do honor to Labor on Labor Day.

Act I

(*Enter from the left, a boy with fishing rod and tin can. His straw hat is on the back of his head. He is whistling merrily. Enter from the right, a group of five girl and four boys.*)

GIRL (*walking rapidly ahead of her group*).—Why Lester Lee!

BOY (*in an accusing tone*).—You're going fishing!

LESTER LEE (*defiantly*).—Well, what of it?

OLDER BOY (*with an air of authority*).—You come on and practice your part for Labor Day.

LESTER LEE (*slowly and with emphasis*).—I said I wouldn't take any old part (*more emphasis*) and I won't.

THIRD BOY.—But the platform for the speakers is up in the woods.

SECOND BOY (*excitedly, showing rolls of bunting*).—We've collected red, white, and blue bunting for it.

GIRL (*with enthusiasm*).—People have lent us flags, ever so many flags!

OLDER BOY (*assuming a dignified attitude*).—I'd be proud, if I were you, Lester, to stand up there to welcome the governor.

LESTER LEE (*sneeringly*).—Proud!

GIRL (*in a gentle girlish voice as she hugs herself*).—I just *love* it when you say, "In the name of Labor!"

OLDER BOY (*with a wave of the hand as if imitating a speaker*).—"In the name of Labor," Lester Lee, *you* get ready for Labor Day.

(*His hand comes down on Lester's shoulder.*)

LESTER LEE (*shaking off the hand*).—Let go of me! You go keep your own old Labor Day.

OLDER BOY (*indignantly*).—I'd have you know Labor Day is an American holiday.

LESTER LEE (*with derision*).—Yes, for laborers. I'm no laborer! (*Louder tone.*) I never was a laborer! (*Very loud tone.*) I never will be a laborer!

OLDER BOY (*taking a step toward Lester*).—Look here, sir!

GIRL (*scornfully*).—Let him alone! He doesn't know the meaning of Labor Day.

LESTER LEE.—Don't I? (*Holding up a handful of worms so that they fall halfway through his fingers and remain suspended just above the can.*) I wouldn't give one of these worms for a whole barrelful of Labor Days.

GIRL (*horror stricken*).—That's an awful thing to say!

OLDER BOY (*with indignation*).—You're as bad as the Man Without a Country!

SECOND GIRL (*in an awed tone*).—Something dreadful will happen to you!

FIRST BOY (*snappily*).—Hope it does!

OLDER BOY (*with decision*).—Serve him right!

GIRL (*warningly*).—You'll see!

LESTER LEE (*throwing back his head and waving the rod in the air*).—Lot o' talk! Lot o' talk!

(*The crowd of boys and girls group themselves together in a close circle, heads bent forward, and talk excitedly, heads nodding. Here and there a hand clutches another's shoulder. There is a united cry of "Yes, yes." Then there is delighted pantomime.*

Lester Lee walks off a step or two, looks back over his shoulder, feels himself unnoticed, stops, and calls back.)

LESTER LEE.—You make your own old speeches.

(*He turns and goes a little farther. They ignore him and group their heads more closely together. One girl dances up and down in her excitement.*)

LESTER LEE (*halting and looking back again*).—Who cares for the old Labor Day Picnic!

(*They pay no attention to him.*)

LESTER LEE (*in a high-pitched voice*).—Anyway, it'll rain (*emphatically*) and I hope it does!

(*The group turns and faces him.*)

ONE HALF THE GROUP.—Rain or shine.

OTHER HALF THE GROUP.—*You'll* be there!

LESTER LEE (*in singsong tone*).—Talk, talk, talk! Lot o' talk! Lot o' talk!

OLDER BOY (*stepping out from the crowd and speaking with great dignity*).—You'll do honor to our governor, young man.

ALL.—And you'll celebrate Labor Day.

MOLLY (*breaking away from the group, running toward Lester, and speaking excitedly as she runs*).—Lester Lee, I know why you won't deliver that speech!

A BOY'S VOICE FROM THE GROUP (*tauntingly*).—Oh, he won't, won't he!

(*The girl has turned and followed the group off the stage.*)
Lester Lee makes a fine show of not hearing as, rod over shoulder, he struts off whistling, keeping time with the tin can held high in the air.

NOTE.—*The worms in this can may be made of strips of brown crêpe paper, twisted.*)

Curtain

Act II

(*Lester Lee, rod in hand and face to wall, sits on the rock to one side of the stage. He jerks the pole, swings the hook in to examine the bait, then casts the line out again.*

Silently, ten characters, costumed as laborers and led by an old witch with her broom held high, glide in and take their places behind him on the stage. They wear paper masks.)

1. *Electrician carries a coil of wire over his shoulder.*
2. *Plasterer carries a trowel and a mortar board.*
3. *Carpenter carries saw, ruler, and pencil.*
4. *Painter carries paint pot and brushes.*
5. *Stone cutter carries chisel and mallet.*
6. *Bricklayer carries brick and trowel.*
7. *Plumber carries piece of water pipe.*
8. *Man with a pickax.*
9. *Man with a shovel.*
10. *Man with an ax.*
11. *Witch—black cape and high-pointed black hat, yellow skirt, a broom.*

The stone cutter raises his mallet high as if to strike the head of the chisel. This is the signal for the laborers to speak.)

Laborers (*in deep, solemn tones*).—Here we are—a crowd of old laborers.

(*Lester Lee, terror stricken, drops his rod, springs up, and faces them. Then, with out-stretched arms as if about to run, he turns toward the front of the stage only to be stopped by the old witch and her broom.*)

WITCH (*planting her broom before his feet*).—Halt! (*Gleefully, as he springs back first on one foot then on the other*).—Ha, good! A swish of this broom would keep you dancing twixt earth and sky. (*He backs away. She shakes the broom at him.*) The only place where you won't need the labor of mankind.

LABORERS (*taking a step toward him and raising pickax, shovel, saw, etc., head high as if to strike him*).—Off with him! Off with him!

LESTER LEE (*raising his arm, elbow high, across his eyes*).—Oh! I'm asleep! I *know* I'm asleep!

WITCH (*broom over shoulder, advancing toward him*).—Ha! A ducking in the pond will wake you up!

MAN WITH SHOVEL (*excitedly throwing up his right hand, palm forward*).—Hold! He can't use the pond.

THREE LABORERS (*who carry pickax, ax, and shovel*).—We laborers drained the land and made that pond.

WITCH (*one hand on broom, the other on her hip, as she rocks forward and backward, laughing*).—Ha, ha! A pretty fix, a pretty fix you're in, Lester Lee!

(*Lester Lee keeps backing away from her.*)

LABORER (*solemnly*).—A pretty fix, Lester Lee.

WITCH (*sternly, as she stands straight and tall*).—Never again shall you use anything made by the hand of Labor.

CARPENTER (*touching him on the shoulder with his ruler*).—I built your father's house.

MAN WITH AX (*leaning forward*).—After I had cleared the land of trees.

MEN WITH PICKAX AND SHOVEL (*pointing with thumbs to each other*).—We dug the cellar.

BRICKLAYER (*making motions with trowel and brick as if laying on the mortar*).—The foundation was my work.

ELECTRICIAN (*nodding and smiling right and left as he taps his chest*).—Here's the man who put the lights in.

PAINTER.—I painted that house.

PLUMBER (*proudly waving the pipe*).—I led the water in.

PLASTERER (*as if taking a trowelful of plaster from his plaster board*).—Good job I made of the plastering.

STONE CUTTER (*striking his chisel head with his mallet*).—The sidewalk was some labor. It's blue stone.

ALL.—Labor claims that house.

WITCH (*wheeling Lester Lee around to face the laborers one after the other and leaving him wabbly, facing the audience*).—Hear that? You're homeless.

(*He backs away from her and stands half facing the laborers with his back to the rock.*
The laborers throw questions at him in rapid succession, giving him no time to answer.)

BRICKLAYER (*sternly*).—Who built the cities in this country?

MAN WITH PICKAX (*looking at the plumber*).—What about the city water systems?

PLUMBER.—You and I, friend, you and I—folks, like us.

ELECTRICIAN.—Ha! Think of the city lights, the telegraphs and telephones!

MAN WITH SHOVEL.—Who built the roads across this country?

STONE CUTTER.—The bridges over the rivers?

MAN WITH PICKAX.—The tunnels under them?

MAN WITH SHOVEL.—The railroads?

BRICKLAYER.—The factories?

WITCH (*pointing her broom at Lester Lee*).—Who made your clothes? (*Taking a step toward him*) Who raises your food?

ALL.—Labor! (*Louder*) Labor!

WITCH (*running around Lester Lee so as to keep him between her and the audience and herself facing the audience*).—Hear that, Lester Lee? You are an outcast!

(*Lester Lee, unable to escape, attempts to speak.*)

LESTER LEE (*as if terrified*).—I—I——

ALL (*throwing back their heads and waving their right hands at him*).—Lot o' talk! Lot o' talk!

ELECTRICIAN (*smiling and speaking in a squeaky voice*).—To a crowd of old laborers.

WITCH (*suddenly*).—That reminds me. There'll be a bigger crowd of laborers Monday.

ALL (*heartily*).—Labor Day! We'll all be there.

(*One after the other, they speak in rapid succession.*)

CARPENTER.—Every man that labors with hand or brain.

STONE CUTTER.—Even our governor himself.

PLUMBER.—The working women too.

ALL (*joyfully*).—All there! All there!

ELECTRICIAN (*holding his head high, puffing up his chest and tapping it*).—Every man proud of his trade, proud of his job.

STONE CUTTER.—Glad to be among the rest, too.

PAINTER (*decidedly*).—A privilege, men, a privilege.

CARPENTER (*with enthusiasm as he takes a step forward and looks quickly right and left toward the other labor-*

ers).—That's it—a privilege to be counted among the millions who are toiling for America.

(*Lester Lee listens to this with rapt attention. As the carpenter speaks the word "America," the laborers all turn and look steadily at Lester Lee. He drops his head.*)

WITCH.—That privilege will never be yours, Lester Lee.

MAN WITH AX.—He has no place among us.

WITCH (*sternly, as she lays her hand on Lester Lee's shoulder and stands off at arm's length*).—Hear that, sir? You are an outcast from home and country.

LABORERS (*slowly and solemnly*).—An outcast from home and country.

(*Molly, who knows why he refused to deliver the speech, runs in in time to hear the Laborers, stops in the middle of the stage and stretches out her hands imploringly toward the group.*)

MOLLY (*imploringly*).—Oh, please! I told him something dreadful would happen to him. (*Turning toward Lester Lee*) Own up!

ELECTRICIAN (*to Lester Lee, in a jolly tone*).—Got anything to say? Say it!

MOLLY (*going very quickly toward Lester Lee*).—Own up!

LESTER LEE (*haltingly*).—I—I—was scared—I'd—break—down.

ELECTRICIAN (*in a jolly tone*).—Ha, ha! Well, well! That's not so bad.

PLUMBER.—I feel that way myself.

ELECTRICIAN.—Let's tell him a secret, fellows. (*He puts*

his hand beside his mouth and speaks in a stage whisper.) We all feel afraid we'll break down.

(*Laborers all nod. Then they straighten and speak with decision.*)

LABORERS.—But we'll not *back* down, not one of us, no siree!

CARPENTER (*in crisp tones*).—No! We'll stand up and do our parts for Labor Day in honor of Labor. (*Wheeling suddenly and facing Lester Lee.*) How about you, Lester?

LESTER LEE (*manfully*).—I *want* to do my part and I'll *do* it.

ELECTRICIAN (*with satisfaction, as they all whip off their hats and masks*).—Good boy! Now know us for a band of high school boys sent here by your companions to teach you your duty.

LESTER LEE.—Then you are not real laborers?

PLUMBER.—Not yet. We, too, were on our way to rehearse our play for Labor Day.

WITCH (*with a flourish of her broom*).—Away to practice every one his part for that great day!

ELECTRICIAN.—Fall in!

(*The Laborers mass themselves and march toward the exit. Lester Lee picks up his pole and his can and calls after them.*)

LESTER LEE (*anxiously*).—I hope it doesn't rain.

VOICE FROM CROWD.—That's the talk!

LESTER LEE.—When I'm a man, I'll be a laborer myself —a carpenter.

(*Most of the Laborers will be through the door by this time. The others call back.*)

LABORERS.—Three cheers for Lester Lee, the carpenter!

(*The Laborers disappear.*)

WITCH (*taking off her hat and fanning herself with it*).—I must say you've learned a lesson!

LESTER LEE (*thoughtfully as he stands between the witch and Molly*).—I think I know now what the last part of my speech means where it says: "Labor Day calls upon all good Americans to remember what Labor has done, what Labor is doing, and what Labor will do for our country, the United States of America."

(*As the curtain goes down, the boy and the girl, followed by the witch still fanning herself, can be seen hurrying toward the exit.*)

Curtain

NEWS OF THE ADOPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION

A New Play in One Act for Constitution Day

September 17th

NEWS OF THE ADOPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION

A New Play in One Act for Constitution Day

This is a one-act play requiring eight girls and twelve boys.

Time.—*September, 1787.*
Place.—*The parlor of a colonial house.*
Properties.—*An open fireplace, candles, chairs, and other appropriate furnishings.*

The Constitutional Convention has been in session behind closed doors for almost four months. The anxious people, widely scattered along the Atlantic coast, await the outcome.

On an estate midway between Boston and Philadelphia, a gay house party, after dancing the Minuet, discusses the possibility of the adoption of the Constitution. A post-rider arrives with letters which contain the welcome news of the adoption and an outline of this new law of the land. This outline is read and discussed, item by item.

The discussion shows the different attitudes of the people toward the document and the beginning of party lines in politics.

(*Eight ladies and ten gentlemen in the costume of 1787, some sitting, some standing in groups around a room*

arranged to represent, as nearly as possible, a room of that period. An open fireplace, candles, a heavily curtained window, will give the necessary effect. Two elderly gentlemen in earnest conversation stand well to the front. There is a subdued hum of conversation which is interrupted by the music. At the first strain of the Minuet, eight ladies and eight gentlemen take positions and dance. The two elderly gentlemen remain deep in conversation, too subdued to be heard. At the end of the dance, a couple joins them. The discussion becomes animated and spreads throughout the room. Both men and women appear deeply interested and anxious for news and views concerning the great question of the day.)

MR. HADLEY (*one of the elderly gentlemen*).—No, I haven't heard a word from Robert Morris.

MR. BARROW (*the other elderly gentleman*).—How could you, Mr. Hadley? Everybody knows that the Federal Convention is working behind closed doors. Yes, sir, closed doors!

MR. HADLEY (*laying his hand on the arm of a man who is conducting a lady from the dance*).—How is it, Mr. Davis, any news from Philadelphia?

(*The lady is drawn, by a younger lady, into a nearby group, thus leaving Davis free to join the elder men.*)

MR. DAVIS.—I spent five months there, as you know; but I know nothing about what has been accomplished. (*Shaking his head thoughtfully*) Things look grave for us.

MR. HADLEY.—Oh, I'm not worried. With George Washington, President of the Convention and Benjamin

Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and Edmund Randolph on the floor, we'll get a well-balanced constitution.

Mr. Barrow.—I *am* worried. People in Europe are beginning to ask whether we are to be reconquered piecemeal by Great Britain or seized by France. Remember, we are only a handful of states.

Mr. Davis.—With a heavy war debt.

Mr. Barrow.—Which is nobody's business in particular.

Mr. Davis.—And Congress has no money and cannot levy taxes.

Lady (*smiling and tapping Davis lightly on the arm with her fan*).—Here are you three wise men discussing the very thing we are all trying to talk about. I move we all join you.

Mr. Hadley (*as the three men turn to seat themselves among the others*).—To be sure! (*Bowing.*) Anything to please the ladies. Mr. Davis, you start the ball of information.

Mr. Davis.—I am afraid that this plan for a union of the colonies is rather half-hearted. The convention was called for May. Seven states responded. Then there was a three days' delay. New York sent promises. On May twenty-ninth, the convention got down to real work. That's all I know.

Mr. Barrow—(*springing up and walking excitedly up and down across the back of the room*).—All this dilly-dallying! Here we are with parts of New England and the South threatening to secede, riots in several states, and a rebellion just put down in Massachusetts! What are we coming to?

Betty (*a young lady, anxiously*).—Is there danger of another war?

MR. CARLTON.—No, no, Miss Betty. Really, these matters are not fit subjects for ladies' ears.

MRS. HADLEY (*with polite indignation*).—And why not, sir? We are women—still the "Women of the Revolution."

(*The men applaud.*)

MRS. DAVIS.—I'm with you, Mrs. Hadley. I want to know what is going on. My son John gave his life at Germantown. We want his country—our country—to remain independent even if Richard Davis and I have to shoulder guns and fight the world!

MR. DAVIS.—And *lick* the world!

(*Applauding.*)

MR. DURRELL (*getting up and standing beside Hadley who now stands with one arm resting on the mantel*).—If you folks want plain talk, here it is. Last Spring, as you all know, I was down the Mississippi, up through Georgia, Carolina, and Virginia. The whole South is afraid of a powerful central government. The feeling there is for State Sovereignty. The Southerners know their slaves can't get full representation in a federal congress: therefore they think the North could control any central government that might be established. Things looked bad to me.

MR. FARRINGTON.—As George Washington, himself, said: "We are one nation to-day, and thirteen to-morrow."

(*A colored man speaks softly to the host.*)

MR. HADLEY (*excitedly*).—A post-rider from Philadelphia.

SEVERAL.—Have him in here! Get the news from him! Ask him about the Constitution! First-hand news! What luck for us!

MR. HADLEY (*to colored man*).—Fetch him, Sambo.

MR. LAWRENCE.—I think very much the same as you do, Mr. Durrell. Furthermore, in my opinion, North Carolina will hang back many a day before she signs a constitution.

MR. FARRINGTON.—You don't have to go South to find that state of affairs, Mr. Lawrence. Rhode Island will be slow to sign a federal constitution.

(*Sambo throws open the door and the post-rider enters, bowing to the Company. He speaks with quiet dignity.*)

POST-RIDER.—Your pardon, ladies and gentlemen, I have but one excuse for coming thus among you.

(*Mr. Hadley advances to him and pushes forward a chair.*)

MR. HADLEY (*cordially shaking hands with him and taking the package of letters*).—Enough, enough! Make yourself one of us.

POST-RIDER.—Nay, sir, I bear letters of importance. I must go on before the hour strikes.

MR. HADLEY (*bowing to the assembly*).—A moment with these letters friends, may answer all our questions.

(*He examines his mail.*)

MR. BARROW (*putting a hand on the post-rider's shoulder*).—Out with it man! What news?

POST-RIDER.—The Constitution has been adopted.

Mrs. Davis (*springing up and clasping her hands*).—Thank God!

Mr. Lawrence (*reverently*).—Yes, thank God!

Post-Rider.—I think we have need to. Surely, God has been with us, friends; for, left to ourselves and our bickerings, a federal constitution would never have been written.

Mr. Barrow.—As it was, the delegates worked almost four months over it.

Mrs. Hadley.—Has the Constitution been publicly read?

Post-Rider.—Not yet, madam. There is much bitterness because of the secrecy maintained by the deputies.

Betty.—Bitter? If states don't want to sign it, they don't need to.

Mrs. Hadley.—No, no, no, child, we can't afford to act like that.

Mr. Barrow.—No, we can't. We need the whole thirteen states united to make us strong before the world.

Post-Rider.—I heard that if nine states sign the constitution, it binds the thirteen together.

Miss Betty.—Was there much excitement in the city?

Post-Rider.—Yes, madam. Feeling still runs high. I have been stopped many times along the road for news.

Mrs. Hadley (*going toward the post-rider and speaking graciously*).—I have indeed been remiss, sir. You have been without refreshment for a long time.

Post-Rider (*rising*).—You are most kind, madam.

Mr. Hadley (*pulling a cord as if ringing a bell*).—You bear my answers back.

Post-Rider.—On my return trip, sir. I must get on to Boston. (*To the assembly.*) Good-night, ladies and gentlemen.

ALL.—Good-night.

MR. HADLEY.—A safe trip to you.

(*Sambo appears at the door. Mrs. Hadley gives the post-rider to his care and returns to her seat. Meanwhile, Mr. Hadley has taken position near the candles. All eyes are turned anxiously toward him as he speaks.*)

MR. HADLEY.—I have letters here from friends at the convention—deputies. According to this (*tapping an open letter*) you may have the contents: "My dear Hadley: When this reaches you, what I can here tell you will have been proclaimed in Philadelphia and New York. Gradually, the news will be carried throughout the states."

MR. DURRELL.—Then of a truth have we first-hand news!

MR. HADLEY (*continuing to give parts of the letter*).—Yes, here is the preamble to the Constitution: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

MR. LAWRENCE.—So far so good.

MR. HADLEY.—Very good indeed!

MR. HADLEY (*reading*).—James Madison's plan of government called for three departments: legislative, executive, judicial—and there was a hot debate about representation in both houses of the legislature.

MR. DURRELL.—I shouldn't wonder! Go on! Go on!

MR. HADLEY.—Benjamin Franklin proposed that every state be entitled to an equal number of senators and that

one representative be allowed for every forty thousand inhabitants.

MR. BARROW.—Franklin's a great statesman.

MR. HADLEY.—Here, Mr. Durrell, this settles your slave population. That question nearly broke up the convention. In reckoning population as a basis for representation, a slave is to count three-fifths of a man.

MISS BETTY (*in surprise*).—How funny!

MR. HADLEY (*gravely*).—There is nothing funny, Miss Betty, I am afraid about that slave question.

MR. DAVIS.—No, no! It's a dark shadow over our land.

MR. HADLEY.—The slave trade is to go on till 1808. Then no more slaves from Africa.

MR. MARTIN.—That's well put.

MR. FARRINGTON.—I don't know about that. We're giving in too much to the South.

MRS. DAVIS.—If you men begin to argue, you'll be like the deputies! Any more about the Constitution?

MR. HADLEY (*glancing over the letter*).—Yes, Oh, yes!

MR. DAVIS.—Here, let's go back a bit. There's to be a legislative body of two divisions?

MR. HADLEY (*turning back the letter*).—Yes, Congress is to consist of two houses, the Senate and the House of Representatives.

MR. CARLTON.—And the executive?

MR. HADLEY.—A president elected every four years.

MRS. HADLEY.—What's to prevent him from getting all the power in his own hands and declaring himself king?

MR. HADLEY (*solemnly*).—The people.

(*Clapping and cries of "Hear! Hear! Hear!"*)

MR. LAWRENCE.—Much depends on the Judicial Department.

MR. HADLEY.—Supreme Court whose members are elected for life.

MR. LAWRENCE.—Good! Those judges won't be afraid to render decisions!

MR. HADLEY.—There is a great deal more about those three departments; but here are some other strong points: Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes and duties. (*Cries: "Good! Fine! Fine! Most Fine!"*) To borrow money, to coin money, to regulate commerce, to establish post-offices and post-roads (*Remark: "We need them"*) to declare war (MISS BETTY: *"Oh, I hope not"*) to raise and support armies, to provide and maintain a navy, and to make laws, necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers.

MR. MARTIN.—I see a strong federal government.

MR. BARROW.—A union of these colonies that the world can never break.

MRS. HADLEY (*earnestly*).—Mr. Barrow, I beg you, do not call us colonies.

MRS. DAVIS.—No! Away back in '76, my boy said "The United States of America."

ALL.—The United States of America forever!

MR. HADLEY (*handing a letter to Mr. Lawrence*).—This needs a good reader, Mr. Lawrence. Come!

MR. LAWRENCE (*rising and taking the letter*).—This is a part of George Washington's address to the Convention: "It is too probable that no plan we suggest will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. (*Miss Betty clasping her hands—"Oh, no, no!"*) If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let

us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is the hand of God."

MR. VORIS.—Could any man work for selfish ends after hearing that?

MR. DAVIS.—Deputies, who wrangled at that Convention were patriots, working for their state or section. I doubt if any man there had a thought for self.

MR. DURRELL.—True, true, representatives of widely different interests were called on to work together.

MR. HADLEY.—With George Washington as President of the Convention, they worked.

MR. LAWRENCE (*looking at the letter*).—Here is Benjamin Franklin's opinion of the Constitution: "I consent, sir, to this Constitution because I expect no better, and because I am not sure it is not the best."

MR. HADLEY.—If Benjamin Franklin said *that,* then the Constitution *is* the best. Here, Miss Betty, read this.

MISS BETTY (*advancing to meet him as he rises to hand her another open letter and beginning to read from the spot which he shows her*).—I hope, friend Hadley, that this will prove to be a prophecy from the lips of the aged Franklin who, as he pointed to the picture of the rising sun behind George Washington's chair, said: "I have often and often, in the course of the session, and the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issues, looked at that sun behind the President without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting; but now, at length, I have the happiness to *know* that it is a *rising,* and not a *setting* sun."

MRS. DAVIS.—A *rising* sun that shall *never* set!

MRS. HADLEY (*springing up and throwing out her arms to the Company*).—Why, men and women of America, we have a Country, a Flag, and a Constitution!

(*Clapping and calls of "Yes, yes, yes!" "The Constitution!" "The Constitution!"*

MR. BARROW (*jumping up excitedly and flinging up one arm*).—Who's to be our first president?

ALL (*springing up and imitating his gesture*).—GEORGE WASHINGTON! GEORGE WASHINGTON!

MRS. HADLEY.—Ages, hence, millions will envy us this hour. Mr. Carlton, before we separate, will you say for all what lies in the heart of each of us?

MR. CARLTON (*stepping to the centre of the room as the others group themselves about him in twos and threes to listen*).—To me, the Constitution proclaims our Union, the greatest thing to be desired to-day on this side of the Atlantic. We may cheer for our Country and our Flag, but they are naught without the Constitution. The Constitution was made for freemen by freemen. People of America, under the Constitution we are free—free to do *right* as written in the law of the land, the Constitution of the United States of America!

MR. HADLEY (*with enthusiasm*).—Aye! the law of the land!

ALL (*enthusiastically*).—The Constitution of the United States of America!

Curtain

THE WAY TO INDIA

A New Play in Three Acts for Columbus Day

October 12th

THE WAY TO INDIA

A New Play in Three Acts for Columbus Day

This play consists of three acts. It requires about twenty-five boys and eight girls.

Time.—*The summer and the fall of 1492.*
Place.—*The palace of Ferdinand and Isabella, the wharf at Palos, the shore of San Salvador.*
Properties.—*Two chairs on a small platform for the king and the queen.*

Act I

Queen Isabella recalls Columbus to a second audience where he finds opinions have changed in his favor.

Act II

Preparations for the voyage.

Act III

Columbus takes possession of the land in the name of Spain.

Act I

(*A room in the royal palace. Two high chairs covered to represent the throne.*

The king and the queen are seated. Three archbishops, wearing long black cape coats, stand near the queen's right. Two lords of the treasury, dressed in brilliant Spanish colors, stand near the king's left. The queen holds a half open scroll in her hand.)

QUEEN.—Your Majesty, my Lord Archbishops and Lords of the Treasury, I hold here a letter from the worthy monk and prior, Juan Perez, a good man and true. We all know him.

ARCHBISHOP MENDOZA.—A learned man, your Majesty.

ARCHBISHOP DEZA.—I would say that when your Gracious Majesty granted the audience to Columbus and your counselors laughed him to scorn, I found much food for thought in his contention. I then visited this same Juan Perez to my profit.

KING.—How so, my Lord Archbishop Deza?

ARCHBISHOP DEZA.—It is known, your Majesty, that a great sea lies east of Asia and yonder (*points west*) to the west the Sea of Darkness stretches. They meet, this good monk declares, even as Columbus maintained before us all. There lies our path to India—westward (*points*).

QUEEN.—Well said, my Lord Archbishop.

ARCHBISHOP TALAVERA.—Ever to me, your Majcsties, there seems the hand of God in passing events. Behold, the trade route to Geneva is shut off by the hand of the Turk. Then arises Christopher Columbus who bids us—and with reasonable proof—turn westward for the glory of Spain.

KING.—Still remains the trade route through Antioch and another across the Red Sea to Egypt.

ARCHBISHOP DEZA.—If I may remind your most gra-

cious Majesty, the hand of the Turk falls heavily on all three routes.

DE SANTANGEL.—It is so, your Majesty, word has come by a vessel from Antioch that a caravan of eight hundred camels, laden with silks of rare quality, was plundered and most of the men enslaved.

KING.—A strange state of affairs, my Lord of the Treasury, you advance reasons to uphold Columbus. Were not you among them that ridiculed this same Columbus?

DE SANTANGEL (*bowing*).—Even so, your Majesty.

ARCHBISHOP DEZA.—The minds of the nation's leaders, your Majesty, must ever be open to conviction of the truth.

QUEEN.—Enough of discussion, my lords! I have ordered the return of Columbus.

ARCHBISHOP TALAVERA.—Ah, your Majesty has recalled him for the glory of Spain.

KING (*claps his hand and guard enters and bows*).—Admit Christopher Columbus.

QUEEN (*turning to King*).—Your Majesty, I do greatly wish that you could see our ships, hundreds of them sailing westward and returning laden with soft silks, rare spices and precious stones from the far East. Ha! In my mind's eye, I can see them and a still fairer sight, O, King! I see this land, grown rich and powerful, rise to a great height among the nations! I behold the vision of Columbus and I believe with him that the earth is round. (*Turning to the lords of the Treasury.*) His plans and the costs of his venture, take you, my Lords of the Treasury, and hold them with full knowledge ready for our consideration.

(*They take the scroll from her. Columbus enters and bows.*)

QUEEN (*to Columbus*).—We have, Columbus, this day, sent for you to invest you with the means and the authority to undertake this voyage.

COLUMBUS.—Most gracious Queen!

KING (*frowning, as he looks at the paper in the hand of the Lord of the Treasury*).—These sums are beyond even our consideration!

QUEEN.—Nothing, nothing is beyond our consideration! Columbus states in those plans that he will pay one-eighth of the costs. I pledge my jewels, the jewels of Castile to pay the rest! What now, my Lord of the Treasury?

DE SANTANGEL (*bowing*).—Of our gracious Queen, the sacrifice is not needed. Be it said through all time to come that the treasury of Castile gave of its gold to open the way to India.

QUEEN.—'Tis well. The war against the Moors is at an end. The gold will not be grudged.

COLUMBUS (*bowing to each group*).—Most gracious sovereigns, my Lord Archbishops, and Lords of the Treasury, there are no words, no painter's brush that can catch the ever-growing picture that has been unfolding before me for eighteen long years, since first I conceived of our world, swung into space, a globe beautifully fashioned and wondrously controlled by the hand of God to be the home of an intelligent race of beings whom He ever calls His children. Superstition and fear of what may lie in the great beyond have no place in the minds of God's people. Let us on across the sea! Let us follow the path of the Sun without fear for ourselves or the gold we risk! Ah! your Majesties, one guiding impulse has ruled my years—to fulfil the will of God by proving to all men that this earth is round, that no mad-

man's dream but a vision of reality ever draws me westward.

QUEEN.—Almost I see a vision like unto it.

KING.—My queen is sometimes fanciful.

QUEEN.—Not so, my Lord King. (*Turning to Columbus.*) As Admiral of the Fleet shall you cross the seas and touch India's shores. A peer of the realm must you be made.

KING.—It is well said, your Majesty. (*Turning to Columbus.*) Know, too, my Lord Admiral, if on distant soil you raise the banner of Spain, claiming it in our right, we do give promise that you shall return to it, full provisioned with troops, as governor of the same.

QUEEN.—I do agree.

COLUMBUS.—A promise, most generous, your Majesties. My task is set by God. That which is gained is yours.

QUEEN.—Go then and God have you in his care.

Curtain

ACT II

(*A street scene in Palos. Enter Columbus well dressed in long cape coat, partly thrown back to show his brightly-colored doublet. He wears long hose, gaiters with buckles, and a close cap. He is conversing with Pinzon, his friend, who is to accompany him on his voyage. Pinzon is simply dressed in dark doublet and short bloomers, a close cap, long dark hose and dark shoes. As they cross the stage, they point seaward where the fleet rides at anchor.*)

PINZON.—The crew, Admiral, is small and of men of no account.

COLUMBUS.—Eighty-five sea-hardened men, of low degree, yes, my Pinzon. Five more are promised before sundown.

PINZON.—Only men of half-worth will take the risk.

COLUMBUS.—Forget not we have thirty noblemen and priests to bear us company.

PINZON.—Are you sure, my Admiral, that the three vessels are seaworthy?

COLUMBUS.—The *Santa Maria,* my flagship and the *Pinta* ride strong. The *Nina* will do but I would she were swifter.

PINZON.—We are sure to have a fair wind and a good tide at dawn.

COLUMBUS.—Yes, we must put out at dawn.

PINZON.—It will be a dawn for Spain to write in her annals—the dawn of Friday, August 3rd, in the blessed year of 1492.

(*They are interrupted by a crowd of boys and girls dressed in bright Spanish colors. They dart around and about the two men making gestures of ridicule. They are joined by two women and a man who stand off to enjoy the scene.*)

BOY (*dancing up and down in front of Columbus*).—Crazy! Crazy!

BOY (*bending double beside the first boy, with legs far apart. He points derisively to his own head*).—Round! Round! It *is* round, Sir Admiral!

GIRL (*running around Columbus*).—I am walking on my head!

ALL (*hands on hips*).—The earth is round, round, round, and we walk on our heads, heads, heads!

(*Columbus and Pinzon hasten on. The three grown-ups follow. The man takes Pinzon by the arm and tries to hold him back.*)

MAN.—Have sense, man! Don't go! This Columbus is crazy!

WOMAN (*entreatingly*).—You'll be lost!

WOMAN.—There are monsters out yonder!

MAN.—Monsters, man, they'll wreck the ships.

WOMAN (*as Columbus and Pinzon hurry off*).—Come back! Come back!

(*A roughly-clad man, carrying a little bundle wrapped in brightly-colored material is held half back by an excited woman, but he strides after Columbus and Pinzon leaving the woman calling.*)

WOMAN.—My son! My son!

BOY (*calling after the son*).—Don't go!

GIRL.—Don't let him go!

MOTHER.—You'll sail to the edge and fall off!

(*Man breaks away and runs.*)

MOTHER.—I'll sit by the shore and see him go!

MAN (*kindly*).—No, no, go home. They sail with the morning tide.

MOTHER (*wringing her hands and crying*).—I'll stay here all night to watch him out of sight. It will be the last of him!

(*The people, shaking their heads in disapproval, leave her*

and with grins and gestures of derision for the little fleet turn homeward, followed by the children.

One boy sweeps his arm around in a big circle, throws back his head and laughs. Another points to the sea and then significantly to his own head. These gestures are kept up until all are out except the mother who stands, a lone figure with hands clasped in despair, looking out to sea.)

Curtain

Act III

The shore of San Salvador. The curtain rises on a band of Indians in attitudes of awe. They stand on the right and the left side of the stage, leaving a broad opening to the stage door through which Columbus and his attendants are to enter.

Some of the Indians lean forward looking toward the doorway in expectancy, one stands straight and tall with hand on tomahawk, some point seaward (toward the door), two are crouched on the ground as if ready to spring away and disappear, one, with arms outstretched toward the audience, is looking back over his shoulder. Gradually, as the white men appear, these Indians glide back and back closer and closer to the walls of the stage and stand in two groups in waiting, watchful attitudes as if hidden behind trees, but able to observe Columbus and his followers.

Columbus, dressed in scarlet and gold, enters with sword outstretched in his right hand and the standard of Spain in his left. He advances to the front of the stage. Priests

and noblemen bearing banners group themselves about him. Six or eight common sailors halt on the outskirts of the group. This grouping of Spaniards and Indians should be arranged to form an attractive tableau.

Columbus, as he takes possession of the land in the name of Spain, grounds the standard firmly a little to his left, holds his sword pointing forward, outward, and downward with the point just touching the ground.)

COLUMBUS.—I take possession of the land in the name of their most gracious majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Spain.

PRIESTS.—Amen.

NOBLES.—The way to India! The way to India is open!

COLUMBUS (*joyously*).—Aye, for Isabella!

Curtain.

THANKSGIVING TIME IN PLYMOUTH

A New Play in Two Acts for Thanksgiving Day

THANKSGIVING TIME IN PLYMOUTH

A New Play in Two Acts for Thanksgiving Day

This is a play in two acts for a large number of boys and several girls. The number may be cut down to suit stage conditions. There must be, however, at least eight boys, three medium-sized girls, five or six larger girls, and quite a number of boys for Indians. (According to reliable sources, there were ninety-one Indians and fifty-one Pilgrims.)

Time.—*Autumn of 1621.*

Place.—*Plymouth (outdoors).*

Properties.—*Act I—A long bench or two stools, a bushel basket, two deep pans. Plants and branches of bushes or trees, arranged as shrubs.*

Act II—The same plants used in Act I. A long table spread for the feast. Long benches.

Act I shows how the children and the grown-ups took part in the preparations for the great Thanksgiving Feast. Here we see the children, although kept under the strict discipline of the Pilgrims, very much like children through all the ages—full of life and prone to mischief. These Plymouth children accept punishment with a good grace.

Act II takes us to the feast itself where the Pilgrims and their Indian guests are gathered around the out-door table. As we listen to their conversation, three children,

in a side scene, arouse our interest. Their troubles are happily ended and the curtain goes down as a sorely-tempted, but obedient boy is bidden to the feast by his thankful mother.

Act I

Preparations for the Feast

(*Seated on a long bench or on stools, two girls, dressed in the costume of Plymouth maids, are peeling apples. There is a bushel basket between them. Each girl has a large, deep tin pan in her lap.*

Two boys, each carrying a pumpkin, hurry across the stage, behind the girls, and disappear.)

Mary (*holding up a large apple*).—How sweet the smell.

Elizabeth (*nodding*).—I would fain stop to eat one, not so pared and sliced, but bite by bite.

Mary (*in startled tones*).—Would you dare?

Elizabeth (*holding the apple as if to take a bite*).—And feel my teeth sink in and the juice start!

Mary (*clasping her hands beseechingly and leaning toward Elizabeth*).—Nay, but bethink you, Elizabeth, food between meals is forbidden.

(*Enter, hand in hand, a boy and a girl, skipping merrily then turning and bowing before Mary and Elizabeth for inspection. The boy's head is bedecked with feathers. The girl has strings of berries around neck, arms, and waist.*)

David (*gaily*).—Forbidden? Did I not help gather these?

(*He picks up a red apple and sinks his teeth into it. Mary and Elizabeth spring up, each holding an apple, with the skin hanging, in one hand and a knife in the other.*)

ELIZABETH (*eagerly, yet in awed tones*).—David! David!

MARY (*pleadingly*).—Take off the beads, Martha, I prithee, take them off!

MARTHA (*with a toss of the head as she fondles the berries*).—Nay, they are berries, berries, strung on my sampler thread.

ELIZABETH.—I would try them on. You are a brave sight!

DAVID (*stuffing apples into his pockets*).—A brave sight? Yea, a brave sight, these apples too!

MARY (*in awed tones as she goes back and forth from Elizabeth to Martha, then to David*).—'Tis sin to say it! Take off the beads! Put back the apples! 'Tis sin!

DAVID (*derisively*).—Sin! Why must we ever do without what we desire?

MARTHA (*grasping David's hand and laughing as they dance off to one side and back*).—I would we were back in Holland!

DAVID.—Oh, for those mugs of milk we left in Holland!

MARY (*severely*).—Through the long winter, none murmured and do you murmur now?

MARTHA (*in a teasing manner*).—Oh, for butter on our bread and for a bit, a *little* bit of cheese.

DAVID.—Oh, think of those Dutch cheeses!

(*He sinks his teeth into the apple and dances around Elizabeth, first on one leg, then on the other. Two*

women, arms covered with flour, approach, then halt to view the scene.)

MISTRESS BREWSTER (*sternly*).—Have done!

(*The children stand motionless in terror, gazing toward the women. Elizabeth breaks the spell by scurrying back to her seat. Mary follows. Both begin to peel the apples rapidly. David gazes directly ahead. Martha hangs her head.*)

MISTRESS BILLINGTON (*viewing Martha from head to foot*).—Martha, you are a very popinjay. (*She pauses. Then speaks crisply.*) Off with the geegaws!

MISTRESS BREWSTER.—'Tis unseemly conduct in the maid, Mistress Billington, but here (*pointing to David*) have we a gormand among us.

MISTRESS BILLINGTON (*nodding her head for emphasis*).—Enough, too, for a full day's portion stowed in his pockets, I'll warrant.

DAVID (*beginning to take the apples from his pockets*).—I did but jest to hear Mary cry out.

MISTRESS BILLINGTON (*sternly*).—You have taken the apples. Remove them not.

MISTRESS BREWSTER.—A gormand and a jester too?

MISTRESS BILLINGTON.—You shall stand by the act, David. Count now your store of apples.

DAVID (*feeling his pockets*).—Six.

MISTRESS BILLINGTON.—Three meals will they supply for you.

(*Mary and Elizabeth stop paring apples to gaze in horror at the scene.*)

MARTHA (*handing over the strings of berries*).—Then,

my mother, will David not eat the Thanksgiving feast on the morrow?

(*She wipes her eyes.*)

MISTRESS BILLINGTON (*taking the berries*).—David has chosen his feast.

MISTRESS BREWSTER.—'Tis a bold maid so to speak.

MISTRESS BILLINGTON (*turning to look toward Elizabeth and Mary*).—Apples enow are ready for the present, Mistress Brewster.

(*The two women pick up the pans of sliced apples. Elizabeth and Mary follow, one with the basket of parings, the other with the basket containing the remainder of the whole apples. Martha keeps close to her mother.*

The Indian, Squanto, enters and, taking a basket and a spade from the side of the doorway, beckons to David.)

MISTRESS BILLINGTON (*looking back and catching sight of Squanto*).—Nay, David. You bide here and peel those apples.

(*She motions toward Elizabeth's basket. David walks over, takes the basket and carries it back to the bench.*)

SQUANTO (*to Mistress Billington as David takes the basketful of apples*).—Low tide. Plenty clams.

MISTRESS BREWSTER (*anxiously*).—Aye, Mistress Billington, we need chowder for the feast.

(*David, knife and apple in hand, looks eagerly toward Squanto.*)

MISTRESS BILLINGTON (*firmly, to Squanto*).—Yonder go the men, shoreward, for ducks. One will go with you, Squanto.

SQUANTO (*smiling*).—Squanto get clams. Plenty clams.

(*He hurries off. The women and the girls disappear in another direction. Two men with muskets come out of the doorway and hurry away across the stage. David is peeling apples. Martha reappears, runs to him, drops on her knees beside him, and whispers to him.*)

DAVID (*with determination, as she sits back on her heels*).—Nay, you are a silly little maid.

MARTHA (*grinning as she rocks back and forth on her knees*).—Oh, but you shall see, brother David. I will! I will!

DAVID (*in decided tones*).—Nay, nay, I tell you! You had best get at your sampler.

MARTHA.—Sampler! Sampler! 'Tis feasting time! I am set to turn the geese on their spits.

DAVID.—Then get you to the task.

MARTHA (*in a coaxing tone*).—Just think, David, there'll be pumpkin pies, cranberry pies, apple pies, corn pudding stuffed with raisins, ah!

(*She pats her stomach.*)

DAVID.—Such appetite becomes not a Plymouth maid.

MARTHA.—Now must I call you Elder David! I like you better when you're merry, David.

DAVID.—But list you, Martha, we grieve our mother with such foolishness.

MARTHA (*snuggling up to him*).—But think you of the turkeys for the morrow, the ducks, the rabbits, yea the rabbit pies, David, and the chowder. (*Halting and bending toward him.*) Five deer have the Indians brought to Governor Bradford for the feast—(*softly*). Dost like venison, David?

DAVID (*pausing in his work*).—Did I not help to skin them? (*Motioning with his knife.*) Our mother calls.

MISTRESS BILLINGTON (*calling*).—Martha! Martha! The geese are like to burn!

MARTHA (*looking back toward David as she skips off*). —Be not quick to stuff yourself with apples, David. There smells a feast ahead for all.

DAVID (*to himself*).—Now what can she mean? Three meals of apples am I bidden to—but who can tell?

Curtain.

ACT II

The Thanksgiving Dinner

(*As the curtain rises, the Pilgrims and the Indians are seen around the table. The crowd prevents a full view of the table which, however, must appear to be bountifully set. Governor Bradford is seen at the head of the table in the act of concluding his speech.*)

GOVERNOR BRADFORD.—Therefore we welcome our red brothers to our Feast of Thanksgiving.

(*He sits down and the feasting begins. All appear to be eating. Some women are still bringing in platters of*

food. These are "passed around" and everyone helps himself.

David slips in and stands beside a bush which conceals him from the merrymakers, but leaves him in view of the audience. As the feast continues, he draws an apple from his pocket, looks at it, then leans over to watch.

Eating and talking, the Indians and the Pilgrims continue to make merry around the table. Here and there, a head is thrown backward as if in high glee. All this gives an opportunity for the characters who appear beside the bush to be seen and heard by the audience.)

(*Martha, bearing a heaped-up plate, comes into view on tiptoe behind David.*)

MARTHA (*in a whisper*).—David! David! (*He turns with a start.*) Did I not bid you watch out?

DAVID (*with astonishment*).—How came you by this?

MARTHA (*first laying finger on lips*).—'Tis part of my dinner.

DAVID (*taking a step away*).—Nay, I will not!

ELIZABETH (*looking right and left, stepping stealthily from behind the bush and standing beside David*).—In such a crowd, Cousin David, I can get another portion.

(*She holds a heaped-up plate before him.*)

DAVID (*taking a savage bite of his apple*).—Nay, cousin, I was bidden feast on apples.

(*All three now lean forward to listen to the speakers at the table.*)

GOVERNOR BRADFORD.—What says Captain Standish to our Thanksgiving Feast?

CAPTAIN STANDISH.—I speak best, Governor Bradford, with powder and ball; but make merry, friends! A week of feasting and sport will hearten us all.

WINSLOW.—Let not the food grow cold, I say. Thankful are we, a little company of fifty-one in the wilderness, to feast with our ninety-one red brothers in the midst of full and plenty. Fall to! Fall to! We've games, races, and a target festival to come.

PILGRIM.—Aye, eat, friends, eat! There are lean days ahead, I doubt not.

(*Forgetting caution, the children raise their voices in their argument. As the governor rises to speak again, some at the table turn to look toward the bush. Mistress Billington hurries toward the bush.*)

ELIZABETH (*coaxingly, as she holds the plate out to David*).—Prithee, Cousin David, it can be spared.

MARTHA (*eagerly, forcing the plate on him*).—Here, here, make haste, David!

MISTRESS BILLINGTON (*in stern whisper*).—What means this clatter while the governor speaks?

(*Then seeing the governor on his feet, she puts finger to lip and stands in listening attitude. The two girls, terror stricken, have slipped away.*)

GOVERNOR BRADFORD (*with great dignity as all give him attention*).—Our red brothers assure us the deer are thick in the forest and the wild fowl plentiful on the ponds. Our abundant harvest of corn is well stored. Enjoy *without fear* the gifts of God and eat ye *all* of the Feast of Thanksgiving.

MISTRESS BILLINGTON (*gently*).—David, my son, put by the meal of apples till the morrow. The governor *commands* that *all* eat of the feast.

DAVID (*looking up into his mother's face*).—Mother, you are glad that I am bidden to the feast.

MISTRESS BILLINGTON (*still facing the audience, she takes David's hand in hers and advances a step or two toward the feast as she speaks the closing sentence*).—A mother's eyes are keen, my son. This day you have withstood temptation. Come! In my heart is a song of thanksgiving for more than the harvest.

Curtain.

A VISIT FROM MR. AND MRS. SANTA CLAUS

A New Play in One Act for Christmas

December 25th

A VISIT FROM MR. AND MRS. SANTA CLAUS

A New Play in One Act for Christmas

This is a one-act play requiring five boys and four girls.

Time.—*Christmas Eve.*
Place.—*A comfortable living-room in a home of to-day.*
Properties.—*Easy chairs and rockers, a rug, a window curtain, an open fireplace, red and orange crêpe paper for flames, five stockings, a sock, Christmas greens, a Christmas tree.*

Here is a Christmas Eve play with a Christmas tree to be trimmed, an open fireplace, hanging stockings to be stuffed, sleigh bells and reindeer, clattering hoofs and jolly calls, dear old Santa and his wife, and waiting, nodding children doubtful—yet, it is true—fully expecting it all.

(*A comfortable room. Easy chairs and rockers. A rug. A curtained window. An open fireplace with red and orange crêpe paper arranged to resemble flames. A lighted electric bulb (or a flash light) safely hidden beneath this paper will give the required glow. Five stockings and a sock hang from the mantel. Christmas greens are arranged about the mantel and in vases. The room is supposed to be dark.*

Carrying her doll on her arm, a little girl in her nightdress steals in and, flashing a candle timidly about the room, stands and gazes at the fireplace. A piece of yellow paper fastened to the wick of the candle will look like the flame. The child puts the candle before her on the floor and settles back into a little rocker. She looks anxiously about her. There is a sound in the hall. She jumps up, hugging her doll and peering fearfully into a dark corner.)

CHILD (*in frightened whisper to doll*).—Oh, Mary Anne, it was only a mouse, I think!

(*She sits down, sets the doll on her knee, so as to be face to face with her and addresses her*).

CHILD.—Don't you cry, Mary Anne! I'm right here with you. (*Another sound.*) O-oo-oo! (*Reassuringly.*) It was nothing, Mary Anne. We must see Santa to-night. Oh, Mary Anne!

(*She jumps and prepares to run as three boys and a girl, in night clothes, steal into the room on tiptoe. Seeing her fear, they surround her and quiet her by gesturing.*)

FLORENCE (*in hushed tones to the little girl*).—Betty dear, what are you doing here all alone?

BETTY.—I have business with Santa Claus.

HARRY.—Business! Why, you'd never dare speak to him!

ALBERT.—She would too! She's no scared cat!

HARRY (*forgetting the necessity for quietness and declaiming as he holds imaginary reins*).—Wait till she hears the "clatter of hoofs on the roof" and Santa Claus

call: "Now Dasher! Now Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen, On, Comet! On Cupid! On Donder and Blitzen!"

FLORENCE (*derisively*).—Santa won't come like that!

ALBERT.—No! He's reciting from a "Visit from Saint Nicholas."

(*Here the father and the mother, unseen by the children, watch them a moment from the open door, and quietly disappear.*)

HARRY.—Well, what of it? That's the way he'll come all right! You'll see!

ROGER (*a little fellow*).—He'll have a pack on his back, too.

HARRY.—Yes and a beard and a red coat.

FLORENCE (*with alarm*).—Hush! I heard a door open!

(*They scatter, sit on the edges of the chairs and listen, every eye on Florence.*)

FLORENCE (*in cautioning whisper*).—If we keep talking, we'll rouse the whole house. Now quiet everybody (*solemnly*) and watch the chimney.

(*They slip back into their chairs and stare at the chimney. Gradually, one head nods and starts, and nods, then another, till all are asleep; but little Betty who keeps on the alert, tiptoes to the chimney, tries to look up, then returns to her chair. As she hugs up her doll, there is a jingle of bells and a clatter of hoofs which awaken the children. They sit up, look about them in a dazed manner, then spring to their feet as the sounds grow louder.*)

SANTA (*from without*).—"Now Dasher! Now Dancer!

Now, Prancer and Vixen! On Comet! On Cupid! On Donder and Blitzen!" Whoa! Whoa!

(*The children hold on to one another and gaze in fascination at the fireplace.*)

SANTA (*merrily, from without*).—The chimney's blocked! Make for the door!

(*A stamping of feet, a jingling of bells, a merry "Ha! Ha!" and Santa, pack on back, enters. Mrs. Santa follows.*)

SANTA (*coming to an abrupt halt and speaking sternly*). —Ha! How's this? All against orders! All against orders!

(*The children stand motionless and silent as if rooted to the spot—all except Betty who, hand stiffly outstretched, walks directly to Santa.*)

BETTY (*with a courtesy*).—If you please, Mr. Santa, I saved this quarter up and stayed awake to-night to ask you to buy Sadie Green a Christmas doll.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS (*peering through her false face into Betty's face*).—Bless your little heart!

SANTA (*taking Betty's hand in his*).—What kind of girl is Sadie Green?

BETTY (*earnestly*).—She's very poor. She hasn't any father or mother.

ALBERT (*going to her aid*).—Sadie lives with her grandmother down by the railroad track.

SANTA (*thoughtfully*).—I know that little house.

FLORENCE (*drawing near*).—Could you leave her some of our presents?

HARRY.—If you're too busy, Mr. Santa, to deliver them, Al and I could take them to her to-morrow.

ROGER (*touching Santa on the arm*).—I could help.

MRS. SANTA.—My, my, Santa, what dear good children. (*Brightly.*) Forgive them for waiting up!

SANTA (*swinging his pack to the floor and patting Betty on the head*).—We'll all work hard—trim the tree, stuff the stockings, and stack up the big presents. That will give me time to dash down to Sadie's house. How's that?

ALL.—Yes, yes, yes! We'll help!

SANTA (*briskly*).—Harry and Albert, bring in the tree.

MRS. SANTA.—It's in the back hall.

SANTA (*stooping over his pack and handing packages and boxes to Florence and Betty*).—Fill the stockings with nuts, oranges, and these, and these.

MRS. SANTA (*directing the boys*).—Here, boys, stand the tree in this corner. That's right.

HARRY (*with admiration*).—I say, Mr. Santa Claus, it was mighty thoughtful of you to fasten the tree into that stand.

MRS. SANTA (*proudly as she opens a package of stringed popcorn*).—Santa Claus never does anything half-way. Get to work!

(*The boys seize the popcorn and begin to trim the tree. The girls and Mrs. Santa help, all talking merrily.*)

HARRY.—This white popcorn looks like snow.

ALBERT.—The pink looks like peach blossoms.

BETTY (*holding up the popcorn to them*).—Oh, Santa is putting on the lights!

SANTA (*getting on a chair*).—Yes, here's a big silver star for the tiptop, Betty dear.

BETTY.—Please, Mr. Santa and Mrs. Santa, may we call father and mother?

ROGER (*coaxingly*).—Oh, please! Oh, please!

MRS. SANTA.—No, my dears, that would never do!

SANTA.—Hurry up! Hurry up! Hurry up! These on the tree! *These under* the tree!

MRS. SANTA.—My, oh, My! How quickly work is done when we all work together.

SANTA.—Stand back everybody. I'll light it up for you. (*Exclamations of delight.*) Oh! Ah! How beautiful! Oh, the star on the top!

SANTA.—The Christmas Star, my dears.

BETTY.—The stores will all be closed.

MRS. SANTA.—Bless you, dear, Santa knows a store that is always open.

SANTA.—It is Greatheart Factory where a quarter is stretched to many dollars.

MRS. SANTA.—Sadie shall have a wonderful Christmas—even to a tree.

SANTA (*beginning to lift first one foot and then the other to jingle the bells attached to his clothes*).—I must be going! Mrs. Santa! Mrs. Santa!

FLORENCE (*anxiously*).—Please, dear Mr. Santa Claus, are we asleep?

SANTA (*putting his hands on his hips, throwing back his head and laughing heartily*).—Ha, ha, ha! Hear the child!

MRS. SANTA.—Has any of you ever worked so hard in your sleep?

HARRY.—Work? Why it was all play.

BETTY.—Christmas Eve play.

SANTA (*sternly with cautioning finger*).—When you

hear our reindeer hoofs abeating and our good night call, stand still and count ten!

(*They both begin to go back toward the door.*)

MRS. SANTA.—And then—(*pausing and adding quickly*) Scamper off to bed!

(*They both disappear quickly through the doorway. The children stand, back to audience, in different listening attitudes waiting for the call. There is a clatter of hoofs, the jingle of bells, and the call.*)

SANTA CLAUS.—Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, and to all—a good-night!

(*The hoof beats grow fainter as the children, their lips moving in counting, relax from their rigid attention, turn toward one another, and toward the audience. Betty counts on her fingers; suddenly, they joyously repeat Santa's call.*)

CHILDREN.—Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas, and to all a good-night!

(*They clasp hands with one another and scamper off—Betty last, dangling Mary Anne by one arm.*)

Curtain.

A JUNIOR RED CROSS PAGEANT

A Pageant for Red Cross Week

A JUNIOR RED CROSS PAGEANT

A Pageant for Red Cross Week

This pageant is made up of nine groups of children from 1A to 8B, numbering in all one hundred and three children. The groups may consist of boys, girls, or both. There is an introductory group to tell the audience how the Juniors work and why.

Time.—*During a Red Cross drive or during Red Cross Week.*

Place.—*The school.*

Property.—*No general stage property is necessary.*

These groups, passing in rapid succession, each group showing a school activity or regular classroom work in connection with the Junior Red Cross, make clear the needs of the Red Cross in carrying on its great work, what children are doing and what they can do toward that work.

The foreign group may be used or omitted according to school conditions. This group would make a suitable entertainment for Armistice Day or Peace Day.

All children in this pageant must be alert.

Group I

Note.—This group is made very spectacular by dressing the foreign children in the costumes of the countries they came from.

(*Enter to stirring march, music, a Red Cross nurse carrying a Red Cross flag. Behind her walk six other Red Cross nurses in double file. They halt near the front of the stage. As each nurse speaks, she steps out of her line and a little forward in full view of the audience.*)

First Nurse.—The stars at night look down on those far-stretched battlefields where sleep our soldier dead. From out the ranks of the fallen, the Red Cross nurses carried the wounded to comfort and new life. The War is over; but the Red Cross army fights on! Its bugle call is sounding in every land beneath the sun and a sound of rushing feet is heard as a million children gather to serve beneath the banner of the great Red Cross.

Fifth Nurse.—Yes, we lead the children's army from the rising to the setting of the sun, from snow time until harvest, and on to blossom time. Junior Red Cross members tramp the city streets and trudge the country lanes, wearing our Red Cross buttons and singing our Red Cross Songs. Packed with each pile of school books is a Red Cross Magazine and written large in every loyal heart is the Red Cross motto "I SERVE."

Second Nurse.—They are saving their pennies, these girls and boys, their dimes, and nickels, and dollars to give a chance to less fortunate folk left desolate by the War. They are working steadily, day by day, at their tasks to help other juniors, far away, to better lives in the days to come.

SIXTH NURSE.—There is never a day so short that little children, the wide world over, in Russia, China, the restless Balkan lands, and even in our own dear America, do not stretch forth their arms to the ever-ready Red Cross nurses. Yes, the War is over; but fire, flood, famine, earthquake, shipwreck, and pestilence call, call to the Red Cross nurses and doctors. You know and we know they never call in vain.

THIRD NURSE.—To these things, you too, dear fathers and mothers, have given your dollars—given freely and bountifully. The Junior Red Cross ever calls your children to a wider service, a service which bids each to his task for the sake of all. The classroom walls have stretched out to the uttermost parts of the earth, for the earth,—the world is the classroom of to-day! Every one of Earth's boys and girls may be a classmate of your boys and your girls, through the trumpet call of the Junior Red Cross.

FOURTH NURSE.—Detachments of the busy, happy, healthy army of the Junior Red Cross in your own children's school will show you how in service to friends at hand and strangers near and far, we are learning the lesson of love: "There is no labor, only joy, in the work that helps another." This shall you see, and more, if you bide with us awhile.

(*The three right-hand nurses place their right hands, trumpet style to mouths, turn and lean half right, to call. The left-hand nurses use left hands and turn half left. This must be done instantly and simultaneously after the word "awhile" of the preceding speaker.*)

All Nurses (*trumpet call*).—Ho! Juniors of America! Ho! Juniors, the wide world over!

(*A group of American children enters from the right of the stage, a group of foreign children from the left. Soft music plays. They glide slowly toward the front of the stage, some in watchful, some in listening attitudes. They halt, still watching the opposite group, still listening. The nurses beckon. The two groups of children move forward, far apart, close to the walls of the stage, until the leaders of the groups are abreast of the Red Cross flag bearer.*

Nurse (*flag bearer*).—Oh, children, of many lands and many tongues for centuries, children like you have gazed at one another in picture books, and heard about one another in poem and story. The waters of the earth and the mountains kept the children strangers, but now come, Oh, my children, come!

(*She holds out her hand to them in entreaty. The groups form into two curved lines stretching from the walls across each side of the stage toward the nurses to form a well-balanced picture with the nurses in the centre. The other nurses immediately take up the call, three stretching out their right hands, the others their left toward the children.*)

Nurses.—The great Red Cross calls you! Come, Oh, children, come! Across the waters and the mountains, make friends with one another through the great Red Cross.

(*The flag bearer takes a step backward. The two nurses directly behind her take a step forward. One takes*

the hand of an American child, the other takes the hand of a foreign child. As the two nurses introduce each couple, the two children smile into each other's faces, bow to each other, and give place to the next couple. These children form a group inside the moving lines so that, when the last couple joins them, there is still the same group each side the nurses. There must be much eagerness and facial expression during the introductions. The children listen attentively. The two nurses speak alternately.)

NURSE. (*to first couple*).—France and America, Land of Lafayette and Land of Washington! How much you have to tell each other!

NURSE (*to second couple*).—This little Polish girl will tell you the history of her wonderfully brave people.

NURSE (*to third coupe*).—Here is an Austrian friend who will send you pictures of her beautiful country. You may write to each other and the Red Cross will translate your letters for you.

NURSE. (*to fourth couple*).—In your letters tell your new Italian friend about our parks and our schools. She can tell you about paintings and churches, and olive groves.

NURSE (*to fifth couple*).—Here's our friend from Greece. She knows all about Heroes of Old Greece.

NURSE (*to sixth couple*).—Those beads around your neck, my dear, came from Czecho Slovakia. That is where this new friend lives.

NURSE (*to seventh couple*).—Japan and America! The East and the West! Learn to understand each other's hearts, my children.

NURSE (*to eighth couple*).—Here is a neighbor of our

Japanese friend, a little Chinese girl. When you get acquainted, you will learn all about her wonderful country.

NURSE (*to ninth couple*).—America and England! Even across the waters, through the Junior Red Cross, clasp hands! Children are you of one race and one tongue!

(*The two nurses unite these two children's hands. The American child calls spontaneously.*)

AMERICAN.—Three cheers for the Junior Red Cross!

ENGLISH CHILD.—Junior Red Cross! Junior Red Cross!!

AMERICAN GROUP (*taking up the cry*).—Ho, for Junior Red Cross!

FOREIGN GROUP (*led by English Child*).—Red Cross! Red Cross!

(*This must be made to sound like a babel of joyous voices in many tongues.*)

FLAG BEARER.—Now together from both sides of the water, each in your own tongue, give me your pledge of service.

(*She raises the flag. With every eye fixed on it, the children give the pledge.*)

NURSES (*all*).—Away to service, one and all!

(*Each group, waving and smiling to the opposite group, backs off through the doorway. While these are going out, the nurses glide, three to the right-hand side of the stage, backs to the wall, and three to the left, to watch the groups as they enter. The flag bearer*

remains in the middle of the stage. All this movement keeps time with soft music.)

FLAG BEARER.—Time to us is bridged to-day. Such is the privilege of the stage. Weeks and months have passed in seconds and we would show you busy Juniors in joyous service.

(*She turns half toward the entrance and calls*) Ho,

Juniors! Juniors of America!

NURSE (*on right*).—Can you sew or paint?
(*on left*).—Can you knit or write?
(*on right*).—Can you plant, or paste, or read?
(*on left*).—Can you use hammer, and saw, and nails?
(*on right*).—Can you recite or sing?

THREE NURSES (*on left*).—All these are home work, and school work, and world-wide work.

THREE NURSES (*on right*).—Work for the Junior Red Cross!

THREE NURSES (*on left*).—Work for each and work for all!

ALL NURSES.—Ho, Juniors, come to our call!

FLAG BEARER.—Away, sisters, to muster the groups for service.

(*The flag bearer steps to one side of the stage. The groups of the pageant follow one another without break or pause. Each group through dialogue and gesture tells its own story. Only one group is on the stage at a time.*)

GROUP II

(*Dressed in brightly-colored calicoes or lawns, a group of very little children smiling happily, skip in, hand in hand. They are arranged in twos and threes, but halt in the form of a semi-circle. The leader stands in front.*)

ALL (*courtesying half-right and singing*).—Good-morning to you! (Scale C Major—1, 1, 3, 5, 8.)

(*Courtesying to the left*).—Good-morning to you! (Scale C Major—8, 8, 5, 3, 1.)

(*Courtesying front*).—Good-morning to all! (Scale C Major—8, 5, 3, 5, 1.)

RECITE.— We're all bright and early,
With hair combed and curly,
With faces alight,
To do what is right.

(*During this greeting the skirts must be held a little up at each side in courtesy style but dropped at the last word.*)

LEADER (*who skips to her place at the right end of the semi-circle so that she can address both children and audience*).—We are the Sunshine Club of the Red Cross Juniors.

(*They all look very important.*)

ALL.—And we smile, smile, smile, every little while.

(*This is said in rhythm as they nod their heads right and left and smile broadly.*)

LEADER.—We all paid our dues.
ALL.—To help little far-away children.

(*Children on the right of semi-circle point toward right at the word "far-away" and children on the left, toward the left.*)

LEADER.—And we wear our Red Cross buttons.
ALL.—To show that we are Junior Red Cross *workers.*

(*All point to their Red Cross buttons.*)

LEADER (*earnestly.*)—We work *very* hard!
ALL.—To keep ourselves clean and neat, rosy and healthy, and sweet.
LEADER.—And we study very hard.
ALL (*speaking in very deep tones, making big eyes, and trying to look solemn*).—For we must be wise, very wise!
LEADER.—We must learn about our brothers and sisters all over the world.
ALL.—The big Junior Red Cross family!

(*They stretch out both arms and raise on their toes at the word "big."*)

ALL SING (*skipping out in twos and threes, hand in hand.*)

TUNE: *"Here's the Way We Wash Our Clothes"*

Off to work we go, go, go!
Go, go, go!
Go, go, go!
JUNIOR RED CROSS WORKERS.

Group III

(*Enter a group of about twelve children, each carrying a book. They are showing their books to one another and appear to be talking earnestly. In irregular group formation, they halt in the middle of the platform to address the audience.*)

Girl (*holding her book up to view*).—These books, dear friends, we are taking to the Hospital for Crippled Children. They are all hand-made, our regular school work, done with care. We'll tell you how, and when, and where.

Girl (*displaying the pages of her wild flower book*).—We pressed the flowers and selected the picture cards during our nature study hour.

Girl (*showing her bird book*).—These bird pictures, we cut from old magazines or got from business firms.

Girl (*pointing out the written work under her pictures*).—Here are descriptions and stories of my bird pictures, all written as composition work.

Girl (*pointing to cover design*).—Our covers were part of our Manual Training Work.

Girl (*turning to her first page*).—On the front page of each book is a letter to a sick child to wish the little sufferer a happy hour and a return to Healthland.

Girl (*as all hold up books*).—One more word before we go. These books, you see, bear the legend, dear to our hearts—"Made in Amercia."

(*They all smile merrily, bow, and pass off, talking to one another.*)

GROUP IV

(*Enter a group of six girls, four carrying packages and two carrying a basket heaped with packages.*)

GIRL (*to audience as they put down the basket*).—We'll rest a while as we tell our story. We think you'd like to hear it.

GIRL (*touching the packages here and there*).—This basket is filled with sugar, crackers, cans of soup and beans, potatoes, butter, little cans of milk, yes, and a package of tea for a family of hungry people. This is bread.

GIRL.—We ought to tell you that one of our classmates belongs to this family—a sick father, a mother who works, and eight children.

GIRL.—Miss Doran, our teacher, has taken the eight children to the park so that we can leave these things at the house and they will never know whom they came from.

GIRL (*touching her armful of packages and speaking rapidly*).—Here are stockings we collected and mended, two dresses made over, some waists for the boys—and other things.

GIRL (*as she helps pick up the basket*).—We have told you these things dear friends, to let you know the joy of such work. Try it. It is all Red Cross Service.

GROUP V

(*Enter about ten or twelve children in Russian dance costume—any other dance may be used instead.*)

CHILD.—It isn't always money that folks need but, sometimes, just a half hour of good cheer.

CHILD.—Bessie Brown in our class broke her leg three weeks ago. We go to see her once a week, sing for her, and tell her stories.

CHILD.—But, to-day, after we sing "Keep on Smilin'," we are to dance our new class dance for her. She will like our Russian costumes, we are sure.

CHILD (*with enthusiasm*).—Dear Parents and friends, I think you would enjoy our dance. Come, girls!

(*The music strikes up, they fall into places, dance, and run off, bowing and smiling, at the end of the dance.*)

GROUP VI

(*Enter a group of girls carrying armfuls of boxes that look like Uneeda Biscuit boxes. Each box has a Red Cross on it.*)

GIRL.—These boxes must be packed and sent to the Red Cross to-day. The Red Cross will send them to the steamer at once; for it will take a long time for them to reach our Red Cross friends in the Maedchenbuerger-schule, Salzburg, Austria.

GIRL (*opening one of the boxes*).—I wish, dear friends, you could all look into these boxes! Here you could see a rubber ball, a little doll, nicely dressed, a little picture book, a package of chocolates, a toothbrush, tooth paste, a wash cloth, and a piece of scented soap—all things to delight a child's heart!

ALL.—Then far away
On Christmas Day
The God above
Will add his love
To these, our gifts.

(*They pass off in march time, each holding up one of her boxes to show the Red Cross.*)

GROUP VII

(*Enter a large group whose leader steps forward briskly and speaks in quick, clearly-cut tones.*)

LEADER (*motioning toward her group*).—Special detachment of our Red Cross Army. Each officer will speak quickly and move on.

GIRL (*holding up a parcel*).—This book was bought by my class for the children's Room in the Louvain Library, France.

GIRL (*carrying a potted tulip or any other flower*).—Our class raised twenty tulips (or other flowers) like this one. We are on our way to the orphan asylum with them.

GIRL (*holding up a large addressed envelope*).—Here is a portfolio of letters and pictures for a lonely child who lives among the Kentucky mountains.

GIRLS (*in rapid succession as they hold up the packs and move on*).

Letters to England!
Letters to Italy!
Letters to Austria!
Letters to New Zealand!
Letters to Hawaii!
Letters to Russia!
These are for Czecho Slovakia!
Books to start a library in a country school!
Books for a child in a lonely lighthouse!
Letters to France!

Group VIII

(This group may be used or omitted as best suits the occasion. These stories are taken from the actual experiences of European children who came to America and became pupils in a public school in New York City. The girls are to be costumed to represent, as nearly as possible, the country from which they came. They enter in an irregular group. Their leader carries the American flag which she grounds near the front of the stage. The speakers step forward from the group as they relate their experiences.

Girl.—We saw the Red Cross working in Europe wherever there was War, and hunger, and death. You have heard of these things. We have seen them. Let us tell you about some of them.

Girl.—During the War, I saw people killed in the streets of Odessa. I was afraid all the time. My father was a citizen in America so my mother and I came here too. We are very happy here.

Girl.—There was a battle near our home in Poland. All our windows were broken. My aunt was killed. I saw many soldiers killed. I am glad I am in America.

Girl.—When I lived in Bessarabia, the soldiers took our food and clothing. We hid in a cellar. They tied men to trees and killed them. The Red Cross nurses had tents in the park and nursed the sick and the wounded.

Girl.—I lived in Poland. All the people ran out of their homes while the Germans and the Russians were fighting a big battle. We tried to get away. I walked with the refugees along the roadside. Many of the refugees were killed. I had nothing to eat for two days. The soldiers

gave us food. We slept on the ground for two weeks. After the war we went home.

GIRL.—We two sisters were born in Siberia. When I was three years old, we removed to Harbin, China, where we learned to speak English. Our parents took us to Japan and we lived near Yokohama. We were not in the earthquake, but we felt it. We saw Red Cross nurses carrying the dead and the wounded away from Yokohama. Red Cross watchmen kept robbers away from the city. The Red Cross put up tents for homeless people. Two weeks after the earthquake we came to America. We lived in Seattle and then came to New York. In our school, we soon became Junior Red Cross members.

GIRL.—In 1914 I lived in Vienna. I went to visit my grandfather in Roumania. The War broke out. We walked to the mountains and hid in the woods. We heard the guns. We were picked up by a wagon and got back to Vienna. The Red Cross built hospitals and opened kitchens in the schools. The Red Cross found my father in America and sent my mother and me to him. Now we all live in America together.

(*As this speaker steps back, they step half to the right and half to the left of the flag and speak together.*)

ALL.—We are all very thankful that we now live in a land where we have safe homes, good food, and warm clothing; everybody is kind to us; that flag is our flag; it protects us: we are not afraid any more. We are Americans all!

(*They salute the flag together and march off to spirited music, the flag leading.*)

Group IX

This group is dressed in white. Each girl wears a Red veil, Red Cross style, with a small white cross on the front where part of the veil crosses her forehead. The *group consists of five units. Each unit consists of four girls who are arranged in a square. The units are perfectly sized. Unit One consists of small children, Units Two, Three and Four are taller, and Unit Five is the tallest.*

A spirited march is played. These Red Cross children march in, two abreast, Unit One leading, the rest following in numerical order. Unit One halts at the edge of the stage; Unit Two halts directly behind Unit One; Unit Three marches to the left of Unit Two, and Unit Four marches to the right of Unit Two; Unit Five halts directly behind Unit Two: this arrangement forms a Red Cross with Unit Two in the center.

The American children who appeared in the first act, group themselves to the right and a little behind the Red Cross. The foreign children group themselves, in like manner, to the left of the Red Cross. The Red Cross flag bearer stands behind the Red Cross with three nurses to the right of her and three to the left. This forms the final tableau.

Americans (*one after the other quickly*).—Greetings to our Junior Red Cross members in: FRANCE! BELGIUM! POLAND! AUSTRIA! ITALY! GREECE! CZECHO SLOVAKIA!

All.—In England!

Foreigners.—American Red Cross Juniors! American Red Cross Juniors!

RED CROSS UNITS.—RED CROSS JUNIORS ALL!

NURSES.—Behold our Red Cross Juniors, sisters and brothers all—one family, growing up to trust and to love one another, growing up to be the men and the women of the years to come when world-wide Love shall cast out Hate.

RED CROSS UNITS (*slowly and distinctly*).—That these things may be—

ALL (*with a will*).—I serve!

Curtain.

(*Where there is no curtain the children march off with military precision to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers." The Americans lead, followed by the foreigners, the Red Cross units, the flag bearer, and the nurses.*)

ONE COUNTRY, ONE FLAG, ONE LANGUAGE

A New Play in One Act for Roosevelt's Birthday

October 27th

ONE COUNTRY, ONE FLAG, ONE LANGUAGE

A New Play in One Act for Roosevelt's Birthday

This one-act play requires twenty-one girls or boys. If boys fill the parts, a few changes in the wording will be necessary.

Time.—*The beginning of the fall term when clubs are being formed in schools.*

Place.—*A class-room.*

Properties.—*Twenty-one chairs and a painted or covered box for the stump speakers.*

Mrs. Corinne Roosevelt Robinson said that this play had caught the very spirit of her brother, Theodore Roosevelt.

Eleven scouts have formed a Roosevelt Club and they invite ten classmates to join them. These girls hesitate. A spirited discussion with stump speaking follows, thus giving an opportunity for bringing the teachings and the ideals of Theodore Roosevelt into the play. Finally, won over by the enthusiasm of the scouts, the ten girls, shouting for "One country, one flag, one language," join hands with the scouts for membership in their Theodore Roosevelt Club.

As nearly all schools have scout troops, the play will require no extra costuming.

(*Ten chairs arranged to face half right and ten half left with one extra chair at the extreme front and left for the scout captain. A box, painted or covered with dark material, for the stump speakers is placed where the rows of the two groups almost meet. This arrangement allows for all speakers to face both actors and audience.*

Enter groups of scouts with their girl guests, laughing and talking. The scouts usher their guests to seats on the right-hand side of the stage. They take seats on the left-hand side.)

CAPTAIN (*rising and addressing the girls on the opposite side*).—In the name of our club, I welcome you, dear girls, to what we hope will be the first of many more happy and profitable meetings for us all.

SCOUTS (*smiling at the girls*).—We *know* it will be the *first* of *many more* meetings for us *all!*

SECOND SCOUT (*rising*).—As every girl bought a copy of our school paper, last Monday, I take it for granted that you have all read the story of our summer camp and our winter hikes. We want to give you something more than that printed page. It is true we cannot bring you the joy of life in the great open, but we would share with you the thoughts and the inspirations that came to us while our dear Captain told us wonderful stories around camp fires or on quiet shady hillsides.

FIFTH SCOUT (*stepping quickly on the little platform and speaking with great earnestness and animation*).—Oh, the tales we heard of hardy pioneers who blazed the trails for civilization, north, south and west. How our hearts beat with excitement as we followed our heroes across bloody battlefields to victory or death! High was

the price they paid for this land! Rich was the heritage they left us! Our glorious country! Our Starry Flag! The gift supreme to the stranger. Ours by inheritance or acceptance—yours and mine! America is ours!

CAPTAIN (*stepping forward and calling on the guests for response*).—Say that to yourselves, "America is Ours!" Say it loud, "America is Ours!"

ALL (*in response*).—America is Ours!

SCOUT (*on the box*).—Too weak, my friends, too weak! (*Turning to the scouts and throwing one arm up.*) Come, our cry!

SCOUTS.—Ten and a captain are we—Americans all!

CAPTAIN.—Good! America is ours and we are Americans all!

SCOUT (*on the box, leaning over and speaking very earnestly*).—Does that mean anything to you? It does to us. That is why we are here. That is why we asked you to come here.

GIRL.—Of course, we know America belongs to the people.

GIRL.—Our whole group can say "We are Americans all!" Why bring us here to tell us what we know?

SECOND SCOUT (*jumping on the platform and speaking with life and enthusiasm*).—Ah! You know it but it doesn't mean anything to you! Just think, we are the citizens of a mighty republic, consecrated to the service of God above. We are the heirs of a great heritage bequeathed to us by statesmen who saw with the eyes of seers and prophets. Every American is richer because of the noble words of Washington and of Lincoln. All that was best and highest in their lives and their characters is ours. Come join us and study their lives.

NINTH SCOUT (*stepping forward*).—We have but to

dwell with them in poem and story that their thoughts may be our thoughts and that deeds such as theirs may be ours. Of high degree is the company that we bid you enter with us.

CAPTAIN.—Come share with us our winter studies wherein you shall meet the good, the great of America.

(*The ten girls confer together but make no response.*)

FIFTH SCOUT (*warningly*).—We imitate the actions of our associates.

SEVENTH SCOUT (*quickly*).—We think after the manner of our friends.

ALL SCOUTS.—Ten are we and a Captain—Americans all! Join us!

GIRL (*slowly and emphatically while her companions nod in agreement*).—If I join a club, I'll join one that *does* something besides sitting around and studying.

THIRD SCOUT (*going over, taking the speaker by the arm, and leading her to a place among the scouts*).—My dear Elizabeth, activity, achievement are your aims! You are the girl we want.

(*The scout jumps on the platform and waves her arm as the scouts call.*)

SCOUTS.—Eleven and a captain are we for *work!*

TENTH SCOUT (*eagerly mounting the platform and speaking in clear, ringing tones accompanied by forceful gestures*).—Work? Ah, yes! let us have work! Good strong, telling work, work that accomplishes things! Listen to these words that shall ring down the ages. "A nation's greatness lies in the possibilities of achievement in the present, and nothing helps it more than the consciousness of achievement in the past." Know the past,

aye, and the glorious present of your country! (*Clapping*).

SEVENTH SCOUT (*taking her place*).—We'll know our country, girls, and her splendid men and women who were too great to be called king and queen. Come, study with us a life high in its purpose and broad in its influence, a life of action, a life that every American boy and girl should strive to emulate—a life filled with study, thought, work—hard, strenuous work—play, free and joyous, sympathy, love—and then a burst of song, a soldier's song (*the next phrase must be received in march rhythm*) full of the tramp of marching feet!

(*As she finishes the word "feet," the scouts burst spontaneously into song, singing heartily the first stanza of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The last speaker beats time with a will. At the first note of the chorus, she nods to the other girls and invites them with a sweep of her arms to join in. All sing the chorus.*)

SCOUT (*on platform, as she holds high her right arm*).—And we give you friends, the nation's leader in the Americanization of America, we give you the Great American, Theodore Roosevelt!

(*Clapping and hearty cheers.*)

GIRL.—Theodore Roosevelt!

(*They spring to their feet.*)

GIRL.—Long live his name in freemen's hearts!

GIRL.—The American!

SECOND SCOUT (*calling from her group*).—Come, join us! So shall we all, as wholehearted Americans, work for home and country!

GIRL.—How can we girls be anything like Roosevelt? He had opportunities.

FOURTH SCOUT (*calling from the front of her group*).—Opportunities? Do what you can with what you have where you are.

FIRST SCOUT (*in sing-song tones*).—And smile, smile, smile!

FIFTH SCOUT.—Begin on your own characters. Learn to be self-reliant and acquire the ability to work with others. America needs all her citizens working and serving together.

NINTH SCOUT (*stepping briskly to the front*).—Follow the advice Roosevelt gives the boys!

SCOUTS (*here and there in the group, rapidly, one after the other*).—Be clean! Straight Honest! Truthful! Gentle and tender as well as brave!

SCOUTS (*all earnestly*).—A square deal—that's the thing!

SEVENTH SCOUT.—Show a proper reverence for age and for the customs and laws of the country.

FIFTH SCOUT.—Don't foul and don't shirk!

SCOUTS (*all*).—Hit the line *hard!*

SECOND SCOUT.—TAKE YOUR OWN PART!

GIRL (*standing on her toes, above her group*).—With a big stick!

CAPTAIN (*going over to the girl, placing a hand on her shoulder, and leading her between the two groups*).—Surely, you are acquainted with Theodore Roosevelt! (*Bringing her hand down again sidewise on the girl's shoulder*): I dub you Member of the Roosevelt Club!

SCOUTS (*joyously in march rhythm*).—Twelve are we and a captain for Americanization!

GIRL (*from opposite group*).—Why should we girls

join a Roosevelt Club? Women don't hunt wild animals and fight as men do?

SECOND SCOUT.—Ah, but they work and Roosevelt was a *worker!*

(*Scouts clap.*)

FOURTH SCOUT (*from platform*).—Life is no sheltered garden to the modern woman. We are to be voters! Life will be strife.

EIGHTH SCOUT (*jumping up beside the speaker*).—Women should have free access to every field of labor which they can enter (*slowly and firmly emphasizing every word with her finger keeping time*) and, when their work is as valuable as that of men, it should be paid as highly!

(*Clapping from both sides.*)

SECOND SCOUT (*stepping to the middle of the stage, between the two groups*).—Therefore, should girls be *trained* for efficiency—trained to go *through* hard work, never *around* it; trained to climb *over* obstacles, never to skulk round them. *"Through* or *over"* is the motto.

GIRL (*in a weary tone*).—Work, work, work! Where does the fun come in?

CAPTAIN.—Work, while you work, and play while you play.

SCOUTS (*all*).—Study, work, play! Be an *all*-round girl.

SEVENTH SCOUT (*springing to the platform, spreading out her arms, and breathing hard as if in the open air*).—Live, live in the open air! Go with us on our Saturday hikes! Join our summer camp!

NINTH SCOUT (*stepping forward*).—Oh, girls, it's joy to stand on a hilltop at night and watch the stars!

SEVENTH SCOUT (*still on platform*).—We study America's parks, her woodlands, lakes, and rivers, her trees, birds, and flowers—that's what the Great American did! He loved the great outdoor world—God's world!

NINTH SCOUT.—Be an intelligent, all-round American!

GIRL (*stepping out toward the ninth scout and speaking in protesting tones*).—You speak as if your club were trying to Americanize us.

GIRL (*joining her*).—Yes, and our school was an Americanization center for the whole neighborhood long before you scouts ever thought of a Roosevelt Club.

(*Girls clap.*)

GIRL (*from center of group*).—You scouts know that.

GIRL.—Why, our health lessons and our whole system of physical training make us physically fit to serve our country.

GIRL (*coming forward and speaking with decision*).—Where did your captain learn to tell those wonderful stories you boast about? (*Pointing her finger up and down toward the floor.*) Right here in this school!

(*Both sides clap and nod.*)

GIRL (*on the edge of the group*).—Every lesson in every class is a character builder.

GIRL (*from heart of group*).—Putting money into the school bank is building character.

GIRL (*quickly to get her say in*).—My voice is being trained in the school glee club.

GIRL.—I am getting individual instruction in painting.

GIRL.—Yes, you scouts ought to see her health posters for the Tuberculosis Society—that is Americanization work.

CAPTAIN (*appreciatively*).—The very best kind!

GIRL.—I cooked my own Birthday Dinner last week—all good American cooking that I learned upstairs in the school kitchen.

GIRL (*walking out to the middle of the stage and turning around in a circle*).—See this skirt? I learned how to make that during our sewing periods.

SECOND SCOUT.—A good job! Well done!

(*Scouts clap.*)

GIRL.—You scouts ought to see what our Little Mother's League does for the foreign mothers in this neighborhood, whose children come to this school.

GIRL (*springing up on the scout's platform and speaking very impressively*).—From Europe where the bread was scarce and blood dripped from a two-edged sword, these people fled to find a refuge where the eagle spreads his wings above the free. "They shall be fed, they shall be clothed, they shall be housed!" the people cried. These things were done. Then to the free school doorway, flung wide in welcome, their children followed the City's children to ask for more than bread. Ah, how we welcomed them and took them to our hearts!

CAPTAIN (*shaking hands with the speaker*).—I was one of them, five years ago. (*She steps up beside the speaker.*) But, schoolmates, dear, the parents of those little children are still foreigners—foreigners on America's soil.

GIRL.—That's right! My father claims that we allowed every European to bring a bit of Europe with him.

GIRL.—They live in that bit, speak their foreign language, and read their foreign tongued newspaper.

CAPTAIN.—Theodore Roosevelt worked hard to overcome that evil.

SCOUTS (*all*).—Americanize the foreigner! Americanize America!

CAPTAIN.—Join us and learn that such work is joy.

GIRL.—Be plain with us. How does the club intend to do this work?

FIFTH SCOUT (*stepping on the box beside the captain*).—Our neighborhood campaign will begin with the streets. We must influence the people and the authorities to keep the streets clean.

GIRL.—Here's a slogan for every pupil in our school (*putting her hand beside her mouth and calling.*) Keep the streets clean!

GIRL.—Here's another: "Keep the parks clean!"

GIRL.—Save the parks!

GIRL.—Ho, for a city beautiful!

GIRL.—Let's make posters and put them in the school corridors.

FOURTH SCOUT.—In the drug stores.

THIRD SCOUT.—In our bakery.

CAPTAIN.—All storekeepers will hang them in their windows for us.

NINTH SCOUT.—Teach the foreigners to read them!

(*Clapping.*)

CAPTAIN.—The jargon our people speak should never be heard in America. (*Emphatically.*) We have room for but *one* language here and that is the English language.

(*Cries: Hear! Hear! Hear!*)

SIXTH SCOUT.—The members of our Roosevelt Club have resolved to speak *only* the ENGLISH language in our homes, on the streets, to our parents and to our sisters and brothers.

(*The scouts, led by the sixth scout, sing heartily.*)

TUNE: *"Yankee Doodle"*

We boys and girls of every town
Will speak the English Language
No matter how our friends may frown,
We'll all keep up our courage.

CHORUS:

Speak the language, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy!
Mind the final consonants,
Yankee doodle dandy.

(*Girls clap.*)

GIRL.—Most immigrants are thrifty and industrious even though they never learn English.

GIRL.—Many an immigrant's mark means thousands more than the full signature of an American citizen.

FIRST SCOUT.—Such immigrants are not wanted in America. Theirs is purely a commercial ideal. That is not true Americanism.

GIRL.—Aren't you quoting Theodore Roosevelt?

FIRST SCOUT.—Yes, we scouts in this club are always trying to spread Theodore Roosevelt's ideas.

CAPTAIN.—That is what we want you girls help us do.

GIRL.—But, as we said, all this means work and much hard work.

THIRD SCOUT.—We ask no life of ease but lives of service for God and country.

FIFTH SCOUT.—Aye, America is our home, America is our country, a land worth working for!

CAPTAIN.—Be it ours to raise high standards of living, to be true children of America, the women of to-morrow, working, and winning, and living for America.

FIRST SCOUT (*putting a hand to each side of her head and speaking tragically*).—Oh, you make my head ache! Where did you learn all this?

FIRST SCOUT.—Out of Theodore Roosevelt's books and speeches.

GIRL.—We girls can never influence grown-up men and women to change their language.

FIFTH SCOUT.—Can't we! This is the children's age.

GIRL.—We can't do it. We'll fail and everybody will laugh at us!

TENTH SCOUT.—Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory or defeat.

FOURTH SCOUT.—Do you girls think that Colonel Roosevelt ever stopped to worry about people laughing at him?

GIRLS (*decidedly*).—No, never!

GIRL.—He was a successful man. Nobody ever had a chance to laugh at him.

SECOND SCOUT.—He was a great man, but not always successful—nobody is.

GIRL.—But people respected him, even then.

GIRL (*thoughtfully*).—I wonder why that was.

FIFTH SCOUT (*stepping on the platform*).—Why did people *respect* Theodore Roosevelt? Why did they admire

him? Why did they adore him? Theodore Roosevelt lived a life of strenuous toil and effort, of labor and strife. He aimed at the highest form of success which comes not to the man who desires mere ease and pleasure but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph. He was no mere politician seeking his own, the man of the day, the man of the hour. No! He was the American!

(*Clapping. These cries follow one another quickly.*)

GIRL.—He was a patriot!
GIRL.—A fighter for the right!
GIRL.—The Rough Rider!
GIRL.—Our Colonel Roosevelt!
GIRL.—Never a quitter!
GIRL.—A statesman!
GIRL.—Honored by state and nation!
SCOUT.—A member of his state legislature!
SCOUT.—Governor of New York State!
GIRL.—President of the United States of America!
GIRL.—A defender of our flag.
SCOUT.—A torch bearer of our country's honor!
CAPTAIN.—Once more I summon you to join our ranks.
FOURTH SCOUT (*from platform*).—Help us keep unstained the honor of the flag the fathers of America bore aloft in the teeth of wildest storm, the flag that floats above the solid files of a clean, united, English speaking people, a people sworn to the great cause of liberty and of justice, for themselves and for the sons and the daughters of men.

(*Clapping.*)

GIRL (*stepping forward*).—My father is not a citizen; but henceforth I am at heart an American. I'll join you.

OTHER GIRLS (*in chorus*).—And I! and I!

CAPTAIN (*stepping to the centre between the two groups*).—Twenty and a captain are we for——

ALL.—Our Theodore Roosevelt Club!

CAPTAIN.—Twenty and a captain are we—Twenty and a captain are we for——

ALL (*joining hands in couples of scout and girl*)—One Country, one Flag, one Language!

Curtain.

THE NEW PATRIOTISM

A Dramatization of Herman Hagedorn's "You Are the Hope of the World." A Spectacular Play in Four Acts for any Patriotic Occasion

THE NEW PATRIOTISM

A Dramatization of

Herman Hagedorn's "You Are the Hope of the World"
A Spectacular Play in Four Acts for any Patriotic Occasion

This is a play in four acts requiring seventeen boys and twenty-one girls. It is advisable to use another group of boys and girls for Act IV. Besides giving the second group the opportunity of being in the play, this will obviate the necessity of hurried changing of costumes.

Full directions for costumes are given at the end of the play instead of after the characters.

Time.—*After the World War.*

Place.—*The Council Hall of the Twentieth Century.*
A library in a home.
A city play street.

Properties.—*A chair and a large globe on a small raised platform. A table and a few comfortable chairs, a reading lamp, books. Two long benches for the outdoor play scene.*

This play was written to inspire our girls and boys to prepare now for the duties of citizenship in the great Republic which they must soon, directly or indirectly, help govern.

Act I

From the Council Hall of the Twentieth Century, Hope goes forth to carry her message to a world ever watchful for the return of War.

Act II

Hope sends her messenger, the Traveler, to fill the hearts and the minds of the children with such feelings and thoughts as will prepare them for active citizenship and arouse in them sympathy for children all over the world.

Act III

The Traveler appears in the midst of the boys and the girls at their games, fascinates them with his game of gilt balls, and succeeds in delivering his message.

Act IV

The children, from all parts of the world, gather, as one great family, at the call of the Traveler. With song, dance, and speech, they greet the Traveler who rejoices to see the effects of his teachings.

From afar the Twentieth Century views the scene and agrees with Hope that these boys and girls are the Hope of the World.

A touch of Hope's magic wand reveals this Council Hall to the children where, behind the Twentieth Century, Destiny drops her gray hood and the face of Peace smiles upon the children.

Act I

(*Enter the Twentieth Century, preceded by two heralds. She ascends a small platform, placed a little behind the center of the stage, and seats herself to the left, half-way behind a large globe of the earth. In pensive attitude, left elbow on knee, chin cupped in left hand, she traces the countries on the globe with a pencil in her right hand while the heralds, one turning half-right, the other, half-left toward opposite corners of the stage, raise their trumpets and call their message.*)

Heralds.—Hear ye, hear ye, North and South, East and West! The great and glorious Spirit of the Twentieth Century summons you to conference! Know ye that the Spirit of mighty Europe hath a problem that concerneth the world! Hear ye, hear ye!

(*Enter, from the left, Europe, followed by Asia and Africa, side by side. They advance toward the Twentieth Century and take position near her toward the left.*)

Twentieth Century (*raising her eyes and looking steadfastly at Europe*).—Welcome, great Europe and thy neighbors, Asia and Africa! Welcome all!

Europe (*bowing*).—For thy most gracious courtesy we thank thee, great Century! We come to thee, bearing the woes of the nations, seeking a remedy for the greatest evil that thy years have seen.

Twentieth Century.—Speak on. Perchance we all see the same dark shadow across thy one-time sunny lands.

EUROPE.—I marked thee, O Century, as I entered, trace the homes of the nations on yon globe. God made them pleasant homes and fair to look upon. With haste my people build to cover the ravages of War. Reconstruction is in the very air! They make treaties for world-wide commerce, for national security and national gain——

TWENTIETH CENTURY (*interrupting sternly*).—Hast come here to boast?

EUROPE.—Nay, nay, mistake me not! This healing of my people I would show you is but on the surface. The wounds thy years have dealt lie deep in the seared hearts and blasted hopes of drudging men and women, in the dwarfed bodies of millions and millions of orphaned children—Europe's children, defrauded of their heritage —my people, my children.

TWENTIETH CENTURY.—Grieve not! The Past should teach thee that thy people will look up and rejoice once more as the years roll by.

EUROPE (*with despair*).—It cannot be! Alas, alas, the future is full of peril!

TWENTIETH CENTURY (*slowly and impressively, looking from one to the other*).—When Europe falls, then falls the world.

AFRICA (*stepping toward Europe and addressing her eagerly*).—Dear Hope has predicted to me that at some far distant day in that same dim future which thou seest, men's minds shall contrive that my deserts shall blossom as thy gardens, dear sister, (*joyfully*) and my people shall arise and take their places among the nations. (*Wistfully.*) I would that they were such now and could help thee; but fear not, joy lies before us!

EUROPE.—Thy heart is good. My sons had hoped to lead thine far along the road of Progress.

ASIA (*eagerly*).—Thou knowest dear neighbor, that—countless millions of my people understand not the word, "Progress." They still look backward, ever backward! They cannot save Europe's future; but send, I beseech you, send for my neighbor across the Pacific! Send for America!

(*Preceded by Hope and followed by South America, America with Prosperity on one side and Progress on the other, enters joyously. She speaks as she approaches her place on the right of the Twentieth Century.*)

AMERICA.—Greetings, great Century and my dear sisters all! On the wings of the wind have I answered the heralds' call.

TWENTIETH CENTURY.—Glad are we to welcome thee, America!

EUROPE.—Thy coming is like unto the dawning of the morning! (*Making a gesture toward America's attendants.*) What radiant beings are these? (*Thoughtfully.*) Methinks they look like old-time friends.

AMERICA.—Prosperity and Progress. They are ever with me.

EUROPE.—Aye, they dwelt with me in my happy past.

PROGRESS.—It is God's command that we and our aids abide with all who provide for us.

AFRICA (*advancing toward Hope and bowing to her*).—This joyous maiden have I met along my coasts and, lately, even on my deserts.

AMERICA (*taking Hope by the hand and leading her a step forward*).—Our bright and shining Hope!

TWENTIETH CENTURY.—Without her, the world would be lost indeed!

EUROPE (*complainingly*).—I pray you, waste not the time, Oh, Century! Acquaint our sister America with the business of the hour.

AMERICA (*graciously*).—There is no need, my sister. All have we heard by radio on our way hither.

EUROPE (*dramatically*).—Fear glides ever before me! Gloating War with his awful pack waits ready to ride throughout the length and breadth of my lands!

ASIA.—The fear of War dwelleth with us all, great and small. It must be ever thus.

PROGRESS (*forcefully*).—Nay, nay, it must *not* be ever thus! It is written that men move onward, ever onward to higher plains of thought, and greater, even greater achievement! Even now men ride the clouds and send their whispered messages around the globe. (*Turning to Europe and speaking reassuringly.*) Cast Fear from thee, O Europe. Thy future is in the keeping of thy own strong sons.

PROSPERITY.—High are thy words and great thy vision, Progress, but Europe seeketh help.

TWENTIETH CENTURY.—Well said, Prosperity; but thy fair words leave Europe still in grief.

AMERICA.—Oh, Century of blessed promise! My people hailed thee with a joy that still fills all their lives. Down the long vista of the years, they saw America, ever attended by Prosperity and Progress, led onward to the years of Peace (*motioning toward Hope*) by our never faltering Hope. Give ear, I pray you, to her words; in them is healing for the nations.

HOPE (*stepping joyfully forward to the center*).—Great Spirit and sisters all, almost with the eye of Faith, I behold a dim but beautiful vision (*looking forward and upward while she follows the vision with her right hand*

as if it were actually before her).—Before us stretch the bright and happy years of this glorious Century, bringing in good time, rich harvests of promises fulfilled. The nations rise above their greed for worldly gain; through noble aims and honest toil, they become truly great; the children, touched by the coming years, reach upward and grasp their heritage—the light of Joy and Hope is on their faces for Fear is far from them. Verily, the children of the vision have come into their own! (*Dropping her hand and speaking eagerly to the group.*) That these things may be, let me go forth, I pray you all, to open the eyes of men to the vision of what *is* and what is *to be.*

EUROPE.—'Tis a grievous burden to lay on thee, gentle Spirit, but I fain would trust thee.

ASIA.—The past should warn thee, thou hast much to fear.

AFRICA.—Fear! Hope knows not fear, else had she not led mortals to heights of great achievement.

PROGRESS.—Thy plan unfold that we may consider whether it be wise to send thee.

HOPE.—My plan? *Trust* me, I beseech you, sisters dear! The vision is fair; I would follow it.

ASIA.—But what wouldst thou *do?* What is *thy* part in the vision?

AMERICA (*decidedly*).—Enough of doubt and question! America stands sponsor for thee, dear Hope. Without thee, my nation had never been!

SOUTH AMERICA (*interrupting eagerly*).—Nor the free and happy peoples that dwell in safety south of thine.

AMERICA.—My own dear people (*taking South America by the hand*) aye, both the Americas stand ready, even now, to help thee. (*Joyfully.*) All America bids thee

go forward on thy high mission! The joy of success be thine!

TWENTIETH CENTURY.—Even so! The time is ripe for action. Go forth, dear Hope. My days and years are in thy keeping.

EUROPE (*to Hope*).—O Lifter of Hearts! O Joy of the Nations! Delay not!

HOPE (*looking forward and upward and reaching out with her right hand as if toward the vision*).—I go to every nation in every clime beneath the sun. The vision leads! I follow!

TWENTIETH CENTURY (*rising excitedly and spreading out both arms*).—Each to her place! Ho, Heralds, lead on! Proclaim, proclaim: "The light of Hope is lifted high!" Bid men look up at midnight and at noonday, at sunrise and at sunset to behold the glory of the light of Hope! Lead on! Lead on!

(*The Heralds, trumpet to mouth, calling the message, lead off followed by the Twentieth Century. Europe, Asia and Africa on the one side, and the American group on the other, form a lane for her. These two groups then pass off through the doorways by which they entered.*

(*The Heralds stand at the doorway till all have passed through then wheel about, face the audience and, trumpet still to mouth, call.*)

HERALDS.—Look up at midnight and at noonday, at sunrise and at sunset to behold the glory of the light of hope.

Curtain

Act II

(Scene: *Library in a home.*)

(*Enter, in earnest argument, two young men each carrying an open newspaper with big headlines.*)

Grayson.—Can't you see, Belden, that this world has gone money mad, invention mad, construction mad? It's not ready for your ideas.

Belden.—I see it all! I see the pity of it! Invent, invent. Build, build, build homes, bridges, cities—for what?

Grayson.—Well you must admit a good builder is a good patriot, a home lover is a flag defender.

Belden.—There you go! You've answered part of my question—build, defend, and I'll add, "destroy," so reads the story of the centuries. A nation reaches a certain point of development when, presto, down she goes and her conqueror begins the same skyrocket trip to meet the same fate.

Grayson (*with an indulging smile*).—Don't forget each one rises higher in civilization than the one before.

Belden.—Think of what's lost—the aims, the ideals! It's time the world tried a different game.

Grayson (*clapping his left hand over his breast pocket*).—Speaking of game reminds me! I forgot to give Holton those tickets for tomorrow's game!

Belden.—Better send them over.

Grayson.—No, I'll take them. I want to see Holton a moment.

Belden.—All right, a moment—not an hour.

Grayson.—Oh, I'll be right back.

(*Belden drops into an easy chair, stretches out luxuriously and falls asleep. Hope, her star shining brilliantly, enters, every motion alert and eager. Smiling, she stands near Belden, watching him. He stirs restlessly. She touches him lightly on the arm and retreats a step or two. He sits up, looks at her an instant in dazed amazement, then springs to his feet. He is about to speak. She raises her right hand, palm toward him, to check him.*)

HOPE.—Speak not. Thy very thoughts I know (*looking about her and spreading out her arms*) the air is full of them (*drawing nearer to him and speaking in guarded tones*) except that which thou dost hide even from thyself!

BELDEN (*in startled tones*).—Beware! to give it utterance is treason!

HOPE.—Nay, Treason bids thee hide it lest any hear. Hope bids thee shout thy message from ocean to ocean, from orange grove to northern snow-decked pine!

BELDEN (*interrupting again*).—I beseech you!

HOPE (*raising her voice*).—Aye, shout it: America, the Land of the West, rises to glory and power (*sorrowfully*), only to fall, suddenly or slowly with the passing years—this is thy fear!

BELDEN (*covering his face with his hands*).—Alas, alas, my beloved country!

HOPE (*stepping nearer to him and speaking in rapid commanding tones*).—Bewail her not. America shall endure! (*While she is speaking, a boy and a girl carrying an American flag advance to the centre of the stage, ground the flag, and stand immovable. Hope touches Belden's arm. He drops his hands as she continues*). Be-

hold thy country's flag, ages hence, still radiant in glory, bespangled with all its silvery stars, still waving above thy blessed land engreatened by the countless centuries to come!

(*Singing in the distance, the chorus of the Star-Spangled Banner. During the singing, the four on the stage form a tableau. Hope stands in graceful listening attitude, the children with the flag remain in the centre, and Belden stands with hands clasped and head thrown back as if in ecstasy.*)

HOPE (*as the singing ceases*).—Hear me! What thou hast seen, are things hoped for. They *shall be* because of what thou and I, and mortals like unto thee shall do.

BELDEN (*in amazement*).—Things that *I* shall do?

HOPE.—Doubt not! Thy fears belong to that grim past where *men* marked this world for their own to scar and mar, to drench in blood and steep in evil thought. Hope bids thee look forward! The day of *youth* dawns! The *children,* the *children*—yea proclaim thy tidings throughout the years fearlessly—the *children* are the true heirs of the world! Bid America's fathers, America's mothers, guard the heritage of the *children* from the hands of the spoilers.

BELDEN.—The task grows greater.

HOPE (*sweetly and graciously*).—Nay, its burdens vanish. In all the history of mankind, no tenderer, nobler, more thoughtful, far-seeing race of men and women have ever trod this earth than the American fathers and mothers of today. Let them but see their *children's* peril through their children's eyes and they will help thee. America's future—the world's future—is in the hands of

America's *girls* and *boys*. Proclaim, Proclaim, the Hope of the World!

(*Singing in the distance, soft and sweet, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings of great joy!" The singing stops at the word "joy." During the singing, Hope preceded by the children with the flag passes swiftly out. As she vanishes and the music ceases, Grayson enters from the opposite side, stops abruptly, and gazes at Belden in astonishment.*)

GRAYSON (*taking Belden by the arm and shaking him*).—I say, old man, sleep walking again? Come, come! Wake up!

BELDEN.—Sleep walking? Sight-seeing in the Land of Dreams? Perhaps! But dreams for me are at an end. I've time and money. I'll rouse this nation! (*Makes for the door. Grayson tries to hold him.*)

GRAYSON.—Don't throw your life away on some visionary stuff! Be practical!

BELDEN (*jubilantly*).—Vision's the word, Grayson! I've had a vision! I've found my life-work! I do, from now on, through all my days, proclaim the Hope of the World.

GRAYSON (*following him to the door*).—Oh, come, come, don't be rash! Let's talk this thing over.

BELDEN (*opening the door*).—It's *now* or never, Grayson. Henceforth, I am Belden, the Traveler, Hope's messenger to the Youth of the World.

(*They go out arguing.*)

Act III

Scene.—*A school street. Two five-foot uprights, bearing the sign, "Closed, School Street," are placed, one on the extreme right, the other on the extreme left-hand side of the stage. Against the back wall of the stage, are two long benches.*

Joyously laughing and talking, enter groups of boys and girls of different ages, ranging from ten to seventeen. (The groups scatter about the stage and begin to play their games very much as they do in the New York streets reserved for play.)

(*Group I. Two seventeen-year-old boys.*)

First Ball Player (*taking position back of the centre of the stage*).—Here's a good place.

Second Ball Player.—Keep it up to five hundred.

First Ball Player.—All right. Steady now. Here goes!

(*They play*)

(*Group II. Three twelve- or thirteen-year-old girls, one carrying a rope, walk toward the extreme right of the stage.*)

Grace (*skipping ahead to the front of the stage*).—It's my turn to jump!

Dorothy.—So it is. Bessie comes next.

Bessie (*beginning to turn*).—Fast, Grace?

Grace (*jumping*).—Yes, fast, but not pepper, salt, mustard, vinegar.

(*They take turns, turning and jumping and have a merry time.*)

(*Group III. Five boys, ten to twelve years old, take position near the extreme left of the stage and play leap frog.*)

First Boy (*getting down on all fours*).—If you kick my head it's a foul.

Second Boy.—Yes, and if a fellow trips, it's a foul.

Fourth Boy.—A foul sends you out of the game.

First Boy.—No! a foul puts you in my place.

Third Boy (*getting ready to spring*).—One, two, three!

(*He jumps. Game continues*)

(*Group IV. Two boys, twelve or thirteen years old, dash in toward the front and centre of the stage, trying to raise a red kite. A boy of sixteen follows them.*)

First Boy (*holding the string*).—I say, Al, hold that kite higher!

Albert (*raising the kite higher*).—What's the use? She won't rise.

Tall Boy (*taking the kite*).—Here, here, that kite can't rise. Let me show you.

(*He points out errors in the position of the string as he sits down on the edge of the stage with his feet hanging over the front of the stage. The two boys squat, one each side of him, and watch eagerly as he proceeds to improve the kite.*)

(*Group V. Two girls, ten years old. One wheeling a doll's carriage, to the front of which is fastened a large, bright green toy balloon. The other girl has*

a child of about five years old by the hand. He carries a red toy balloon. Both balloons are on strings long enough to allow them to float a foot or two above the children's heads.)

SARAH (*making the string on the doll's balloon longer and fussing over the doll*).—I always fasten something to Mary Ann's carriage to keep her quiet.

BELLE (*putting her arm around her little brother's shoulders*).—Harry loves things that sail—boats and balloons. Don't you, dear?

HARRY (*pointing to the kite group*).—I'd like a kite too.

BELLE.—Yes, dear, when you are bigger.

(*They pass from group to group, watching and apparently talking.*)

(*Group VI. Two large girls, carrying library books, halt near the leap frog players to examine each other's books.*)

ETHEL.—Oh, Margery! I know you'd like Daddy Long Legs! Ask the librarian to let you have it.

(*She opens the book at the first picture. They stop to examine it.*

(NOTE.—*On a large stage, a group of girls may watch the girls jumping rope and several boys may watch the boys at leap frog. These children must show active interest in the players. Where there is only a small stage, groups of these players may play their parts in the aisles near the stage and, later, run up the steps to the stage to listen to the traveler.*

All children must play their parts naturally. There must be joyful activity and happy interested facial expression.

Groups keep steadily at play till all are on and the traveler enters.)

(*The traveler enters. He halts in the centre of the stage, takes in the whole scene with a swift sweeping glance, smiles with satisfaction, throws down his bag and staff, takes a gilt ball from his bag in each hand and throws them high up into the air, catching the right-hand ball in his left hand and the left-hand ball in his right. This he keeps up merrily while he sings:*

TUNE: *"Row, Row, Row Your Boat"*

Throw, throw, throw the ball
Throw it in the air;
Steadily, steadily, steadily, steadily,
Keep an even pair!

The children stop their play and gather around him. Suddenly he throws his balls to one of the ball players, then a pair from his bag to the other. All hands are outstretched to him as he keeps dipping into his bag and supplying both boys and girls. The younger children get only one ball to throw from hand to hand. As each is supplied, he or she begins to play. Finally, the traveler resumes his own play and song, making a merry scene. One by one the children catch the song and the words, and keep time while they dance about and play. The traveler blows a whistle. The children halt instantly and look toward him.)

TRAVELER.—Come, I see some benches along your play street, let us rest awhile. I have a better game than this to teach you.

(*The older boys move the two long benches forward which they place at right angles spreading toward the front of the stage. The traveler sits near the joining to be in the middle. The older girls and boys fill in both sides. The younger ones range themselves about in different attitudes, some sitting on the ground, some kneeling, some standing and looking over the shoulders of the older ones. This is done very quickly while the traveler takes notice of the little ones.*)

LITTLE BOY.—May we keep the ball?

TRAVELER.—Yes, Oh, yes, keep the balls and play the game.

TALLER BOY (*eagerly*).—All of us?

TRAVELER.—Everybody. (*Raising his voice.*) Girls and boys, the balls are yours. (*Exclamations of delight.*) Like them? Well, I'm glad of it. (*He turns his own balls about and examines them critically.*) Have you noticed anything about them?

GIRL.—I can see the continents on mine.

GIRL.—Oh, yes, here's North America!

BOY.—Mine's the whole earth!

BOY.—And mine!

OTHERS.—And mine! And mine!

TRAVELER.—Just so. Oh, boys and girls, you hold the earth—the world—in your hands!

TALL BOY.—Oh, I say, sir, these little balls? Why yes, we do; but not the earth itself.

TRAVELER.—But you do. You boys and girls of ten,

fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen years old, you must learn to play the greatest game of all the centuries.

BOY.—What is it?

GIRL.—Is it hard?

TRAVELER.—Hard? Not for Young America. You must lift this world of ours up and keep it up.

(*He raises his gilt ball high up with both hands.*)

EXCLAMATIONS (*in rapid succession*):

Whee!
Lift the whole world up
Keep it up!
O-o-o!
How?
O, nobody could do that!

BOY (*with delight*).—It's a trick! How do you play it?

TRAVELER (*nodding at the speaker*).—You will be a lifter, my son. I see it in your eyes; and I see the same thing in the eyes of everybody here. Well (*with animation*) let's get acquainted. How many of you go to school?

(*Hands are raised quickly.*)

BOY.—We all do.

TRAVELER.—Good! You'll go to college or to business school too. You'll be doctors, lawyers, preachers, bankers, teachers, and business men and women. (*Suddenly.*) What else?

(*Answers follow in rapid succession.*)

BOY.—Aviators.

BOY.—Scientists.

BOY.—Writers.

GIRL (*a little shyly*).—Poets.

TRAVELER.—Good, good! Don't be ashamed of it.

BOY.—Inventors.

GIRL.—Painters and sculptors.

TRAVELER.—Yes, and I want a senator and a governor among you.

(*Several other boys and girls enter. The traveler calls to them.*)

TRAVELER.—Come join us! We're talking about this good old world of ours.

TALL BOY.—Just suits us. We've come from a pretty lively meeting of our current event club.

TRAVELER.—Yes? Tell us about it.

BOY.—Some of us think, sir, Europe is in great peril: millions of her young men were killed in the war: there are millions of cripples and millions of boys and girls who lost their chances in life through the great war!

ANOTHER BOY (*with an I-know-it-all air*).—There are still millions and millions alive and healthy, hustling for money.

GIRL.—Remember, Europe's finest and best were the first to rush to the front to be mowed down! The loss was almost unbelievable.

GIRL (*in a sing song, I-don't-care tone*).—Oh, the world's full of people!

TRAVELER.—Let me give you an idea of the world's loss. If the World War's dead were placed shoulder to shoulder, they would form a line from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada.

GIRL.—How dreadful!

TRAVELER.—Dreadful? Yes, but true! The cripples standing with arms on one another's shoulders would form a line stretching from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate.

BOY.—O-oo-oo!

BOY.—Whee!

GIRL.—3,000 miles!

TRAVELER (*solemnly*).—That's Europe's loss.

BOY.—Ours too, sir.

TRAVELER.—True, but, as a nation, War only touched us.

GIRL.—Here's something I read at the club (*reads from a clipping*): "The war found us a nation whose military power was a joke; it left us a young giant flushed with victory."

BOYS AND GIRLS (*clapping*):

America forever!
Three cheers for America!
The United States!
America! America!
America the beautiful!

(*All, bursting into song, sing joyfully the first stanza of "America the Beautiful." The Traveler stands, takes off his hat and sings with them.*)

TRAVELER.—Hah! that calls for great work! But, (*impressively*) Oh, boys and girls of America, you can do more than that for you are the Hope of the World! (*They look at one another in astonishment. A murmur arises. The traveler changes the tones of his voice and speaks with rapidity and eagerness.*) Yes, you are. Do you remember the story of Elijah's mantle?

BOY.—Sure! he dropped it on young Elisha's shoulders.

GIRL.—And the mantle acted like magic. Elisha did all the great things that Elijah did.

BIG BOY.—Huh! Lillian means he carried on Elijah's work.

TRAVELER.—Now we're getting somewhere! What had happened to Elijah?

SAME BOY.—He went up in a chariot of fire.

TRAVELER.—Heroism and self-sacrifice were the chariots of fire that carried off Europe's millions. Their mantles of leadership have fallen on the boys and girls of to-day.

BOY OF ABOUT SIXTEEN.—We get you, sir, it's up to us.

BOY (*doubtfully*).—Up to us?

BOY.—What's up to us?

TRAVELER (*springing up, spreading his arms out dramatically over the group and speaking earnestly*).—Oh, boys and girls of America! prepare, prepare, to lift high the torch of Hope for the whole world, to raise the ideals of civilization, to make your country a true democracy, to be lifters, to be leaders of the world! (*stopping suddenly and smiling at them.*)

GIRL.—But we're only children.

BOY.—We've got to go to school: we can't work.

TRAVELER (*with satisfaction*).—Children, school, and work—three of the very best words for a true democracy.

BOY.—Isn't our country a true democracy now?

TRAVELER (*throwing out both arms to them again and speaking in sharp, crisp tones*).—Come now, everybody, what's Lincoln's idea of a true democracy?

ALL (*delightedly*).—Government of the people, by the people, for the people.

TRAVELER.—Good, good! (*laying his hand on a boy's*

shoulder).—Now tell us, son, what three good things did the colonists demand in their Declaration?

Boy (*proudly*).—Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Traveler.—Fine! we're getting on! (*sitting down again and drawing the children around him*).—Let's talk it all over. You read the papers, hear your fathers and brothers discuss politics, you have current event lessons and history lessons in school: tell me, do our politicians give us government of the people, by the people, for the people?

Chorus.—No! No!

Boy.—Sometimes.

Boy.—Not always.

Boy.—No! No!

Girl.—They work to keep in office.

Boy.—They work for higher office.

Girl.—There are many conscientious politicians.

Big Boy.—The other fellows vote them down.

Traveler.—Then we haven't Lincoln's true democracy yet. Now settle the other question: Do all our people enjoy the blessings of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?

Boy.—My father thinks we have too many men without jobs for such a prosperous country.

Boy.—Yes, our history teacher laughs at people who call this the Land of Opportunity. He says thousands of people never have a chance.

(*Signs of indignation.*)

Girl.—It's their own fault!

Boy.—Too lazy to hustle!

BOY.—Your teacher ought to lose his job!

TRAVELER.—Softly, son, softly! Have you ever heard of the slums in your own city, (*nods*) in other cities? (*More nods.*) Have you ever heard of factory towns where work stops for months at a time?

SEVERAL.—Yes, yes!

TRAVELER.—I've known such people to laugh at the idea of "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

GIRL.—A poet would say: "They are chained down, held in bondage by poverty."

TRAVELER.—What about the teacher?

SEVERAL.—Right!

BOY.—Right!

GIRL.—Not altogether right.

BOY.—He must have seen such things and thought about them.

TRAVELER (*excitedly*).—There you are! That teacher *sees* and *thinks!* He *hears* and *thinks!* He *thinks!* That's what America asks you to do—to *think!* (*Stands up and speaks impressively, dramatically to them.*) Oh, golden boys and girls of ten, twelve, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen and seventeen years old! You are the children of America at work in her schools. Begin *now* to *think* about your country—about her past—it wasn't all a glorious success like a fairy tale! No indeed! Battles were lost because leaders were unprepared; good candidates failed to win elections because citizens were too lazy to vote; whole states suffered because lawmakers were faithless! No country is all good; no country is all bad—think it over. From out the past step Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Wilson, Roosevelt, and a great company of noble men and women calling: "O Young America, *wake up!* Make ready to carry on our work! We're

with you! We're backing you up with what we did! Go forward! Keep on and on!"

(*Looking around at them and stopping a moment. Then speaking shortly.*)

That's the past! (*With great animation.*) Now for the present! I know all about you. You study civics—let's see—what about?

ANSWERS.—Street Cleaning Department

BOY.—Fire Department.

BOY.—Police Department.

BOY.—Water Department.

GIRL.—Safety First.

BOY.—City Government.

GIRL.—State and Federal Government.

TRAVELER.—Fine, fine! You study, recite, seize your diplomas and forget about the whole thing. Now see here! America depends upon her school boys and school girls, her college boys and college girls to *keep* thinking about these things, to train to be good citizens. America has planted in every boy's and every girl's heart a little slip of true democracy—(*pointing to several children rapidly*) in yours, and yours, and yours—in everybody's here! She wants you to water it with thoughts—a steady stream of thoughts about preparation for citizenship, to fertilize it with facts you are sure of—now mind—watch your law makers and think. Let the light of love shine on that little plant—love for God, for every American, and for the whole wide world. The future? Oh, boys and girls! train to-day for service to-morrow! Think to-day! Prepare to-day! America looks to you, the world looks to you, God looks to you to lead the world

to the blessings of true democracy, to the high ideals of life that God places before his people.

BOY.—I think, sir, I should like to form a *Young Citizens'* Club for the boys and girls in this neighborhood.

(*Voices*)

BOY.—I'll join!

GIRL.—May I?

BOY.—I will!

TRAVELER.—Why?

BIG BOY.—To train for citizenship.

TRAVELER.—What else?

BOY.—To keep track of current events.

GIRL.—To study the needs of our country.

TRAVELER.—Ha! yes! that's a big problem.

BOY.—To find out what the Republican and Democratic Parties stand for so we'll know how to vote.

TRAVELER.—Fine! the world will hear from you, my boy!

GIRL.—If we are to be voters, leaders, and law makers, we must study the needs of the world.

TRAVELER.—What have we to do with the world's needs?

GIRL.—You know, sir. Will you tell us?

TRAVELER.—America is a part of the great family of nations: she must understand them to live in harmony with them and to know how to help them in methods of good government, success and happiness.

BOY.—Whee! we'll have a lot to think about!

TRAVELER.—Well said! Here's a slogan for your club. *"Think about your country to think for your country."*

BOY.—Here's another: *"Train to serve."*

GIRL.—Live for America!

Boy.—Young America must lead the world!

Boy.—Stop boasting and get to work!

Traveler.—Good! We'll *prove* we love our country and our flag—yes, we (*heartily*) will!

(*Cries*)

Boy.—Yes, yes!

Boy.—All of us!

Girl.—Forever!

Traveler (*continuing*).—And we'll prove that love, not by high-flown words and empty boasts, but by *thought,* and *word,* and *act.* I must away to every city in our land; but once again, Oh, boys and girls of America, I call upon you to stretch out your hands to grasp and lift the torch of Hope above a war-sick, suffering world: be ready to work, not grumble: guide, not only our own beloved America to greater heights of national development, but light your brothers and sisters throughout the world far along the Road of Hope that they too may some day stretch out *their* hands and grasp the glorious heritage that God intended for them! Go forth, my children, go forth to service, full and free! Oh, boys and girls of America, you are indeed the Hope of the World!

(*The traveler, standing suddenly at attention, places his hand in salute, the children respond instantly. As their hands drop he faces about with military precision and passes off the stage. The boys and girls burst spontaneously into song and pass off in the opposite direction*):

TUNE: *"God of Our Fathers"*

Ho! boys and girls of our dear native land,
Come join our busy, hopeful, joyous band.
Here pledge your lives in service full and free
To save our world for true democracy.

ACT IV

(SCENE: *Same as Act I*)

(*Enter two heralds followed by Hope and Love who walk with light and eager step. The Twentieth Century accompanied on one side by Prosperity and on the other by Progress follows. As the Twentieth Century, her whole bearing that of success and joy, ascends her platform, Progress takes position on her right and Prosperity on her left—standing. Hope and Love stand hand in hand directly below the platform. Destiny rises behind the Twentieth Century and stands motionless, the two heralds, trumpet to mouth, wheeling, one-half right the other half left, call their message.*)

HERALDS.—Hear ye! Hear ye! Know ye the Twentieth Century views from her height, to-day, a world made new! Hear ye! Hear ye! North, South, East, West.

(*America and South America enter, as in Act I, from the right and take position. Europe, Asia, and Africa enter from the left. The heralds do not pause but continue their message, rejoice, rejoice, with the*

Twentieth Century in the glory that crowns her years! Hear ye! Hear ye!)

All (*joyously*).—Hail! All hail to the Twentieth Century!

Twentieth Century.—A world made new indeed! Aye, rejoice with me!

Europe.—Oh, joyful day!

South America.—Oh, blessed Century!

America.—Rejoice we do—not in the things that are not, but rather in the things that are. (*Stepping a little forward and addressing the group.*) Look ye! Prosperity and Progress belong to-day, not to one nation, nor to any group of nations, but to the world. Hope lighteth all our way and world-wide Love abideth with us all. For these things, Oh, Century, I give you joy!

Europe.—Well said, America! To thee and to thy bands of boys and girls now grown to manhood and womanhood—do Europe and all the world owe the blessings of to-day!

Asia (*to Twentieth Century*).—If thou, O Century, wouldst but turn thy head! Behind thee stands gray-faced Destiny! Her I fear! Yea, my people fear her!

Twentieth Century (*in quiet dignified tones*).—Fear hath no place in this great day.

Hope (*stepping joyously forward*).—For thee, O Asia, and thy sisters far and near, gray Destiny shall show a face, serenely fair. (*Joining hands again with world-wide Love.*) This gentle but all-powerful spirit of world-wide Love, I found a willing co-worker with me where'er I followed my glorious vision. While I worked, she united all hearts with the bonds of love to form one great human family. Afar, my envoy still works among the

boys and girls. His work has greater grown for the children of all nations now answer to his call.

(*Soft music is heard. All lean forward in listening attitudes. As the traveler enters and walks to the middle of the stage, the children of the different nations troop in from all sides, through the doorways, from the back of the stage, and up the steps of the stage. The traveler, nodding and smiling right and left, stretches out his arms in welcome. The children surround him joyously. Five of them on the right side and five on the left, each slip a small brass ring into the hand of the tall boy who has taken his stand next to the traveler. To each ring is attached a broad ribbon. The rolls of ribbon are hidden in the hands of the ten children.*)

TRAVELER (*heartily*).—Dear boys and girls of all the world, welcome, welcome!

CHILDREN (*suddenly throwing up one arm and calling joyously*).—Greetings, greetings, beloved Traveler! We greet you in dance and song.

(*The traveler bows right and left. Those holding the ribbons run swiftly to the sides of the stage, forming a lane; the tall boy raises his arms high above his head, thus forming an archway of ribbons whose colors resemble the blending of the flags of the nations. This must be done very rapidly. A lively dance is played while the remaining children swing into line, each clasping the hand of a neighbor across the stage, dance joyfully down the lane under the ribbons, and, then, letting go the hands, dance around*

and in and out among the ribbon holders. Suddenly the music stops. The lane and arch way are held in position. The dancers clasp hands in a circle around the traveler and sing:

The World Belongs to the Children

TUNE: *"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow"*

The world belongs to the children!
The world belongs to the children!
The world belongs to the children!
Which nobody can deny.
Which nobody can deny.
Which nobody can deny.

(*Here they skip around the traveler to the rhythm of the song.*)

The traveler taught us this lesson!
The traveler taught us this lesson!
The traveler taught us this lesson!
Which nobody can deny.

(*They drop hands and shake heads at one another.*)

TRAVELER.—No need to introduce you to one another.
CHILDREN (*delightedly*):

Oh, no, no!
Not at all!
We are all acquainted!
We are the best of friends!

GIRL.—Our pledge, our pledge!

(*The tall boy lowers his arms, the ribbon holders run swiftly to the centre and, while the pledge is being recited, rewind their ribbons, hidden behind the other children.*)

ALL (*Pledge*).—**We, the boys and the girls of God's great family, brothers and sisters all, believe that our Heavenly Father gave this earth to us for a home wherein all might enjoy life, liberty and happiness. Here we pledge our word to prepare for public service, so to work, so to serve, and so to live that this world will remain a safe place to live in where all may look up and hope as they labor to attain Life's blessings and where none shall make them afraid.**

TRAVELER (*with enthusiasm*).—That's the spirit! That's the spirit!

BOY.—It is the spirit, Mr. Traveler, that brought us here to-day.

TRAVELER (*brightly*).—Yes, I sent my call by wireless and here you are—the boys and the girls, the lads and the lassies, the youths and the maidens—delegates from clubs all over the world! You came by air-planes, sub-marines, and ocean-racers—(*they nod and smile happily*) all to hear an old man's tale of the days that are gone.

BOY.—And the days to come, Mr. Traveler.

TRAVELER.—Nay, my son, I am bent and old, and though I still labor for the children, another, and another, and still another, till the end of Time, must fill my place; for know, all you who hear me: Peace, who guardeth the homes of the nations, must be cherished now and forever, side by side with that precious plant called Democracy, in the hearts and the lives of the *children* of the races.

(*Hope raises her wand above the group of children.*

They immediately become immovable in their different attitudes. Hope waves her wand to the right, then to the left. Half of the children follow the motion to the right of the stage, and the other half to the left, revealing the group in the back. The traveler steps a little to the right and Hope to the left.)

HOPE (*joyfully to the children*).—A touch of this magic wand of Hope, has given you, dear children of the Twentieth Century, the power to become one of us, to see the helpers of your day and generation. Look well my children! Together we labored; together we rejoice! (*Addressing the others.*) Oh, ye who beheld through mine eyes the vision in its dimness, behold the reality! Long years ago the children put forth their hands to claim their own; the boys and the girls of America led,—the world followed: and the children, the children some now to men and women grown, have at last come into their portion—they have claimed their heritage!

TWENTIETH CENTURY (*rising and laying both hands impressively on the great globe*).—Oh, bright and beautiful Hope, how wonderful is the work thou hast wrought! At last, at last! men work as brothers all; the earth is indeed their home, their swords they are beating into ploughshares, their harvests wave, their cattle feed upon a thousand hills, new cities rise where once the deserts stretched, and over all there rises a glow of light divinely pure and beautiful!

HOPE (*springing forward and addressing each part of the group in turn*).—Oh, blessed Century of Promises fulfilled and all ye who hear me, look up, look up! (*Destiny lets fall her gray hooded cloak and is revealed*

a bright and beautiful Spirit of Peace. If possible a glow of light should illumine the whole back of the stage. Hope does not stop; she continues.) It is the dawning of that bright and glorious day, the Hope of the Ages, God's gift to his people, the Day of World-wide Peace—aye, the *Children's* Peace is with us—Peace who shall abide with us forevermore, safe in the keeping of the children; for they, the boys and the girls of the nations, now and until time shall be no more, are the Hope of the World.

Curtain.

COSTUMES

Twentieth Century.—A white robe gathered low in the neck and caught in by a gilt band drawn from behind the neck over each shoulder, crossed in front, and drawn back under the arms at the waist line. She wears a circlet of gilt on her head and sandals fastened around the ankles by gilt bands.

Progress.—A robe and tunic of blue (shade as found in American flag). Head-band, girdle and sandal straps of yellow. Progress must always assume an attitude of stepping forward as if eager to move on.

Prosperity.—A robe and tunic of soft yellow to match that used in the costume of Progress. The head-band, girdle and sandal straps match the blue in the costume of Progress. She carries a horn of plenty.

Hope.—A white robe and tunic edged with silver. Her head-band, girdle, and sandal straps are of the same silver material. A silver star with a tiny electric bulb in the middle is fastened to the front of her head-band. The electric cord passes from the bulb down the back of her

head, through the sleeve to her hand to be controlled. In the last scene she carries a silver wand tipped with a silver star. If possible this star, too, should hold a tiny electric bulb.

Love.—A white robe and tunic. Her white head-band is ornamented in front with a red heart. Her girdle ends in two red hearts; and the buckles on her sandals are red hearts.

Heralds.—White knickers and blouses for boys (or in a girls' school short pleated white skirts and middy blouses), white capes to waist, lined with blue to match color of Progress' costume. One side of cape is thrown over right shoulder to show lining and leave arm free for trumpet. A round white cap like a liberty cap, edged with blue. White stockings and sandals fastened around ankles with blue bands. A long gilt trumpet for each.

America.—White robe and toga. The toga fastened to the left shoulder with a bunch of red and blue ribbons with long streamers falling to the waist. A liberty cap of white and blue. White stockings and sandals.

South America.—White robe and tunic bordered with Spanish colors. A Spanish headpiece. Sandals.

Europe.—In Act I: A purple robe and toga. Purple head-band and girdle. Dark stockings and sandals. Act IV. Same purple robe and toga but the toga is caught at the shoulder with a bunch of gold ribbon whose streamers fall to the waistline. The head-band is of the same gold-colored material with a high star-shaped ornament in front. The sandals are fastened to the ankles with broad gold laces. These touches of light to her costume and the confident bearing of the character must help to show that Europe's work has been successful. She is, in Act IV, a joyful, successful character.

ASIA.—Robe and tunic of oriental colors. Hair dressed in oriental fashion. Japanese parasol and fan.

AFRICA.—Egyptian robes, turban, hoop earrings, beads, rings, and girdles. Sandals.

(DESTINY becomes PEACE.)

DESTINY.—A gray robe gathered at the neck and falling in loose folds to the feet. Loose, flowing sleeves. A gray hood fastened to the robe at the back of the neck. The fullness of the hood in front covers the face. When Hope cries, "Look up, look up," etc., Destiny slips the clasp at her neck and her hooded cloak disappears. She stands robed in the garments of Peace—a white robe and toga caught at the left shoulder with a bunch of white ribbon. A white head-band with a high star-shaped ribbon ornament in front. White stockings and sandals.

BELDEN (*the traveler*).—Act III: Brown cape and knickers. Brown alpine hat. Brown sport stockings and ties. A brown bag, size of feed bag—filled with balls and slung over the left shoulder. A staff. A whistle.

Act IV: Same without the bag.

THE BALLS.—Ordinary rubber balls about three or four inches in diameter, gilded. The continents are outlined on each in india ink.

BOYS AND GIRLS.—Act III: Outdoor summer clothing.

Act IV: Full costumes of the different nations make this scene very effective. To save work and expense however, girls may be dressed in white and boys in their dark suits with touches of foreign costumes to suggest the nations—a Spanish headpiece; a turban, an embroidered apron, a bodice, a gay shawl, etc.

Curtain

A CALENDAR FOR POETS' BIRTHDAYS

A New Play in One Act for Poets' Birthdays

A CALENDAR FOR POETS' BIRTHDAYS

A New Play in One Act for Poets' Birthdays

This is a one-act play requiring about ten boys and girls or either.

Time.—*A summer's day.*

Place.—*The woods.*

Properties.—*Plants to give the appearance of outdoors. A roll of cardboard covered with brown or gray paper, and stood on end to represent a tree trunk. (A post on the stage may be used instead of this.) Twelve sheets of light gray paper fastened together at the top for the birch bark calendar. A paint pot and paint brushes. The brushes may be made out of paper and short sticks.*

A group of happy gnomes, having escaped from their underground labors, have been enjoying the world's fun and music. One invents and paints a poets' birthday calendar which, designating each date of birth, and the words of the poet, causes the picture suggested to appear.

He turns the leaves of the calendar and points to the dates. Every time he points, a gnome calls out the poet's name and recites a stanza from one of his poems. A tableau, picturing this stanza, passes across the back of the stage.

The gnomes object to the calendar because the painter has chosen only American poets. They prove to him by arguments and recitations that he must select poets from the whole world. They offer, and he accepts their help to improve his calendar.

The tableaux need very little or no extra costuming. Correct grouping and posing are more necessary.

The gnomes must be alert and good-natured. The action of the play must be rapid.

(Enter a fat jolly-faced gnome, dressed in brown jerkin and bloomers, peaked cap, and low shoes with pointed toes. Under his arm he carries the large roll of gray paper, marked crosswise with crayon to make it look like birch bark. In his right hand he swings a pot of paint. Many paint brushes are stuck, handles down, into his pockets. He walks with a businesslike air to the middle of the stage where he halts, unrolls the calendar, and gazes around at ceiling, walls, and trees.)

GNOME, THE PAINTER (*thoughtfully*).—Let's see. Now for a good place to hang this.

CHEERY VOICE (*from below*).—Hello, painter, you're a gnome, aren't you?

PAINTER (*looking down*).—What of it?

CHEERY VOICE.—Why aren't you guarding the treasures of Earth down here?

PAINTER (*decidedly*).—What's the use? We gnomes are no match for mortals. Let them take the treasures—the gold and the silver, the iron, the copper, and the diamonds. We gnomes are enjoying life in th twentieth century.

CHEERY VOICE.—Do you know how?

PAINTER.—That's a question. (*He walks toward the tree trunk, holds up the calendar, and inspects the first sheet.*)

(*Several gnomes, some very short, some taller, some fat, some thin, all round-eyed and grinning, run swiftly in. One stands on one leg, three drop to hands and knees ready to spring forward, others, arms akimbo, approach the painter.*)

PAINTER (*hanging the calendar on the tree trunk*).—Ah, the very place!

GNOME (*with arms akimbo*).—What's afoot?

PAINTER (*shortly, without turning, as he adjusts the calendar and takes a brush from his pocket*).—To all who hear me, I may say, I paint.

(*He stoops to dip his brush. The gnomes, rushing swiftly toward him on tiptoe, suddenly and all at once, each seizes a paint brush and prance off. Feeling his pockets, he whirls toward them.*)

PAINTER.—You shall suffer for this.

FAT GNOME (*painting in the air, all immediately paint the same way*).—Nay, I shall paint with this.

GNOME (*advancing a step*).—To speak truly, if you speak plainly and civilly and say *what* and *wherefore* you paint, you shall have brushes wherewith to paint.

(*The painter, legs wide apart, thrusts out his left hand and emphasizes his words by bringing his right forefinger down into his left palm.*)

PAINTER (*distinctly*).—Plainly, I paint a calendar. Wherefore? To teach mortals.

SHORT GNOME (*with astonishment*).—*You* teach *mortals?*

PAINTER (*nodding and cupping his hand behind his ear*).—The air is full of music captured by radios—millions of them.

GNOME.—This is well.

GNOME.—A good thing for mortals.

PAINTER.—It *is;* but the music of the printed page lies neglected.

GNOME (*puzzled*).—The music of the printed page?

PAINTER.—Poems.

FAT GNOME.—Yes, yes, poetry is sadly neglected these days. All radios, all radios!

TALL GNOME (*seriously*).—What has all this talk to do with your calendar?

PAINTER (*tapping the calendar with his brush*).—I here invent a calendar, good for the soul of man. (*All listen eagerly.*) When he sees here a red letter day, through his mind shall throb the poet's verses in all their beauty of rhyme and rhythm; and, as Memory recalls the *words* of the poet, before his mind's eye shall float beautiful tableaux, moving pictures, I might say.

TALL GNOME (*mystified*).—You mean, painter, that mortals have the music of the poets and moving pictures up here? (*He taps his own forehead.*)

PAINTER (*nodding*).—Merely a matter of memory. If we stay above ground long enough, we shall share this privilege with them.

FAT GNOME (*laying his brush on the ground near the painter and motioning to the others to do the same*).—A bargain is a bargain. Painter, we would try the calendar.

GNOMES (*with glee, one after the other*).—

The calendar, the calendar!
Paint me a picture!
Let's hear and see!

PAINTER.—I need but show the date of a poet's birthday. If you be not dull, you will recall the poet's name and, perhaps, his words.

TALL GNOME (*to painter*).—Do you paint the pictures?

PAINTER (*nettled*).—Nay, nay, I but paint the birthdays red upon the calendar.

TALL GNOME (*persistently*).—And the pictures?

PAINTER (*with a wave of his arm*).—They float on Memory's walls.

FAT GNOME (*with decision*).—The calendar!

PAINTER (*pointing to a date with his brush*).—Who knows, will say.

GNOME (*with delight*).—February 22, James Russell Lowell!

GNOME.—Ha, he wrote a gay ballad about a king who had three daughters.

GNOME.—You mean the Singing Leaves.

"What fairings will ye that I bring?
Said the king to his daughters three;
For I to Vanity Fair am bound
Now say what shall they be?"

(*As he recites, a tableau appears. The king, crown on head, and royal cloak hanging from one shoulder, is talking to his three daughters who are looking eagerly up to him. One daughter is tall and dark, one plump and merry looking, the youngest, fair and slim.*)

PAINTER.—Yes, I know the rest of the poem. There

is a tall, dark daughter, a fat, jolly one, and a fair one who got her "Singing Leaves." (*He points again.*)

GNOME.—The Village Blacksmith.

(*General laugh. The gnome, however does not hesitate but recites with great expression.*)

"And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And watch the flaming sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor."

(*The tableau of the blacksmith, sleeves uprolled, hammer uplifted, and iron bar poised on an imaginary anvil comes into view. A little to the right of the smith is a group of school children, books on arms, watching him.*

The gnome recites the last word and with great unconcern adds name and date of birthday.)

GNOME.—February 27, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

FAT GNOME (*with satisfaction as he pats the speaker on the shoulder*).—Good fellow! (*All clap.*)

TALL GNOME (*eagerly*).—I got the picture!

PAINTER (*pointing to chart and swinging his cap*).—I give you, brothers, "John of Birds!"

GNOME (*joyfully*).—Our own John Burroughs!

THIN GNOME.—Yes, he's *ours*. He was always digging into the earth and planting.

TALL GNOME (*finger on chart*).—His—birthday—is—April 3rd.

GNOME.—When hepaticas bloom.

"When April is in her gentle mood
And leafy smells are in the wood
In sunny nook, by bank or brook,
Behold this lovely sisterhood."

(*The tableau consists of two or three boys or girls, one standing upright and arranging her bunch of white and lavendar hepaticas, the other two bent over with arms outstretched as if picking theirs.*)

FAT GNOME (*with a serious nod*).—I see the pictures passing all right.

THIN GNOME.—So do I.

GNOME.—All of us see them. Haven't we heads?

PAINTER (*pointing*).—Here is a gentle lady. (*Seeing their puzzled faces.*) Don't you know her? No? I like her "Order for a picture." Here's the best verse.—

"You, sir, know,
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree;
The mother, the lads, with their bird, at her knee;
But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out."

(*The tableau consists of a tall sweet-faced girl, hair parted in the middle and drawn tightly back. Her dress is dark, her kerchief white fastened with a round brooch. She looks sadly into the upturned faces of the two boys at her knee. One boy has a nest with five tiny eggs in it, the other holds a bird by the legs.*

Nest, bird, and eggs can all be made of paper.)

TALL GNOME (*solemnly*).—Ought to be thrashed, both of them.

PAINTER (*sternly*).—That's not in the picture. (*He points.*) Here's May 25.

ALL.—Ralph Waldo Emerson!

FAT GNOME.—He's our thinker.

GNOME.—Do you remember his farmers at Concord Bridge?

ALL (*with delight*).—They fired the shot heard round the world!

(*Tableau consists of three or four boys, with guns in their hands* [*wands may be used for guns*] *who come to a stand and take aim. A fourth boy begins to unfurl a flag. They pass off.*)

PAINTER.—What about August 29?

THIN GNOME.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

FAT GNOME.—A jolly boy!

GNOME (*with spirit*).—Jolly? Yes, sir, he wrote the "Boys."

PAINTER.—And the "Last Leaf." (*He calls as he points.*) November 3.

GNOME.—William Cullen Bryant.

TALL GNOME.—I'm not getting any pictures with these birthdays.

PAINTER.—Good reason why: you're not getting the words of the poems.

TALL GNOME.—Oh, I see!

(*The painter turns toward the others who are waving their arms and are apparently arguing.*)

PAINTER.—Well, that's my Poets' Birthday Calendar, so far.

(*The gnomes turn slowly toward him. One steps up to him.*)

GNOME.—We don't like your calendar.

PAINTER (*astonished*).—Why not?

FAT GNOME.—Poets sing to the world. The world listens.

THIN GNOME.—Don't you see you are allowing only American poets to sing for America.

JOLLY GNOME (*cheerfully*).—Come on, painter, fill your calendar with the world's poets.

GNOME (*jumping out to face both painter and group*).—Here, how about this: paint the birthdays of American poets red, the English blue, the Scotch (*he hesitates, then joyfully*) the Sctoch, plaid!

GNOME (*interrupting*).—The Irish green. (*All clap and show signs of agreement.*)

(*The painter, hands behind him, walks slowly up and down.*)

TALL GNOME (*anxiously*).—Could we see our pictures just the same?

JOLLY GNOME.—Yes, yes, yes, but we want our painter to get the *music* of these other poets. (*Tapping the painter on the shoulder.*) Listen to Bobby Burns. (*He recites.*)

"For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that—
When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!"

FAT GNOME.—That Scotchman is up-to-date.

GNOME.—April 23 belongs to William Shakespeare. He *owns* that date. (*Recites.*)

"Countrymen,

My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me."

(*He continues.*) There's a poet for you! He belongs to the whole world. Put *him* in your calendar.

(*All nod.*)

THIN GNOME (*fiercely*).—

"And darest thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?"

(*He puts his hands into his pockets, balances himself on his toes and continues, pompously.*)

That's Sir Walter Scott. Some life to *him*. Put him down for August 15 and paint the date plaid.

GNOME (*looking at the ceiling*).—I'm trying to think of an Irish lady who wrote something fine and sweet.

FAT GNOME.—You mean Winifred Letts.

"I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky."

GNOME.—Sweet, yes, but think of Rudyard Kipling's Recessional! It's grand and stately!

GNOME.—Oh, Kipling can do anything with his pen.

JOLLY GNOME (*merrily*).—Don't forget Robert Louis Stevenson! I like him!

(*He recites.*)

"I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head,
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into bed."

(*As he speaks, the tall gnome becomes greatly excited. A tableau of a child glides in, followed in every motion by one of equal height who may be dressed in a loose gray gown. At the last word, both disappear, with a jump, out of sight.*)

TALL GNOME (*excitedly*).—I got a picture!

PAINTER.—We all did. That poem is a great picture maker.

FAT GNOME.—Good-hearted Oliver Goldsmith must have a day there. (*He gestures toward the calendar.*) Do you remember how he speaks about the hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade?

JOLLY GNOME (*arms akimbo*).—Hey, painter, you left out James Whitcomb Riley, a good American, too.

"Whatever the weather may be, says he,
Whatever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing, an' the smiles ye wear,
That's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere."

Put Riley in, painter, put him in.

GNOME (*suddenly*).—You forgot England's blind poet!

FAT GNOME.—The great John Milton! Ah, yes! "They also serve who only stand and wait"—His very words.

SILENT GNOME (*slowly to painter*).—You left out almost a yearful of poets on both sides of the ocean.

PAINTER.—I like the idea of the different colors; but it's a big job.

THIN GNOME.—Job? Fun, painter, fun! We'll all help.

ALL (*with a will*).—Hear, hear! (*Clapping.*)

FAT GNOME.—We'll make a World Calendar of Poets' Birthdays! How about it, brother painter?

PAINTER (*gathering up his brushes, all busily helping*).—I'm with you! There's the calendar.

JOLLY GNOME.—Off, brothers, off to portion out our work!

THIN GNOME (*bounding off first and followed by all except the tall gnome and the painter who is rolling up the calendar*).—Oh, for a life of joy! We'll travel and sing, travel and sing, travel the wide world over!

TALL GNOME (*getting close to the painter*).—The music of the words was very sweet; I heard the beat of the throbbing words; but I liked best the pictured poems.

PAINTER.—I can tell you a great secret: In the Land of Mortals, it is said that cultured folk who are widely educated in many, many things see pictures in every poem.

TALL GNOME (*striding toward the door and grasping the painter's arm to hurry him out*).—Then we must get culture!

PAINTER.—We must, brother gnome. (*Tapping the rolled-up calendar.*) We need culture—I've found out that much—to paint our Poets' Birthday Calendar for the whole world.

Curtain.

THE QUARREL OF THE SEASONS

A New Play in One Act for the Geography Class

THE QUARREL OF THE SEASONS

A New Play in One Act for the Geography Class

This is a one-act play requiring four boys and four girls.

Time.—*Winter.*
Place.—*The home of Winter.*
Properties.—*No stage properties are necessary.*

Winter, who has played his pranks on the other seasons, is busy in his home, preparing with the aid of North Wind for a three days' blizzard. North Wind fears the effects of a delay of even a few minutes. They are interrupted by the entrance of Spring, Summer, and Autumn who take Winter to task for his tricks. North Wind frets at this delay. Getting no satisfaction, the visitors, then and there, play their tricks on Winter. Mother Earth, alarmed at the results, appears and demands the full co-operation of the seasons in the realm of Nature. The quarrel is settled greatly to the benefit of Earth's people.

(*Winter, dressed in white jacket, trousers, shoes, and cap with ear lugs all covered with tufts of cotton batting to look like snow, enters, stamping, puffing, and blowing. He swings his arms back and forth*

across his chest. His eyes are asparkle. He takes long delightful breaths.)

WINTER.—This is the air for me! It is life to me! (*Putting hand at side of mouth.*) Ho, North Wind! Ho!

(*North Wind, head high, trumpet to mouth, rushes in, salutes, and stands at attention.*)

WINTER (*with a resounding clap of his hands*).—Now for a storm!

NORTH WIND (*holding his trumpet out to view and tapping the flare*).—No thin thread of wind, Master Winter, tripping along the edge of the Atlantic Coast, with *this* trumpet. But say the word, sir, and you shall have a storm!

(*Winter, who has been examining the flare of the horn, staightens up, laughs gloatingly, resumes his walking and stamping back and forth, and gives his orders with keen satisfaction.*)

WINTER.—All's ready! Rip a path, a great bellowing sudden sweep, (*throws wide his arm.*) wide, wide from the Atlantic to the very tops of the Appalachians and on, on—till the palm trees of Cuba bend to the ground——

NORTH WIND (*softly*).—And then, Master?

WINTER (*fiercely*).—Blow another, and another, and another! (*Speaking faster and faster.*) Let hail and sleet ride with your first blast. I'll send along my snow clouds, packed for a three days' fall.

NORTH WIND (*caressing his trumpet*).—But say the word, master.

WINTER (*thumping his chest*).—Master? Yes, I am

master, Master of To-day! Who tells *me* when *to say the word?*

NORTH WIND (*earnestly*).—Something might——

WINTER (*shaking his fist*).—Enough!

(*Enter messenger, dressed in plain brown. He is followed by Spring, Summer, and Autumn all wearing brown dresses or coats with touches of color to suit their season. They advance hand in hand. Spring walks a step in advance of Summer, and Autumn, a step behind Summer although all three are almost abreast. North Wind points toward them with his trumpet.*)

NORTH WIND (*in startled tones*).—Alas, master, we are too late!

(*Winter calmly folds his arms and views his visitors.*)

MESSENGER (*bowing to Winter*).—By my brown livery, know me, Winter, as a messenger of Mother Earth.

WINTER.—Speak on, the minutes count.

MESSENGER.—Spring, Summer, and Autumn wish to speak to you. (*Bowing.*) I hold them in my care.

WINTER (*sneeringly*).—A puny fellow, you!

MESSENGER (*warningly*).—Beware! (*Tapping his forehead.*) Here lies a thought to— (*He smiles.*)

SPRING (*taking a quick step toward Winter*).—Short speech be ours. We serve a warning on you and all your servants: keep to your realm and time; delay not, by your icy breath, the mounting of the sap in the trees, the budding of the tender plants, the dancing of my spring beauties on April's bright green carpet.

WINTER (*quietly*).—Lady, have you never come a little early and spoiled my February blizzards?

SPRING (*brightly*).—Blame it on your North Wind who took an afternoon nap.

(*North Wind becomes restless and taps his trumpet.*)

SUMMER (*in sharp, quick tones as she steps up beside Spring*).—By what right do you send your North Wind screaming through my golden summertime? Down go my beautiful flowers, away rip my loaded grapevines, bent are my corn stalks, and ruined are my orchards.

WINTER.—Summer, you're a hot-tempered unreasonable woman. Why blame those things on me? (*Shaking his finger at her.*) Let me tell you——

NORTH WIND (*getting more restless*).—Master, if you would but say——

WINTER.—Silence!

MESSENGER (*to North Wind as he points his thumb toward Winter*). Leave him to me.

(*North Wind puts his trumpet to his mouth but lowers it again.*)

AUTUMN (*sweetly, in a chiding tone*).—Truly, Winter, you play mean tricks on us. How often, under cover of the night, have you stolen across my fields of stately goldenrod and among my gardens of chrysanthemums, covered them with frost and spoiled the whole glory of my precious November? Where are my harvests when you spoil the ripening fruits in summertime?

(*Winter smiles and walks up and down with his hands behind him.*)

MESSENGER (*speaking quickly*).—Ladies, this meddler needs a lesson! There's magic in a smile. Smile, now, all three of you!

SPRING (*throwing high her right hand, seizing the hem of her skirt in her left, dancing around in a circle and laughing aloud*).—Ha, ha, hah! Ha, ha, hah! Join me Summer! (*Summer dances around behind Spring.*) Autumn, follow, follow on! (*Autumn trips gaily after Summer.*)

ALL THREE (*as they dance in a circle around Winter*).—Ha, ha, hah! Ha, ha, hah! Here we are!

SPRING.—Spring zephyrs for the heart of Winter.

SUMMER.—A bit of my golden sunshine to melt the snow on the mountain!

AUTUMN.—A week of my mellow Indian summer, I give you Neighbor Winter. You stole one week; you may have the other.

(*The messenger, hands on hips, rocks back and forth with silent laughter. A voice in imitation of a radio is heard.*)

RADIO.—Winter! Ho, Winter! Stand by!

WINTER.—Hark!

(*All spring to various listening attitudes.*)

RADIO.—Snow clouds have vanished, hail and sleet have disappeared, nothing has been heard from North Wind. The blizzard is now impossible.

NORTH WIND (*in despair*).—Alas, Master Winter!

(*Spring, Summer, and Autumn continue to smile while listening.*)

RADIO.—Ice is melting, rivers are flooded, pussy willow is in bloom, sap is running high in the maples.

(*Enter Mother Earth, dressed in a brown robe with yellow belt, white cap, and white shoes. Her scepter of*

brown is tipped with yellow. She speaks as she advances. All give her respectful attention.)

MOTHER EARTH (*sternly*).—What means this quarrel of the seasons?

RADIO.—The floods increase! The pear trees are in bloom!

MOTHER EARTH.—These things in mid-winter?

SUMMER.—Year in, year out, dear Mother Earth, Winter plays his pranks. (*Taking Spring and Summer by the hand.*) We suffer each in turn. Therefore, without complaint as to the reason why, we implored your messenger to conduct us hither.

WINTER (*grimly*).—Out of all time and season.

MOTHER EARTH (*pointing her wand toward each*).—You, and you, and you, and you have dared to step from out the realm in which you were placed——

RADIO.—It is springtime in the orchards, and summer in the cities while January stands tiptoe on the mountain top, watching for a blizzard.

WINTER (*as he stretches out his arms before him and clenches his hands*).—It is my time! My realms shall feel my icy grip! Ho, to work, to work!

(*North Wind joyfully raises his trumpet to his mouth. He watches Winter with keen and eager eyes.*)

WINTER (*turning to Spring and her companions who stand huddled together in fear*).—Out on you! Away with your soft, silly grins! (*He strides toward them, ready to shoo them out.*)

MOTHER EARTH (*raising her scepter*).—Hark you, one and all! None shall use a heaven-born gift of service to repay a petty spite and upset the plans of Heaven and Earth. (*She continues in kind motherly tones.*) The

sun forgets not his task. My brown-faced earth with her silvery moon pauses not in her double motion around the sun. On and on she whirls and travels that seed time and harvest may gladden the lands. What folly, Winter would you now commit? Shall the sap be frozen in the twig? Shall the plains be bare of harvest?

WINTER (*boldly*).—Shall I shirk my work?

SPRING (*holding fast to Summer and Autumn as she speaks coaxingly.*)—No, but for the sake of mortals whom we serve, be merciful and take a holiday, a vacation for a while. Give us the balance of your season, Master Winter, and we three with long hours and ceaseless work will keep this northern zone abloom until you come again in your own season. Then shall this early springtime be a blessing to the earth and (*holding out her hand to him*) make us all friends again.

(*Winter smiles slowly, steps back, takes off his cap, and bows to her.*)

WINTER.—Lady, a touch of my hand on yours would send a chill abroad and spoil your gardens.

MOTHER EARTH.—A happy ending to a troubled day. (*To Spring's group.*) To the work you have chosen.

(*Led by the messenger, they skip happily off.*)

WINTER (*to North Wind*).—We go. Seek you a cavern in the far north and await my call. (*They pass out.*)

RADIO.—Though all the earth there is now the promise of a smiling springtime, a joyous summer, and the glory of a bountiful autumn.

MOTHER EARTH.—Again the seasons work in harmony and all is well with my good brown earth. Mankind labors and is glad.

Curtain.

TORCH BEARER OF YOUTH

A New Play in Four Acts for Graduation Day

TORCH BEARER OF YOUTH

A New Play in Four Acts for Graduation Day

This is a four-act play requiring forty boys and girls or either.

Time.—*Graduation week.*
Place.—*Outdoors.*
Properties.—*Directions given at the opening of each act.*

In these days when, as never before, time and attention are being given to character building, both at home and in school, it seems in keeping with the spirit of the hour that our boys and girls should step forth from the schoolhouse doors with thoughts of their own responsibility in this matter uppermost in their minds.

NOTE.—*All characters throughout the play must be alert and all action rapid. Voices should be well modulated, not coarse, even in moments of excitement.*

ACT I

The Merry Meddlers hold a revel and plan to ensnare the youth of to-day.

Act II

The aids of the Torch-bearer organize to outwit the Merry Meddlers.

Act III

The Torch-bearer and his helpers, in the face of the enemy, work to influence the Youth of to-day to turn from the scheming Meddlers and follow the light of the Torch.

Act IV

The Torch-bearer of Youth proclaims his high mission and sends forth his call to the Youth of to-day.

Act I

Properties.—*Branches, twigs, vines, and plants arranged to give the appearance of outdoors.*

A roll of cardboard covered with brown material to look like a tree stump.

Costumes for Meddlers.—*Short green bloomers or trunks. Green jerkins with broad scarlet sashes. Long green stockings, stuffed at the toe to form a turned-up point. Green-peaked hats, pointed front and back and each ornamented with a scarlet pompon.*

(Enter, in groups of twos and threes, the Merry Meddlers, led by the violin player who bends and sways to the rhythm of the music as he plays. The two Meddlers behind him keep time by clapping. The others look eagerly in all directions, some right, some left, a few backward, then forward. All appear happy and animated.

When the player reaches the middle of the stage, he strikes up a song. Instantly they all join in, suiting their actions to the words.)

(TUNE: *"The School of Jolly Boys"*)

"O, here we are a jolly band
Beneath the greenwood tree!
We'll take a hand, we'll take a hand
And dance right merrily!
A ha, ha, hah! A ha, ha hah!
The Merry Meddlers we!"

(*While singing the first two lines they toss back their heads joyfully, then smile into one another's faces. At the word, "take," in the third line, each clasps a neighbor's hand and takes a dance position, shaking hands in rhythm with the music to the word, "dance," where they begin to dance about in couples, singing, changing partners, and laughing with the music. As they sing the last word, they dance to places in two lines of seven each, facing each other, hold the last note triumphantly and throw high their right arms.*

Their belated leader enters, halts and with mock bow and sweep of hat to breast addresses the company.)

LEADER (*slowly and sarcastically*).—A merry evening, Masters all! I quite forgot the hour.

(*While speaking he takes position behind the tree stump which he uses as a table and balances himself up and down on his toes as he surveys the company.*)

ONE LINE OF MEDDLERS (*throwing back their heads and*

chanting to the tune of their song).—A ha, ha, hah! A ha, ha, hah!

THE OPPOSITE LINE (*pointing at him and turning their faces from him*).—Oh, hear how that man talks!

LEADER (*in drawling tones*).—I have much to say.

(*Signs of excitement among the Meddlers. They crowd nearer to the Leader in groups, all keeping in view of the audience without hiding him.*

The names of all characters will be revealed during the play. For convenience sake, we shall use them from now on in the text.)

THIEF (*who has acted as violinist—with a wave of his bow toward the Leader*).—How like yourself you are, sir!

LEADER (*in brisk tone as he assumes a dignified poise*).—An end to this levity!

(*Silence, as they draw a little nearer to him. The Thief, as the Leader continues, glides behind a plant, returns without his violin, and stands, hands behind him, on the edge of a group—alert, thoughtful, observant.*)

LEADER (*continuing*).—The time has come again when, from out the schoolhouse doors, the school boys and the school girls step forward into the Land of Youth.

BOASTER (*heartily*).—We are ready for them!

SEVERAL.—Ha, ha, hah! (*All smile and nod.*)

FEAR.—No open warfare!

BOASTER (*pompously, with a wave of the hand*).—No, no, no! that's old-fashioned!

LEADER (*closing and opening hand, just above the table as if grasping something*).—Let us scheme, entice, lure.

EAT-DRINK-AND-BE-MERRY (*merrily, hands in pockets*). —We'll turn this old world upside down with them!

LEADER (*sternly*).—Beware! You made the same boast six months ago with what results? We won a few followers and they were not worth the winning.

THIEF.—We want the thinkers, the hustlers, the leaders.

LEADER.—Want? We must *get* them or this whole company will be run off the face of the earth.

TAKE-IT-EASY (*easily*).—Nonsense, while the world lasts, we can find *plenty* to do.

THIEF (*softly, after looking over his shoulder*).—Hist! A spy, masters!

(*Excitement.*)

CRIES.—

1. Where?
2. I see him!
3. He's gone!

THIEF.—A queer looking fellow loaded with bundles of little twigs.

LEADER.—We all know him and his twigs too.

THIEF (*as the spy glides across the back of the stage from one door to the other and disappears*).—There, there he goes again!

FEAR.—Set a watch at the doors!

LEADER (*snappily*).—Number One, Number Ten! On guard!

(*Hurry and Hazard who are always hand in hand dash back to the two doors and stand with arms folded, facing the Meddlers. Hazard keeps leaving his post to glide forward to listen. Whenever he steps from the door, the spy looks in.*)

LEADER.—Let us face the truth: this hidden glen is our only stronghold; the wide-flung Land of Youth is guarded on every side; youths and maidens are doubly armed against us; Knowledge, Courage, Love, and Faith are their counselors; Opportunity points the way and the land is flooded with light from the Torch of Youth.

(*There is a sudden flash of light, here and there, across the Leader and the Meddlers from Hazard's unguarded door.*)

MEDDLERS (*in consternation*).—The light! The light of the Torch!

LEADER.—Hold fast the doors!

HURRY.—Mine's fast!

HAZARD (*gliding back*).—Fast!

FEAR (*looking fearfully around*).—Who's ever seen this Torch of Youth?

BOASTER (*disdainfully*).—Oh, none of us—nothing, nothing——

KNOW-IT-ALL (*crisply*).—We've seen the light, that's enough.

THIEF.—No that's not enough. Mortals say this Torch is fed with such strange magic that its light neither man nor spirit can shut out.

SHIRKER (*with a shrug of the shoulders.*)—Oh, well, why worry about it? Let it alone.

FEAR.—That's what I say. What are we against it, anyhow?

LEADER.—This is our measure: we are becoming a band of mere mischief-makers, darting here and there to play our silly pranks on mortals and laugh at their broken plans and repentant tears. An end to this! Let us put on our old-time strength. Let us organize as our enemies

have organized. This day I stand your chosen leader. Me you shall obey.

ALL (*fling up their right arms, and taking a step toward him*).—We will obey!

LEADER.—Stand forth, each in turn, and tell how best you can enchain the Youth of to-day.

HAZARD (*from the edge of the group*).—It would be far better to rid the land of our enemies.

EAT-DRINK-AND-BE-MERRY (*gaily*).—Good! Then shall we have free play and——

CRIES (*interrupting*).—

1. No, no, no!
2. That we can never do!
3. We have tried for centuries!

LEADER (*sternly*).—Silence! I have commanded. Each in your turn—no more.

SPENDTHRIFT (*airily*).—These boys and girls are thrifty. They save time, money and health. I'm your Spendthrift! Oh, they'll spend their money, squander their time, and lose their health.

KNOW-IT-ALL (*slapping the Spendthrift on the back*).—Good old boy! I'm with you too! I'll fill their heads with Know-it-all. They'll take nobody's advice but do as they please.

SHIRKER.—"Take it easy, take it easy," that's my motto you know. I'll whisper in their ears that the world owes them a living, no need to hustle. Lazy? You watch them.

PROCRASTINATION (*walking up and down, hands behind him, and speaking with a drawl*).—Most of them have *planned* their lives. Great things they *intend* to do. (*Tapping himself on the chest.*) Put-it-off, Wait-a-while

(*with a bow to the Meddlers.*) *I'm* your biggest recruiting agent, Masters.

LEADER (*nodding thoughtfully*).—Your work will recruit millions.

EAT-DRINK-AND-BE-MERRY (*dancing out to the centre, both arms up in fancy dance style, and whirling around*).—Here's your good old Eat-drink-and-be-merry—a very good fellow, I assure you. *I'll* bring my captives home in droves.

BOASTER.—Great, great! I'll work along your line, only better, far better.

LEADER.—The question is: What can you do? Master Boaster.

BOASTER (*vauntingly*).—Do? Watch me! These young folks'll puff themselves out and brag. They'll brag, and boast, and talk, and *do* very little else.

PROCRASTINATION (*excitedly*).—I say! That's almost like my work. My youths are to put off, and put off, and put off.

BOASTER (*reassuringly*).—Oh, no, no, no! Your folks will be quiet drifters. Mine will be loud mouthed, kind of entertaining, you know.

THIEF (*with derision*).—Like you, you Boaster.

(*General laugh.*)

LEADER.—Order!

PREVARICATOR.—The Boaster is all right! He'll make way for me to get my work in.

LEADER.—Master Prevaricator, I had forgotten you!

THIEF.—Why dress him up with a new name? He's plain Falsehood.

SPENDTHRIFT.—A *shorter* name would suit him better.

LEADER.—True, but not in polite society.

BOASTER (*bowing and shaking hands with Prevaricator*).—Master Prevaricator we salute you as one of our most useful members—in polite society.

PREVARICATOR.—Thousands of webs have I prepared for the hopeful young. I will bind Truth hand and foot.

LEADER.—Nevertheless, I have more faith in the work of Master Procrastination.

(*The torch flashes again.*)

CRIES.—

1. The Torch!
2. The Torch!
3. Hazard! to your post!

(*Fear grips the Thief by the arm.*)

THIEF (*scornfully, shaking him off*).—How now, have we a *coward* among us?

FEAR.—Coward? No, but I fear the light of the Torch. So do you all, Masters.

EAT-DRINK-AND-BE-MERRY.—We do. One ray from that Torch and we shrink into ourselves and creep away.

PREVARICATOR.—Why not? It shows us up.

FEAR.—Own up! We *run* for our lives.

LEADER.—Master Fear, on you I lay my command: glide in and out among the crowds of growing boys and girls; crush their hearts between your cold, benumbing hands; make them afraid, always afraid, to face the tasks of to-day and the events of to-morrow.

FEAR.—What about the light of the Torch while I'm busy?

THIEF (*snappily*).—I'll steal it.

FEAR (*with amazement*).—The light?

THIEF.—No. The Torch.

(*Excitement.*)

CRIES.—

1. How?
2. When?
3. Where?

THIEF.—Never mind how, when, or where. I'll get it.

EAT-DRINK-AND-BE-MERRY (*waving his arm above his head*).—Hear our Thief!

BOASTER (*thrusting out his hand, palm upward, toward the Thief*).—Go to it, Master Thief.

FEAR.—Easy to say.

BOASTER.—I'll help you, Master Thief, yes sir, I'll *help* you! Why I——

LEADER.—Hold, Master Boaster! The deed belongs to the first bidder. Master Thief, we depend on you to capture the Torch of Youth, lit or unlit. (*The light flashes repeatedly.*)

CRY (*general*).—The light! The light!

(*They cringe and turn to flee but halt when they hear knocking from without; then start but halt to listen to the voice that follows.*)

VOICE (*in even, assured tones.*)—I *know* you, your *plans,* and all your *tricks.*

HAZARD.—The Torch-bearer!

LEADER.—Masters, we have been weak in allowing the enemy to strengthen Character against us. She has been spying for the Torch-bearer.

THIEF.—This I know: The Torch-bearer has little power without Character.

HAZARD.—Let's tear her to pieces!

EAT-DRINK-AND-BE-MERRY.—Oh, no! Dip her into the mud and dance on her.

LEADER.—The time is ripe for action. Each to your work and the aid of your brothers.

ALL (*arms high*).—Our word we pledge: the work is ours; it shall be done.

LEADER.—Forget not: you are invisible to mortal eyes. Luck attend you!

(*They begin to hurry out.*)

EAT-DRINK-AND-BE-MERRY (*hand-in-hand with the Spendthrift, taking a few dancing steps and turns as they follow last*).—Heigh-ho, for a merry, merry time where the world is young!

LEADER (*to himself*).—Alas! how like the parts they teach have they become and I, like mine. Much have I left undone. The rest lacks plan. A *careless* Leader, I.

(*Hurry and Hazard glide up, one each side of the table.*)

LEADER.—Masters, into the Fires of to-day, closely guarded by the Four Golden Years of Youth, drop these, a special brand of my own making.

HURRY (*taking the little packages*).—'Tis done Master Carelessness.

HAZARD (*taking his share*).—Though we perish in the flame.

LEADER.—My loyal Hurry and Hazard!

(*They glide out. He rests his hands on the table and soliloquizes.*)

LEADER.—I greatly fear *my* day is done; for if, in this we fail, then are we shrunken to no account in the Land of Youth.

Curtain.

Act II

Properties.—*Crêpe or tissue paper with flash lights beneath are to be used for the fire. White paper with a clear flash light is used for the original fire. An unlighted flash light is held in reserve beneath this paper to be turned on by one of the Years to increase the glow when needed.*

Hazard and Hurry slip in the colored paper and lights at the right time.

Costumes.—*The Watcher and the Four Golden Years of Youth are much shorter and slighter than any other character in the play. These five should be about the same size.*

The Watcher should be dressed in soft gray.

The Four Golden Years in gold or yellow.

Knowledge.—*White, Gold head-band and girdle. Sandals laced with gold.*

Courage.—*White, Greek style. Sandals.*

Truth.—*White, Greek style. Sandals.*

(*Gold sword, always in view.*)

Faith.—*Flowing robe of soft blue. Sandals.*

Love.—*White. Gold heart fastened to middle of forehead, over heart, and used in border around skirt or robe. Because of color scheme, do not use red hearts. Sandals.*

Opportunity.—*Yellow robe with gold trimmings. Sandals.*

(*When the curtain goes up, the Watcher is seen resting on one knee before the fire, which is well toward the front of the stage to allow all action plenty of room on the stage.*

The Four Golden Years of Youth rush in hand in hand,

across the stage and, facing the audience, drop on one knee before the fire, and brighten the flame.)

First Year (*looking into the fire*).—Here must we kindle the fires of to-day.

Third Year.—Even so, on the embers of yesterday.

Watcher (*who looks up for the first time*).—The brighter the memories of yesterday, the better the fires of to-day.

Second Year (*to Watcher as they all rise*).—Who comes to feed the flame with the fuel of to-day?

Watcher (*counting off on fingers as the others draw near to listen*).—There will be Truth with his flaming sword, Knowledge wearing her circlet of gold. (*Here Hazard and Hurry make an attempt to approach the fire but a Year half turns and they glide off. The Watcher keeps on.*) Courage—tall and strong without a weapon but his own high soul. (*Hurry and Hazard creep in and succeed in putting their fuel into the fire and steal out. The Watcher continues*) Faith——

First Year (*interrupting*).—Did you hear a footfall? (*She looks around in all directions.*)

Fourth Year (*impatiently*).—No, no! Listen.

Watcher.—Faith, as I was saying, wears a robe of Heaven's own blue; and Love——

Third Year (*interrupting*).—She must be all heart! (*Stretching out her arms.*) She loves the whole world, good and evil.

Watcher.—You'll all know Opportunity. He looks directly forward.

Second Year (*eagerly*).—Who carries the Torch of Youth?

Watcher (*finger on lip*).—Sh! Here they come.

(*She glides out unobserved. The Years spring two each side of the fire, stretch out their arms toward the entering group and call in glad tones.*)

YEARS.—Our task is done! The flame mounts high!

(*Truth, Knowledge, Courage, Faith, Love, Opportunity, still talking to one another, advance toward the fire.*)

OPPORTUNITY.—Delay not! Short time have we to stay.

FAITH.—All in good time. Our plans are well laid.

KNOWLEDGE (*darting forward and speaking with amazement to the Years*).—Whence came these evil rays of green and purple?

COURAGE (*examining the ground behind the fire*).—Here are footprints with pointed toes.

(*Excitement.*)

KNOWLEDGE (*in despair*).—Our enemies have stolen in upon us.

OPPORTUNITY (*looking at Years who hang their heads*).—Our times have grown lax.

(*Laugh from rear. Ha, ha, hah!*)

COURAGE (*kneeling down, turning off the green and purple glow, and flinging balls of colored paper after Hazard and Hurry*).—Out on you! Away with your tricks! (*The two Meddlers glide out laughing again.*)

FAITH.—Rejoice, rejoice the flame is pure!

FIRST YEAR.—Have not these fires the magic power to withstand all evil influences?

KNOWLEDGE (*kindly*).—Yes, when fed with magic fuel from our supply.

(*All surround the flame, except the side nearest the audience, bend, make gestures, as if putting fuel around the fire, rise, and recite in unison.*)

ALL (*with arms outstretched above the fire, palms of hands down*).—Fresh fuel to this flame we give from our own stores of:—

TRUTH.—Truth.

KNOWLEDGE.—Knowledge.

COURAGE.—Courage.

FAITH.—Faith.

LOVE.—And love.

ALL.—Here may the Torch of Youth be rekindled with a glow that shall illumine the land.

(*Enter Character, panting and excited. The others, startled, gather around her with eager questions.*)

CHARACTER (*breathless*).—My precious bundles of habits!

COURAGE.—Brace up! Brace up!

CHARACTER.—Oh, *I'm* all right.

COURAGE.—Where have you been?

LOVE.—What have you seen, my dear?

KNOWLEDGE.—The news, the news!

CHARACTER (*panting*).—I followed the Meddlers into their glen.

TRUTH.—Meddlers? They are——

KNOWLEDGE.—Hold! We would hear her.

CHARACTER.—They planned to outwit us, to capture the Youth of to-day.

COURAGE (*quietly*).—Let them try.

CHARACTER.—And to steal the Torch!

COURAGE (*decidedly*).—Never!

KNOWLEDGE (*suddenly*).—Hark!

(*A tramping of feet is heard and eager, exultant cries.*)

CRIES (*from without*)

1. Ah, this air is good to breathe!
2. The air of freedom!
3. We're in the Land of Youth!
4. We are *free!*
5. Down with all the silly don'ts!
6. Ha, let's do, do, do as we like!

Laugh.—Ha, ha! Ha, ha, hah!

CHARACTER (*excitedly*).—The Meddlers! The Meddlers are at work!

FAITH.—Hold on to those bundles, Character. Those young people will call for them. They'll come to their senses. I have faith in their training.

CHARACTER (*to Courage*).—Did I not warn you?

COURAGE.—Fear not! We are ready. (*Turning to all.*) Arm, arm to the teeth!

LOVE.—I pray you, let there be no violence.

TRUTH.—We must fight our way through.

OPPORTUNITY (*pointing toward the exit and leading*).—To the rescue! On, on! (*Courage follows closely.*)

(*Knowledge turns, gives her left hand to Love, her right to Faith and, holding hands shoulder high follows quickly and gracefully. She looks back over her left shoulder and speaks to the Years.*)

KNOWLEDGE.—Guard well the flame till our return.

YEARS (*as they take places around the fire*).—With our very lives.

(*Confused sounds increase as all but the Years disappear.*)

Curtain.

Act III

Note.—*No properties are necessary for this act. The boys and girls may be in street or campus costume.*

(*The curtain goes up disclosing a crowd of merry, careless boys and girls. The Meddlers, invisible to mortal eyes, are busy at the elbows of the young folks, who quickly respond to their promptings. Opportunity arrives with his followers to exert an entirely different influence.*)

Boy (*clapping his neighbor on the shoulder*).—Oh, for a good old time!

Boy (*advancing toward the first two*).—I've money to burn! (*He pulls out a bill.*)

Boy (*going over to a group*).—My car's here! Come on! Let's wake her up.

Boy.—Make her hum!

Girl (*timidly*).—What about safety first?

Boy—Bunk! Be a sport! Come on!

Girl (*to friend*).—Career did you say? Sometime, but I want a good time first.

Girl.—That's what I say, a little time to look around. I think after a year or so I'll continue my painting.

Girl (*to boy*).—When are you going to begin your book?

Boy (*with a drawl*).—Well, there's plenty of time. I'll think about it.

Boy (*much annoyed at an older boy who has hold of his arm*).—Your nothing but a hustler! What's the use?

Girl (*showing a letter to another*).—Why no, I'd be *afraid* to take that position (*taps the letter*). No, I'm not fitted for it.

Boy (*to another*).—I can't buy that motorcycle. I haven't the money.

Companion.—Say, how much money do you handle for your father every day?

Boy (*with decision*).—That's my father's.

Companion (*slyly*).—Sure, and you're his son. There are ways of doing things.

(*They pass on, heads close together.*)

Girl (*to another on the edge of a crowd*).—No night school for us! Come on everybody, enjoy yourself while you're young!

Girl.—I've promised to go to night school.

Girl.—Huh! say you went.

Girl.—Oh, but——

Girl.—Come on! Don't be a simpleton! You need a few white lies in your pocket. Tell 'em you went.

(*They all walk away arm in arm.*)

Boy (*thoughtfully to companion*).—Yes, I'm to go to college.

(*Four boys abreast, laughing and talking, come along just in time to hear this. They seize the speaker by the arm and whirl him around to face them, then call back and forth to one another across him.*)

Boy.—Away with musty books and stale lectures!

Boy.—They're dead men's thoughts!

Boy.—Been through our courts!

Boy (*in a deep voice*).—And found *no* good!

All Four.—Hurrah!

(*A crowd has collected around them.*)

VOICE FROM CROWD.—Give us something new!

ANOTHER VOICE FROM THE CROWD.—We're alive!

BOY (*one of the four, to the captured boy*).—Lock your musty, rusty books in the pyramids!

HIS THREE COMPANIONS (*Chanting*).—Lock them up, lock them up!

(*Courage, Knowledge, Truth, Love, Faith, and Opportunity work their way, unseen, into the groups. The Torch flashes. A quietness begins to settle upon them. The green figures of the Meddlers slink away from their enemies and hang on the outskirts of the crowd.*)

BOY (*stepping out from the crowd*).—I say, fellows, are we right?

(*Torch flashes here and there. Nobody appears to see it; but the quietness continues except in a few cases.*)

BOY (*making a trumpet of his hands*).—Toot! Toot!

(*A laugh, not very hearty.*)

GIRL.—Come to think of it the world expects better things of us.

BOY.—Dad expects me to act straight in his office. No pilfering for me. (*This to his tempter.*)

GIRL (*to friend*).—I can't disappoint mother. I'll enter the art class to-day.

BOY.—I have a good title for my book. Home and work for me *now*. (*He goes.*)

ONE OF THE FOUR BOYS.—Hey, I say, we're all acting like a pack of ninnies, throwing away our chances.

ONE OF HIS COMPANIONS.—Right O!

A Night School Shirker.—I'm for night school.

Boy.—Good old books!

Boy.—What about my car?

Companion.—All right, if you're careful.

Boy.—Sure thing! I'm no fool! Felt like a bit of a lark, that was all.

Girl (*to companion, as she taps the letter*).—I'll pluck up courage and try that position.

Companion.—No use being afraid.

(*Signs of trouble.*)

Boy (*who turned the tide of feeling*).—The senseless I-would-be's you left awhile ago are dead and in their places you see us.

Boy (*pointing a derisive finger at him*).—You?

His Companion.—We know you.

His Follower.—What about you?

Boy.—What's happened to you?

Boy (*stepping toward the three*).—We all thought the world was suddenly ours without working for it.

Another Near Him.—That was it.

Girl.—We've awakened again.

Companion.—We've determined to do the things we looked forward to doing.

Boy.—That's it! We have faith again in the ideals that have been held before us.

One of the Returned Crowd.—Now tell me who hasn't just been having his bit of fun for the day?

Boy.—There's danger in that.

Boy.—Always danger to somebody.

Boy.—When carried too far.

Returned Boy.—Well, we're all here and nobody hurt.

Girl.—Thanks to our habits and training.

BOY WHO TURNED THE TIDE.—There is to be no turning back.

(*The Meddlers all disappear but two.*)

THE RETURNED ONE.—What about our bit of fun.

BOY.—We are to have our fun, good safe fun.

BOY FROM THE CROWD OF FOUR.—Whose talking?

BOY.—I am. I speak for every boy and girl here. I know that *I* am *I*. I have built up my character at home and in school and I am going to keep on building myself.

BOY FROM CROWD OF FOUR.—You'd make a good preacher.

SCOFFER.—Tell us some more.

GIRL (*stepping forward*).—No, I will! Classmates, we shall meet again, many times, in the Land of Youth as our teachers called it. Let us be happy, let us be jolly but be it ours always to try to lift high before others the ideals that glow for each of us. Then shall we all find our way to the land of our chosen labor and be happy and useful.

BOY WHO TURNED THE TIDE.—Away to home and friends, to the toil of further preparation for Life's earnest work.

(*Groups, apparently talking, move toward the doorways. The fun-lover remains turning his hat around in his hand and looking first after the crowds, then at the hat and back.*)

FUN-LOVER (*with Meddler at his elbow*).—That's all right but I want my bit of fun. (*Knowledge and Courage approach. The Meddler steps back.*) They're right. I'm a coward, afraid to give in. (*Straightens up.*) Not I! I'll run after them and do *my* part. (*He claps his hat on*

and hastens toward the door. The Meddler slinks off. Courage stands with his arms folded watching the Meddler's departure. Knowledge keeps a few steps behind the Fun-lover. This leaves Courage alone in the middle of the stage.)

Curtain.

Act IV

Properties.—*Same as Act II.*
Costumes.—*Same as Act II.*

The Torch-bearer is dressed in white, Greek style. Tunic bordered with silver. Silver head-band. The Torch is covered with silver paper. It consists of a long flash light with the paper arranged at the top to look like the bowl of a torch. The slide of the flash light is left exposed to allow the bearer to turn the light on and off. White tissue paper will dim the light. This is slipped off as the bearer renews the flame so that the light will be strong.

As the curtain goes up two Golden Years may be seen, one to the right, the other to the left of the fire. The other two, half-facing the back of the stage, eyes shaded with hand, stand on tiptoe, as if gazing off into the distance.

First Year.—They come!

Year too Right of Fire.—A safe time to gather.

Second Year.—Yes, the stars have faded.

First Year.—The dawn awaits the sun!

Knowledge (*entering, and advancing eagerly toward the fire. The two years meet her, take each a hand,*

held high, and lead her to the fire).—How mounts the flame?

YEAR TO THE LEFT OF THE FIRE.—It faded not in our dark hour.

YEAR TO THE RIGHT OF THE FIRE.—Nor again mingled its pure beams with evil rays.

(*Courage, Truth, Opportunity, Faith, Love, and Character have entered.*)

FAITH.—When fed by us, it's ever pure.

OPPORTUNITY.—Youth saw the light of the Torch and heard our call.

CHARACTER.—My bundles all held fast, but there were many tugs and pulls from hidden hands.

FAITH.—It was a gallant stand our charges took!

COURAGE.—I *liked* them for it!

KNOWLEDGE.—We claim a victory great and lasting over our long-time enemies.

COURAGE (*slowly shaking his head, hands clasped behind back, as he walks up and down*).—Lasting? I fear them not but I am ever on guard.

FAITH.—Then all's well.

(*As Love enters with a swift gliding step, she holds up to view two parts of a broken scepter. The group around the fire separates and looks toward her. Speaking as she advances to fire, she stands in full view of the audience. The others, greatly excited and deeply interested, gather around her.*)

LOVE (*with a piece of the scepter in the palm of each hand*).—Blame me not that in the midst of our great joy my heart is sad. Life is ever sad for them that fail.

I would that even our enemies had chosen the upward way of life and won success in noble deeds. Alas! Here is the bent and broken scepter of a great leader.

SECOND YEAR (*clasping her hands in joy*).—His reign is at an end!

(*Love drops a piece. The Third Year lifts her foot to stamp on it.*)

LOVE (*picking it up*).—Not so! It is the symbol of broken hopes. Despise it not. (*She drops both pieces into the fire.*) Here let it perish. (*She remains a moment, with hands slightly raised and head bent. The group remains silent for an instant.*)

FAITH (*breaking the silence and stepping back*).—Our troubles there are over.

COURAGE (*sternly*).—Beware! His scattered followers are dangerous.

(*There is a flash of light, then a steady gleam. The group again separates and turns toward the back. Two Years hasten to the back calling: "The light! The light!" Then they face about and joyously conduct the Torch-bearer to the middle of the stage, still calling as the others crowd around.*)

YEARS.—Make way! Make way for the Torch-bearer of Youth!

ALL (*waving their arms high*).—Hail, all hail to the Torch-bearer of Youth!

TORCH-BEARER (*with great dignity*).—Hold! Such honor belongs not to me. (*He stops, looks at the group thoughtfully, then at his Torch and continues.*) I like the name, "Torch-bearer of Youth," it suits the bearer of this Torch.

OPPORTUNITY.—'Tis time your name were known to everyone.

CHARACTER.—How have the Merry Meddlers tried to learn your name and the secret of your torch's power!

TORCH-BEARER (*with deep scorn*).—Merry Meddlers? They are evil habits, sly temptations!

OPPORTUNITY.—That block success to countless youths.

LOVE (*clasping her hands imploringly*).—Speak not of them but use our time to fill the Land of Youth with gentle thoughts.

KNOWLEDGE.—Ah, yes, let us hold up all that is good before the eyes of youth.

FAITH.—Lead them to expect and to work for happiness and success.

COURAGE.—Help them to stand firm in the day of temptation.

CHARACTER (*patting her little bundles of habits*).—After all, Oh, Bearer of the Torch, on you and me lies a great responsibility.

KNOWLEDGE (*to Torch-bearer.*)—Declare to all your name and station. You will then do even more good.

TORCH-BEARER.—Enough for all to know that where I flash this Torch each mortal sees his innermost thoughts as God would have him see them. Yet am I neither more nor less than any here. Co-workers are we in the Land of Youth.

TRUTH.—Well said but the light is not enough.

KNOWLEDGE.—Therefore do we all help Character.

COURAGE (*walking up and down again*).—Aye! We must make Youth strong—strong to resist, to fight—fight the world's evil!

OPPORTUNITY (*to Torch-bearer*).—Youth loves a strong, able leader of high-sounding name.

FAITH (*to Torch-bearer*).—Proclaim your name! Send forth your call! Youth will then follow, always follow where you lead.

TORCH-BEARER (*joyously, holding high the Torch*).—So be it!

(*The Golden Years spring suddenly, two to the right and two to the left of the group, each with the right hand upraised, palm forward.*)

YEARS (*clearly and joyously*).—The morning breaks!

(*The group separates into two eager groups facing the front, with hands shading eyes, thus leaving the Torch-bearer alone in the middle of the stage, with face to audience.*)

OPPORTUNITY (*with decision, immediately after the years*).—The world is ours! (*He points directly forward.*)

ALL (*looking toward the Torch-bearer*).—Send forth, send forth the call!

TORCH-BEARER (*advancing to the fire and holding the Torch at arm's length*).—Ever through Childhood's hours of patient building, habit on habit, thought on thought, this my Torch has lighted the way for the girls and the boys. (*Putting his Torch into the flame and raising his voice.*) New light for Youth's new day I draw again from these eternal fires, old as creation. More light we need. Youth will test and cry out against the accepted order of things. This will ever be so, for Youth must achieve, Youth must advance.

(*He raises the Torch and looks over the audience, right and left.*)

Ho, youths and maidens of to-day! The Land of Youth is aglow with the light of the Torch. Fear not to step forward. I will not let you stumble or turn aside. I will be your never-failing guide, appointed by God, Himself; for I am Conscience, the Torch-bearer of Youth. Ho, Graduates of To-day, the Golden Years beckon (*The Years beckon to the audience*), the highway to true success and happiness is before you, follow, follow your Conscience, the Torch-bearer of Youth.

Curtain.

AMERICA'S GRADUATES OF TO-DAY

A New Play in Two Acts for Graduation Day

AMERICA'S GRADUATES OF TO-DAY

A New Play in Two Acts for Graduation Day

This is a play in two acts requiring about fifteen boys and eighteen girls besides the class of graduates to respond.

Time.—*Graduation Day and three weeks before it.*
Place.—*America's Council Hall. A conference room.*
Properties.—*A large American flag. A very large book and a smaller one.*

NOTE.—*Directions for costumes may be found at the end of the play.*

A committee of boys and girls meet to make arrangements for their graduation play. One of their number, their class playwright, offers to write and stage an up-to-date play. After vague and mysterious explanations, her offer is accepted and her play staged.

ACT I

The committee of boys and girls, pledging full co-operation, delegate their class playwright to write and stage their graduation play.

The playwright throws just enough mystery around her

theme and the manner of its staging to arouse much curiosity.

Act II

In up-to-date "Sound Movie" style, we "See and Hear" America in her Council Hall surrounded by her aids and faced by Experience and the Spirit of Youth. With these, we look far into the past and deep into the hearts of our Graduates of To-day. America is satisfied and the Spirit of Youth triumphant.

Act I

Time.—*Three weeks before Graduation Day.*
Place.—*A conference room.*

(*Enter two girls talking with great animation.*)

Frances.—Nobody here, Margery! We are the first of the committee of eight to arrive!

(*Enter David and Harold.*)

Margery.—Good boys! Always on time!

David.—No chairs? How's that?

Harold (*in quick business-like tones*).—Don't need any! This meeting will be short. Watch me work.

Margery (*emphatically*).—Now see here, Harold Livingston, we are not to be hurried. If we are to be responsible for the whole graduation play, it must be our very best work.

(*Enter Roger, Anne, Albert, and Janet, who immediately enter into the discussion.*)

ANNE (*spreading out her hands with mock tragedy*).—The meeting is on! Is every one here?

ROGER.—Yes! We're all here, the same old eight!

FRANCES (*slowly*).—The—same—old—eight?

ALBERT.—That's what we are. We've worked together for eight years (*with derision*) and what have we to show for it? A roll of paper tied with white ribbon! Ha, hah!

MARGERY (*with spirit*).—That roll of white paper shows what we are. It is a passport to high school and to business life.

ALBERT.—Shake your diploma at a business man! He'll ask you what you can *do*.

ROGER.—Some truth in that. I heard a business man say last night that the young people of to-day are a frivolous lot, bent on pleasure and all puffed up with a little superficial knowledge which really unfits them for practical life.

ANNE (*with mock amazement*).—What a long speech Roger! Does that business man know you can make speeches?

MARGERY.—Tell that business man we graduates of the public schools are able to take up *new* work and go *on* with it.

DAVID.—Good girl! We can *carry on!*

HAROLD (*softly*).—But, ladies and gentlemen, we are not carrying on the graduation play. (*Snappily.*) Let us get to work!

MARGERY.—Come, Janet, the play, the play! You haven't said a word.

ANNE (*with stately stride and a wave of the hand*).—She is a dreamer! Let us pass!

MARGERY.—A maker of plays!

ROGER.—Janet, wake up!

ANNE (*gracefully making mystic passes above and around Janet's head*).—To the work, oh, maiden fair! Slay our dragon of difficulty!

JANET.—What if I make you our star, Anne, and Roger——

ROGER (*with mock importance*).—I'm your man to Garcia!

(*Clapping.*)

HAROLD.—Buckle down, buckle down to work!

ROGER.—At it, we are at it, Sir!

JANET (*as all listen attentively*).—I have been looking forward to this meeting and I have some notes.

(*Janet becomes all animation while discussing the play.*)

FRANCES.—That is like you Janet, dear.

(*The others nod and smile.*)

JANET.—As this is the day of the Talking Movies, why not have one?

(*Signs of astonishment.*)

ANNE.—How!

ROGER.—We haven't the machinery.

ALBERT.—Entirely too difficult!

DAVID (*raising his hand for silence*).—Wait a moment! What is your idea, Janet?

JANET.—We shall need only ourselves and a few helpers —no films, no screen, no captions. The audience will "See and Hear."

MARGERY.—What will it be about?

JANET (*with a dreamy look*).—Your business man,

Roger, has given me a new idea. Then there are the high ideals we see in our own minds as, diploma in hand, we face the world.

ALBERT.—The picture in each mind will be different from the rest.

JANET (*with decision*).—Let us consider that. We are all Americans; this is an age of prosperity and progress; school has opened up for us the experience of the past; to-morrow beckons us.

DAVID.—Beckons to what?

JANET (*with delight, waving her notes on high*).—That is to be your answer to our play.

ALBERT.—There are fifty-six graduates including ourselves. You will get fifty-six different answers.

JANET (*with decision*).—I will risk that even in the presence of the audience.

FRANCES.—You expect us all to be of one mind?

JANET.—I do. The actors on the stage will challenge the graduates who will rise to answer.

HAROLD.—Very well. I move, Janet, that you put on your new-style graduation play and that this committee give you full co-operation.

ALBERT.—In that, we are all of one mind.

ALL.—Aye, aye!

DAVID.—Am I right, Janet, in thinking that the characters in your play will be America, Prosperity, Progress, and Experience?

JANET.—Yes, and a few others.

ANNE.—Oh, it will be high-sounding! (*Coaxingly.*) Make it lively, dear!

(*Janet smiles and nods.*)

FRANCES (*looking worried and laying her hand on*

Janet's arm).—Janet, if you have America in the play, take the sword out of her hand.

DAVID (*with emphasis*).—But buckle it to her side.

HAROLD (*nodding*).—Right, O! You may sheathe it, but buckle it to her side.

FRANCES.—Make her look up and step forward.

JANET.—She shall be our very own America.

HAROLD (*with a wave of his hat as he passes out*).—Good work, my commitee, good work!

(*Deep in discussion, Albert and Margery follow. David and Roger pass them with a nod. Janet stands still, gazing at her notes. Anne looks over her shoulder.*)

ANNE.—Why are you going to imitate a "Sound" picture, Janet?

JANET.—Don't you see? I can depict the past, the present, and the future. Come, I'll tell you all about it. You shall "*See* and *Hear.*"

(*Arms around each other's waists and heads close together, they follow the others.*)

Curtain.

ACT II

Time.—*Graduation Day.*

Place.—*America's Council Hall.*

Properties.—*A large American flag. A very large book and a smaller book.*

(*As the curtain goes up, the hidden chorus sings joyfully.*)

HIDDEN CHORUS.—

"America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea."

—KATHERINE LEE BATES.

(*America, left foot advanced as if walking forward, and right hand grasping a large American flag grounded but slightly pointed forward, stands well back of the middle of the stage. Experience, arms folded and head slightly bent forward in gloomy attitude, stands near America's left.*)

AMERICA (*joyously*).—Hark you, Experience, "From sea to shining sea" my people praise and pray for me!

EXPERIENCE.—I hear them as, centuries ago, I heard the like in Egypt, Greece, and Rome. America, the times are perilous!

AMERICA (*serenely*).—Believe it not. Much reading of the stars of destiny have dimmed your sight.

EXPERIENCE.—Beware, America! Heed my warning! Compared to me, you are but a child in the lap of the gods.

(*Enter Prosperity and Progress who take position, the one on the right, the other on the left of America. Experience walks slowly to a position nearer the front of the stage so as to see and hear the group.*)

AMERICA (*smiling and nodding pleasantly right and left*).—Ah, you come in good time, Prosperity and Progress. What news?

PROSPERITY.—Great Leader of the Western World, your farmlands give promise to return the labor of your sons in harvests bountiful; your cities, towering to the skies, thrive beyond the hopes of men; and all the air is filled with the joy of a rich and happy people. (*Looking about her.*) Who bids America beware?

EXPERIENCE (*slowly and emphatically*).—I did and I would repeat the warning word.

PROGRESS (*indignantly*).—Wherefore? This nation advances in leaps and bounds. While others think about the start in any new project, America accomplishes. Consider now, her age among the nations. She has not turned her second century; yet, has she so mighty grown that I count her the greatest among my charges.

EXPERIENCE (*nodding and counting off on his fingers*).—Riches, luxury, pleasure, a weakening of that character which built the nation, these, too, consider. I know the signs that mark the beginning of the end. America, beware!

(*Liberty and Law glides into place between America and Progress as Experience pronounces the word, "beware."*)

LIBERTY AND LAW (*in slowly measured tones*).—Experience, mark well this volume of the law, bound in the wisdom of the ages. Read what is written here.

(*She points to the gold lettering on the cover of the book.*)

EXPERIENCE (*advancing toward her and bowing*).—I know, but to please you, lady, I read. (*Reads.*) "The Constitution of the United States of America."

LIBERTY AND LAW (*with dignity*).—And I am Liberty within the Law. While I bear this burden of the book, America is secure.

EXPERIENCE (*with a wave of the hand*).—How runs the old-time saying? "As strong as the laws of the Medes and the Persians." Yet the glories of Media and Persia have passed with the years that are gone and their laws

are forgotten. (*To America.*) Read well the lesson, America.

LIBERTY AND LAW (*sternly*).—Dost count the stars in my cap as naught? Is this land to be compared with the old despotic slave-ridden lands of the decayed East?

EXPERIENCE (*bowing gracefully and then backing to his place*).—Lady, I stand corrected; but, (*sternly*) remember all you now gathered here to-day that I have sounded warning.

(*At the word to-day, the character, To-day, glides in, halts and, as Experience stops speaking, looks around in all directions, then advances to America.*)

TO-DAY (*gently*).—I thought I heard my name. Did anybody call?

AMERICA (*in sweet and gentle tones, as she extends her right hand to To-day who places hers within it*).—No, my precious To-day, but we are glad you are here. You are most welcome. (*Very graciously.*) Tell me, what have you brought me?

TO-DAY (*gently but joyfully*).—I bring you an army of happy girls and boys—"Graduates of To-day," your people call them. These are my gift to you.

(*To-day takes her place opposite Experience.*)

AMERICA (*with a sweep of her hand in a semicircle before her as she steps forward and looks eagerly into the distance*).—From every schoolhouse door throughout the land, I see them come in eager, joyous, expectant bands—the youth of the land. Put by thy somber looks, Experience, and rejoice with me.

EXPERIENCE.—I grant you it is a sight to make a nation proud; but what will they become?

PROGRESS (*with spirit*).—You are no prophet, Experience. You but repeat the past.

EXPERIENCE.—I have seen the like of your young folks before and many a nation glorying in the youth of the land. There is nothing *new* in the march of time.

(*At the words, youth of the land, the Spirit of Youth enters quietly and takes position beneath the flag.*)

PROGRESS (*exultantly, as she steps to the middle of the stage and addresses the group*).—Hold, Experience! There is something new in the universe, something higher and better than anything that has ever existed before. I give you, America, and all you spirits rare that judge my progress on earth, in the sea, and in the air, I give you that great and glorious spirit, the Spirit of Youth, that dwells in the hearts and the minds of the boys and the girls of To-day. Let him speak for himself.

(*The Spirit of Youth steps forward.*)

ALL.—Hail, all hail! Hail to the Youth of To-day!

SPIRIT OF YOUTH (*in clear, crisp tones*).—America, spirit of my beloved country, To-day invited me here that I might the better understand the strange distrustful thoughts that float to me through the air and mar my joy as dark clouds, adrift across a summer sky, shut out the blue of heaven.

AMERICA.—Speak clearly, my son, the day is yours.

SPIRIT OF YOUTH.—Know then, America, To-day's graduates lift, through me, their voices in protest against the charges brought against their day and generation. He who belittles and scorns them, answers to me. (*Sternly as he faces Experience.*) Know you that I, through them, inherit the right to command you, Experience?

(*Experience bows his head graciously.*)

SPIRIT OF YOUTH.—Turn back for me the centuries that we may see if there be the like of America's Graduates of To-day. This done, I shall have more to say to you.

(*Experience turns the leaves of his book, pauses, and points along the page.*)

EXPERIENCE.—Surely, here is one who has a healthy mind in a healthy body. Yes, he *boasts* of beauty of mind and body.

SPIRIT OF YOUTH (*interrrupting in his crisp business-like tones*).—I know the tale. He delights in personal cleanliness; he develops his mind; he is given to sports; and he is the first of Earth's children to look up when he prays. Bring on your Athenian youth—the Greek of yesterday.

PROGRESS.—There is reason in my demand, Experience, first let us see the Athenian *maiden* at her *best.*

(*Enter, with gliding, dancing steps, to soft music, seven or nine girls. They dance a slow, graceful expressional dance and, bowing and smiling to one another, glide out.*)

EXPERIENCE.—What is there to-day that equals the beauty of their dancing? Marked you their grace?

TO-DAY.—That they were sweet and gentle, graceful, and altogether lovely is beyond question but——

PROGRESS.—Not to be compared to our alert, efficient, wide-awake Graduates of To-day who are their brothers' equals in almost any enterprise.

LIBERTY AND LAW.—Yes, equal even in the eyes of the law.

To-day (*calmly*).—My girls are fitted to play the whole game of life.

Calls from Without.—Make way, make way for the victor in the race!

(*Enter two Athenian youths carrying the laurel-crowned victor on their shoulders. They are followed by eight or ten others, all alert and eager-eyed. One calls from the crowd.*)

Voice.—A good place, Demetrius, to teach us thy skill with the discus.

Second Voice.—Aye, tomorrow we throw the discus.

Demetrius.—A good place! Let us make trial.

(*He leaps down and throws the imaginary discus; then repeats the throw more slowly. As he steps back, they form in a well-spaced square and imitate him while he stands by to judge.*)

Demetrius (*joyously*).—Victors all! We meet to-morrow.

(*They hurry away with a rhythmic running step. Demetrius turns to greet his father who is followed, at a respectful distance, by two slaves.*)

Demetrius.—My father! My father! The race again was mine!

Father (*calmly*).—It is well; but let its memory fade with the laurel wreath.

Son.—To-morrow we throw the discus.

Father.—Another day will find thee in the ranks of men. Thy body is strong and beautiful, thy mind shows promise: the gods are good to thee in all things.

Son.—Say on, my father.

FATHER.—Remember, my son, thou art the equal of the gods. Test the cunning of thy hand, examine well the path thy feet would tread, consider to what high attainment thy mind is capable. These things settle rightly. Then on and on! There is no height of desire beyond thy reach.

SON (*proudly*).—Desire? I would be a lawmaker in the council halls of Athens, a leader among men!

FATHER.—Be then thyself; so shalt thou best serve the city.

SON.—Aye, my oath to Athens is well learned. I would shout it to the gods!

FATHER (*as they pass off*).—I would that the sons of Athens were all like thee. I fear for Athens.

AMERICA (*with admiration*).—A noble youth! How like unto the sons of To-day!

EXPERIENCE (*dropping his book to his girdle length*).—He stands alone in the annals of history.

SPIRIT OF YOUTH.—Not so! Across the centuries, I stretch my hand to him and hail him brother.

EXPERIENCE.—Still stands my warning written large on the walls of America. Tell me, oh pleasure-seeking youth of a stiff-necked money-grasping nation, where among the nations stand the sons of Athens to-day?

(*Youth begins to make answer but Prosperity interrupts him.*)

SPIRIT OF YOUTH.—Such bitterness is out of place——

PROSPERITY (*stepping toward Experience and waving Youth aside*).—Give place, O Shining Spirit of Youth! It is I, Prosperity, who have been attacked.

PROGRESS.—And I.

PROSPERITY.—The thirsty plants drink deep of the re-

freshing showers and grow to beauty and strength in the life-giving sunshine. Shall not, then, the sons and the daughters of America make full use of, and glory in, the bountiful gifts of God wherewith the land has been endowed? (*Turning to Youth and clasping his hand.*) Take, O Spirit of Youth, the message of Prosperity to America's boys and girls: Build with your hands, achieve with your minds, dig for the treasures of earth, and mount to the skies (*slowly and impressively*), and as you accomplish (*triumphantly*), rejoice, rejoice in the good things of the land!

EXPERIENCE (*smiling scornfully*).—Sounds well.

PROGRESS (*with spirit*).—It does and it shall sound better. (*Advancing to America.*) Progress, too, America, writes large to-day in letters of gold across your skies from sea to sea. (*As she speaks, she writes in the air upward and across the stage.*) "There shall be no more poverty throughout the land." So shall it be decreed, (*with a look toward Experience*) not by the laws of the Medes and the Persians, *no,* but—by the lawmakers of America. (*Turning to Youth and laying her hand on his shoulder.*) There shall be neither dueling nor wine-drinking, slavery nor poverty in the land of your inheritance.

SPIRIT OF YOUTH (*to Experience*).—Were my brother of Athens here, he could indeed mount to the heights of his desire. Alas, there were dangers without, and dangers within his city where he looked down on slavery and ignorance.

EXPERIENCE (*carelessly*).—His day is past.

SPIRIT OF YOUTH (*proudly*).—America's day is *now!* (*Turning and pointing as he speaks.*) Look north, east, south, and west, America, where your flag floats above the

common schools of the land and you will see thirty million boys and girls, and men and women too, rich and poor, black and white, being trained in body, mind, and heart, each to fill a place in service beneath this flag that America's day may last until the sun sets to rise no more.

PROGRESS.—My joy and pride: Free education and equal opportunity for all!

LIBERTY AND LAW (*raising her right hand, palm out*).—So reads the law of the land.

SPIRIT OF YOUTH.—Wherefor this hour of doubt when all the land should be filled with joy in America's million graduates?

AMERICA.—Doubts and questions must arise, my son, else were the nation dead. The day of rapid changes is with us and men and women are startled at new conditions and ideas; but the youth or To-day hasten to meet the changes that Progress brings.

TODAY (*thoughtfully*).—It needs must be then that the Graduates of To-day be different, far different, from those of yesterday.

EXPERIENCE (*excitedly*).—They are drifting, America, the boys and the girls are drifting into careless ways of thought and action.

AMERICA (*smiling*).—My merry boys and girls, clear-eyed, straight and tall, know right from wrong. They are God-loving and God-fearing. Their characters will stand the test of time and change.

(*Experience steps forward as if to speak, but America checks him.*)

AMERICA.—Enough, Experience, I here give answer to your warnings: This Land of the West with all its limitless bounties is the matchless gift of God to my people.

Let old and young enjoy the fruits thereof and bless the Maker of Heaven and Earth.

Fear not for the future. America's strength is built on her common schools. While these endure, America shall live and (*resting her hand on the flag pole*) this banner shall float high and ever higher, caught up and carried onward by each generation of my boys and my girls, the graduates of the schools of the land.

SPIRIT OF YOUTH (*triumphantly, as he turns toward the audience and calls to the graduates*).—Ho, Graduates of To-day!

(*They spring to their feet and look expectantly up at him.*)

SPIRIT OF YOUTH.—America proclaims her faith in you! To you, she entrusts her starry flag. She claims you, Graduates of To-day, America claims you for her own and gives you joy in your heritage!

VOICES FROM THE GRADUATES.—

America!

America!

ALL.—America, my country!

SPIRIT OF YOUTH.—What say you, Graduates of To-day, in answer to America's message?

(*A graduate springs forward and, with uplifted arm, leads the call.*)

LEADER.—With body, mind, and heart.

ALL (*stretching out both arms toward America*).—We serve America!

SPIRIT OF YOUTH (*stretching out his arms to them*).—The day of joy is with us!

GRADUATES AND HIDDEN CHORUS (*singing*).—

"And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Curtain.

COSTUMES

ACT I

No special costumes are needed.

ACT II

AMERICA.—*White silk blouse. Red-and-white striped skirt in harmony with the flag. Gilt girdle for her sheathed sword. White pumps and stockings. Columbia's cap.*

EXPERIENCE.—*A robe to match the blue of the flag. A gilt girdle to which is attached a cloth-covered book. Sandals.*

PROSPERITY.—*A white robe. Gilt bandeau, gilt girdle, gilt sandals.*

PROGRESS.—*A white robe. A tightly-fitting, white-winged cap. White sandals, winged above the heels. On her left wrist, falcon style, she carries a silvery airplane.*

TODAY.—*A short white robe. White silk stockings. White pumps.*

LIBERTY AND LAW.—*White robe. Blue liberty cap dotted with silver stars. (The blue of the flag.) Sandals. She holds on her left arm a very large thin book with blue cover and gold lettering.*

SPIRIT OF YOUTH.—*White knickers and waist. Short white cape lined with the blue of the flag and thrown back over one shoulder to show the blue. Pumps or sandals.*

THE ATHENIAN YOUTHS.—*Short white tunics. Sandals.*

THE FATHER.—*Greek style.*

SLAVES.—*Gray tunics.*

GREEK MAIDENS.—*Greek style, pastel shades.*

NOTE.—*These costumes may be simplified or improved to suit the occasion.*